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# ARTS & DECORATION



*Politics and Art*—THE EDITOR

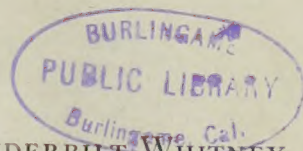
*A Plea for an Open Mind*—CLIVE BELL

*The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art*—GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

*Collecting Primitives in America*—FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

*America Inspires the New Fashions*—CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

*Psychoanalysis and Music*—DANIEL GREGORY MASON





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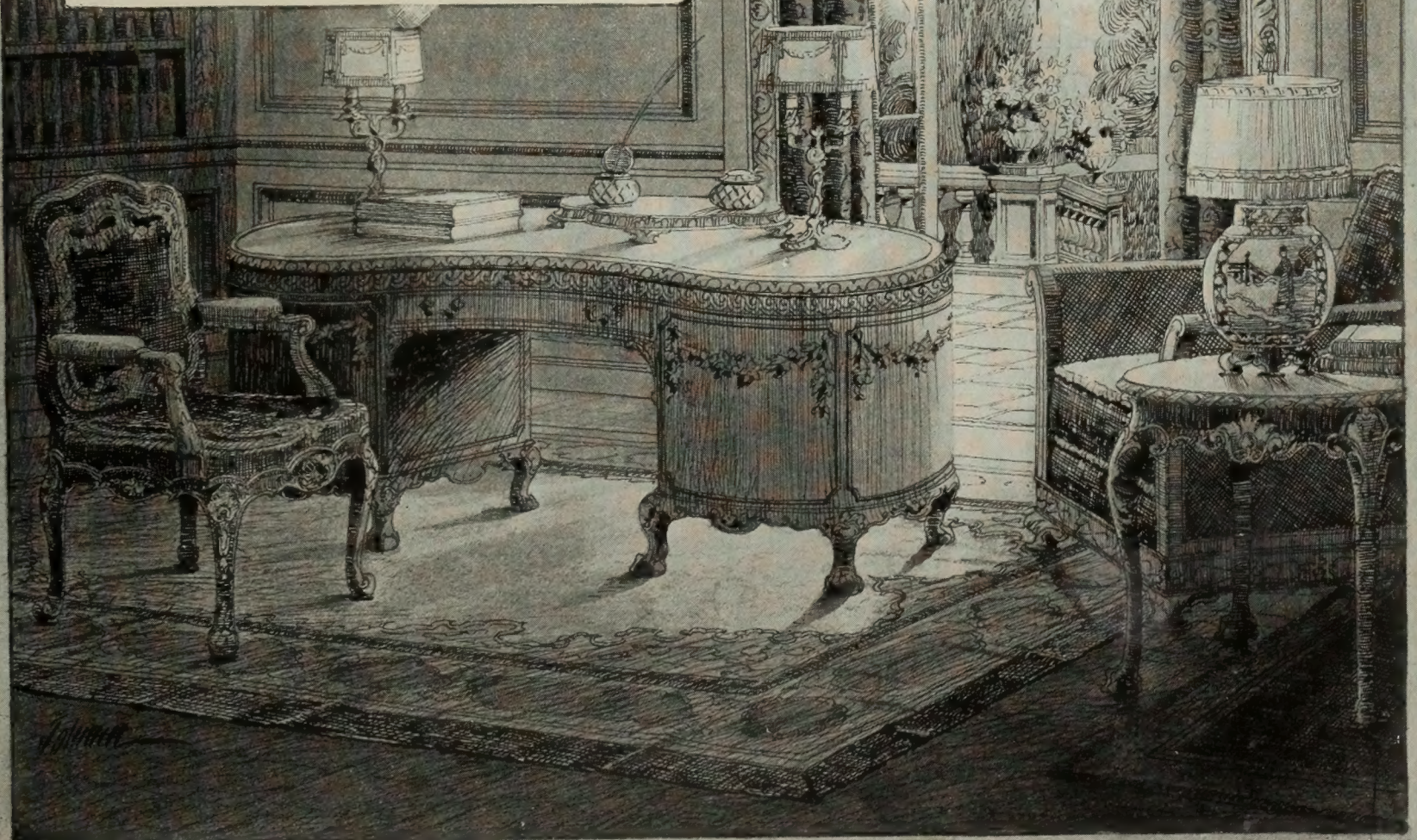
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Courtesy Ehrich Galleries

JUNE 25, 1920

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*Clock by Timothy Cheney with a replica of his mark as engraved on the face of its dial.*

## TIMOTHY CHENEY AND HIS CRAFT

THE reputation for conscientious workmanship which surrounds the name Cheney leads further back than those particular Cheney brothers who first produced Cheney Silks. It extends to Timothy Cheney himself, to Benjamin Cheney, his brother, to Elisha, son of Benjamin, ("who cut out the wooden cogs with his pen-knife") and to Olcott, the third generation of Cheney clock-makers.

Timothy Cheney, perhaps the best known maker of "Cheney Clocks," appears to have been an active, patriotic soul. When the Revolutionary War broke out he was made captain of the town militia, and he marched on an order from the Captain General of Connecticut to the relief of the Continental Army in New York. On arriving there, however, he was set to the making of granular sieves for powder by order of "His Honor, the Governor;" missing, it is true, his military pay but thriftily obtaining it afterwards "by petition."

Timothy Cheney made wooden clocks. He was the grandfather of the original Cheney

Brothers; and he lived in a time when the beauty of clocks was greatly important in the furnishing of the home—costing, indeed, as much as from "ten to twenty pounds." It was in that gracious Colonial Period, distinguished alike for the crafty line and simple charm of its houses and furnishings; and in the company of men who adorned it, Timothy Cheney's name attains an honored place. Less known, as were his clocks, than those of Bagnall, Claggett or East, and of course without pretension to rank with the masterpieces of Chippendale, Heppelwhite, or Sheraton, his clocks were yet of high repute—and worthily so. Even now they keep time faithfully and preserve the spirit of their proportioned beauty—a century and a half since first they tolled the hours.

In this relation it may be appropriate to say that Cheney Silks, produced today in that same "Five Miles District" where Timothy Cheney lived and worked, reflect the conscientious spirit which inspired his Colonial clocks—the spirit to make worthily and well.

CHENEY BROTHERS

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CHENEY  
SILKS



the organization of the whole, broken bones in order to perfect systems, got rid entirely of the potency of the individual, of Goya's satire, of Courbet's humanism. A step further than Matisse is Picasso, whom we found, for a time, using abstract symbols, carrying no suggestion of humanity, in order to portray the actions and reactions of forms, the pull and push, give and take of forces, in which individual will is as of little consequence as a cork bobbing unconsciously on the surface of any literal sea.

### Obviously

IN the State of Washington there is a little mushroom town called "Opportunity," most of the citizens of which grow "Delicious" apples. In New York City the latest society of artists is called "The New Society." But England has sinned in the same way and so has established a precedent which our imaginative artists may follow without danger to their reputations. Anyway, years hence, like many another, the name may mean nothing.

### Art and Clothes

ALL writers have at some time or other dwelt upon the psychology of dress. It is as near to the hearts of those who affect to neglect dress as to those who make it the predominating consideration of their lives. Carlyle has rumbled about it through the fog of Germanic English and Wilde chirped with a hint of Irish wit. Swift built a religious satire out of a symbolic Peter's coat. Barbey d'Aurevilly made Beau Brummel the hero of a novel, and the spirit of the Beau himself might be shown to have influenced an entire French school—from Constantin Guys on. Of course, in showing this one must not be over-conscientious. There is an old man who fortunately is not that too often. He started consciousness with the theory that clothes were a negligible quantity and that with man they could be black or white or gray and no other color. He has changed since. The frivolity of his old age has conquered the sternness of his youth. Some day he may appear with a vermilion cravat around the throat of his reputation. But that is questionable, for he has a saving self-consciousness.

This is the place to be honest about dress. It is the one art in which everyone has interest, also it is the one art in which everyone is given the opportunity of self-expression. This obvious statement is also a terrible one to make. John Sloan and the few or the great many others like him will writhe under it. Mr. Sloan, as you will remember, is the president of the Society of Independent Artists, which with him holds socialistic theories and an optimism of pure gold, gold without alloy. Indeed, the optimism of John Sloan will sometimes resemble the idealism of a middle western grandmother. He believes that everyone is a potential artist, that every man, woman and child has something to say worth repeating, despite that he has certainly seen the way men and women dress. But, of course, life knows more repetition than any other thing. We are most of us Oxford or Cambridge students under the sway of an admirer of a Zuleika Dobson. Max Beerbohm was right. We all own, at least figuratively, bottom waistcoat buttons to leave consciously unbuttoned.

MAN covers his body with the insignia of his class. The uniforms of civil life are not fundamentally freer than those of army life. Of course they tattle more. It is a question whether the social spirit or hero worship is their mainspring. But man dresses

rather to be like than unlike his fellow men. Beau Brummel showed that there must be in dress a definite reserve in the touches of personality—a certain impersonality. The truth of that paradox is recognized by business artists, if there are any. When Darwin defined evolution he said the last word in dress. But architects could write about dress more practically. The rules of their profession, letter for letter, are the rules of dress. No getting away from that! Dress is not fundamentally decoration, not any more than architecture or painting or sculpture or literature is. Dress is the most intimate expression of human logic. It is more so since it is so often illogical.

Clothes are man's confession. In his bath it is difficult to define whether he is a plutocrat or a plumber. Certainly he is more naked in his clothes. In them the Bolshevik and the Capitalist are themselves. Without them they are just men. Only the athlete, the thoughtless athlete, is disguised by garments. Carpentier on the street seems æsthetic. He is himself in the ring. His body is in the nature of a garment—it is man-made, it is the creature of a definite purpose. Octave Uzanne's history of clothes is not at hand. But it would undoubtedly not serve our purpose. He has too often been interested in ornament merely as ornament. Clothes are rarely that. Only bad clothes and bad architecture are that. The symbols of clothes are common property. We all understand them. The late Joseph Pulitzer, who was blind, hired and rejected applicants for a position on the evidence of their clothes, we are told in a book on him written by one of his secretaries. We accept and reject friends on the same evidence. Everyone does! The judgment of clothes is complicated by dogmas that are very like superstitions. It is feminine judgment. It is like the judgments of any other of the arts, though these are not so generally practised or passed. Clothes define social position, wealth, even the age of the wearer's wealth. Clothes as a confession are terrible, because they are so often an unconscious confession.

A POLITICAL history of America could be written on exhibits of politicians' clothes. Think of the black campaign hats that have been worn in emulation of the democracy of Lincoln—and the funereal frock coats. No, clothes do not make the man, but they display him. His face is often a masque, his clothes rarely, rarely in America. We are just beginning to be a cultured nation. We are even beginning to reject the disguise of the parasitical rough diamond and of that bland, heavy-witted impersonator, "the friend of the peepul." Mr. Hearst once resorted to a campaign hat. He had hopes then. Mr. Sulzer wore it romantically along with a somewhat Napoleonic lock. Perhaps he was an idealist. But the black hat is slowly merging into the background of tradition. It will be lost in it soon. Intellectual eyes are being trained on politics. Davenport's cartoon of Mr. Wilson in dress suit and pumps could no longer be effective. The people themselves have begun to wear them. When we become as civilized as France we may consent to elect a president who dresses as fastidiously as Monsieur Deschanel. We cannot now conceive a chief executive possessing one hundred suits of clothes. The campaign hats, whether on Champ Clark or Joe Cannon, have thrown a long shadow ahead of them. But it is growing shorter and the symbol for which they stood is dying. Some time kissing babies will cease entirely to be a good bit of political machinery. By that time long cigars—"manly cigars"—will have lost their romantic appeal and an American executive will dare to smoke

cigarettes publicly and to wear a shepherd check suit. Still the last is doubtful. As well imagine a president in white spats!

No crime is worse than fastidiousness in a new and democratic nation. Fastidiousness came with the decay of the Roman Empire. It is a hothouse plant—a product of too much ease. The best or the most carefully dressed man in our republic cannot be its president. Even we will forgive more in kings. They may be as magnificent as they desire—they can never be magnificent enough. The late King Leopold of Belgium made a kingly figure. King George IV has always been too meek.

ON the whole, however, romanticism has gone out of clothes. The period is efficient. Its logic or economy has removed numberless furbelows. It has cut the hair of the musician and changed the painter's cravat. It has almost entirely obliterated velvet from the apparel of man. And gold cords are permitted only on the uniforms of social mariners. The navy has to make a show in foreign parts. A peace army has invariably been more gorgeously attired than a conscripted army. There is the lure of uniforms to counteract the monotony of army life in times of peace. But uniforms are perhaps outside the province of this article. The pseudo-college students of the tailoring advertisements are in real life exaggerated examples of that new temper which is beginning to deride the black campaign hat. In New York City these costumes are worn, for the most part, by East Side bluebeards. They are essentially outside the bounds of the dress ethics of Beau Brummel. They are too unrestrictedly exaggerated. They are almost burlesques. They take an evolutionary step of unnatural and therefore of too great length. Perhaps this is due to the abnormal condition of the time, which some French writer has called "immoral"—meaning rather extravagant. The definition of immorality in France is not ours. The effeteness of the extravagant eighteenth century under Louis XVI would seem to be duplicated in the clothes of the day. Are they the last swing of the pendulum away from the broad shoulders, padded to maintain the effect of manly might, desired when we were more primitive?

The mind's the thing now: man's beauty in his head. He bemeans broad shoulders and big chests perhaps because of their suggestion of manual labor. A prize fighter is not beneath opening his nostrils to the scent of violets, as in the case of Carpentier, nor averse to being depicted in the movies as a college student, as in the case of Dempsey. Indeed, it was found not long ago that Barnard's democratic figure of Lincoln could arouse the anger of the nation because the spirit of baggy trousers pervaded it. There can be no question but that the way a man dresses is dictated by the way he thinks—and if we watch his clothes very carefully we may come to the conclusion that he does not think at all, for his clothes are patterned like sheep in flocks or like fish in schools.

### Bill Boards Versus Beauty

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL'S recent attack on bill boards is in line with those reformatory movements which, like Prohibition, are natural to a country as young and as enduringly idealistic as ours. As an art paper and in view of the academic conception of artists and art papers, this one should agree with the long Philadelphian. Indeed, though Mr. Pennell has assimilated a great many of Mr. Whistler's radical methods, he never fails to follow to the letter the academic, which is the generally accepted, conception of the

(Continued on page 118)



# The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Whitney which are to appear exclusively in the pages of ARTS & DECORATION. In it will be shown the progress which American art has made since its imitative beginnings

and by facts, not theories, that the time for the nation's recognition of its own art as an independent manifestation is at hand. This series will deal in the different installments of Architecture, Painting, Music, Drama and Literature.

OUR day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves."

An American does not have to be instructed in order that he may say America is a great country. We know what America has done and we are proud of it. Nobody worthy the title of American must be told to stand up for his country in matters of government, bravery and uprightness because he knows that his country has a splendid form of government, a courageous people and a great ideal. And yet in art we are continually apologizing for things American. It is almost universal among our people, even among those most deeply interested in our creative arts to take a purely subservient attitude toward foreign arts. Why not realize and be proud of the fact that we have done as much to lead thought in art as in government, business or industries?

When the subjects of government, politics or industrial conditions are mentioned we know where we stand. We do not underestimate ourselves, and justly so, as to our accomplishments. We faced in the last few years momentous questions of life and solved them on account of our Americanism.

A tremendous propaganda on the subject of art has been built up by foreign countries aided by their agents on this side of the ocean, to whom our belief in the excellencies of their products might be useful. If the timid and fearful hand bouquets on platters to the brave, why should not the brave accept the bouquets? Many of them are rightly handed and we are glad that they are deserved, but—the all important fact remains, which I am going to prove, the fact that America has existed as a serious art producer for the past one hundred and fifty years and that every American should know it and be proud of it.

All men are by nature mimics; they quote instead of saying what they think (it is so much easier); they import their views from whatever place may be the Olympus of the moment, and well-known names and well-known forms are their delight. It is so much simpler to let others think for us than to think for ourselves. We have little confidence in our own opinions anyway; it is a torment to face a new proposition. But other countries have cultivated a system of self-advertisement which hypnotized us into complete admiration for whatever they produced. Foreign sculptors, writers, painters, educators and—talkers have been coming to this country and still are coming to instruct Americans. They imply, with a shrug of the shoulders that we are miserable; with a raise of the eyebrow that we are ignorant. In manner I call them suave, in appearance perfect; they have a cult for self-admiration. Probably the word "presumptuous" does not exist in their vocabulary, their glib arguments are to us simple folk indisputable. It is true these countries have a background, and the beauty of it and the genius of their inspira-

tion which came down to them from age to age are phenomena we all marvel at. But—what I find fault with is our reverence for everything foreign. This reverence shows a lack of penetration as well as no discrimination on our part. We accept all foreign pictures, foreign statues or foreign books, operas and plays very seriously, so seriously that we forget our own work. For as a nation we are ignorant of art subjects; our time has been occupied in thinking of practical matters. It was essential for us to be practical, but times change. An older race need no longer concentrate exclusively on one subject; we can now be several things instead of one—we are ready for a new deal. "Events—arise—that will sing themselves."

ELIMINATING the thought of numberless Museums in the big cities of the United States, it was only a short fifty years ago that a few men started with difficulty the Metropolitan Museum in our own New York. And today, under the able management of Americans, the turnstile records show that the Museum does not belong to the few broad-minded men who started it but to the entire city. Fifty Galleries exist and flourish where five were sparsely filled a short time past. We can care about art without being considered highbrow!

Now admitting all the beauty, the perfection of style, the accomplishment of artistic creation in the old world, admitting all this and far more, I want to bring forward our claim to recognition in art. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, drama and literature.

The growth of the different arts must of necessity be more or less the same throughout the history of a country. Details vary, a higher level is reached in a certain branch of artistic creation, a greater degree of technical dexterity in another, or perhaps a deeper understanding of humanity, but the same faults as well as the same qualities will appear, because art is the manifestation of character. As a nation we may have greater facility for one kind of expression than for another, but it is the essence of our character and our development which makes the limit or infinity of our expression. There is a mystery behind the development of an art which cannot fail to call out our attention, familiar as the phenomenon of its progress may be. And we have given to the world a vivifying force which in the short history of our artistic life has been exactly as constructive to that life as the power of our country toward national development.

Architecture is admitted to be pre-eminent in the arts of America at the present moment. Certainly its progress has been the most obvious in our lifetime. In reviewing the phases through which the country has passed there were first bad copies of English, then academic examples of all styles, though principally French and Italian, followed by a terrific moment of Chocolate Palaces in New York, which we still suffer from, Queen Anne cottages all over the place and—even worse! After this appeared men who combined aca-

demic forms with originality of spirit, men who seem to have been the forerunners of the new in architecture by their suggestion rather than by their actual achievement. Richardson made the Romanesque and Byzantine such a thing of his own as almost to give the impression of his having invented a style. Hunt brought the French and Italian schools to America in their best forms. McKim, Platt and others were carrying on the traditions. If there had been more such men as Stanford White the moment would not so long have been retarded when the American school would have developed. For White, besides being a Beaux Arts man, was an American genius. But there is much good to be said about the Beaux Arts training, for its influence gave many men a taste for pure, if foreign architecture. And though it may not have encouraged the style that was particularly suited to our climate or materials, it trained both layman and architect to a sense of proportion and beauty which otherwise might never have been theirs. It is on these foundations that the new style in America rests.

IF the one hundred and twenty millions of our people could see the recent big productions in France—the country in which our architects had their training, and compare them with the American results—the Metropolitan Tower, the Singer Building, the Bush Buildings—the good old eagle's screams would be so loud that the voice of the foreign propagandist could no longer be heard.

Tell the little foreign talker this when he comes to mould your taste. Send him to see the Woolworth Building. "Does he know that American brains are responsible for that creation, that Cass Gilbert designed it and that the steel and the skilled labor with which it was executed came from your country?"

A restlessness, a desire to throw off the yoke of precedent, an emancipation was to bring out the new form of architecture. Sullivan, Hastings, Gilbert, Flagg and others must all have felt it.

Many of us can remember when there were no high buildings; we can look back and recollect the shock, the amazed surprise we received when first we saw the Flat Iron Building. Not only was it new, the outgrowth of an absolute necessity, but it was stupendous. It did not need a foggy night, or the worship of originality for originality sake to resolve it into an amazing creation. It was awe-inspiring, and the perfection of the steel industry which made it possible added to its beauty. Out of the growth of architecture, from the development of the imagination came this astounding building, to be followed by many of equal or greater character.

AND yet—architecture having accomplished most stupendous results in America—what is happening today? In our cities, in our towns, in almost every center of building activity we are traveling back to the Renaissance, to the Greek Temple, to the Gothic Cathedral or the Byzantine Mosque.

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*Rest on the Flight into Egypt, by Joachim Patinir*

## Collecting Primitives in America

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

*Marquand Professor of Art and Archaeology at Princeton University  
and one of the best known authorities on primitives in this country*

THE first "real oil painting" I vividly remember is Turner's "Slave Ship," which I saw in the old Metropolitan Museum, on East 14th Street, about 1878. At that time all well-guided collectors were disputing for Bouguereau's, Baryes, Fortuny's, Meissonniers, and Gérômes. A few were gathering in the canvases of the Barbizon painters, quietly and somewhat under reproach. When I grew to young man's estate, the more defiant amateurs were buying Manets and Monets in the face of all sound opinion. Oddly enough, the moment of the Impressionists about 1880 coincided with the accelerated demand for old masters. People with advanced views and houses of moderate size bought Manets; persons with great houses and settled opinions added to their painters of the Institute the big, decorative and charming portraits of Van Dyck and the English school, with occasionally Italian old masters of the developed type. By the nineties, reckless persons were buying American pictures and many collectors were indulging an illicit enthusiasm for the primitive Italians. Mrs. John L. Gardner showed her colors gallantly and in a way led the new movement. The late John G. Johnson conducted the most deadly of still hunts, the vast booty of which was not realized till about 1905. After this formidable vanguard such predatory light horsemen as Dan Fellows Platt gleaned assiduously and to good effect. By the time the heavy battalions of the new millionaire-dom had realized that the primitive was their objective there were many flankers like myself, obscurely and hopefully beating the bushes at the edges of the *grande chasse*.

Today primitives are perhaps the most wanted pictures in the market. There are not so many entire collections, but everywhere you will find some Madonna or surly saint on gold ground. I never go into a new city without hearing of a lady who owns and

cherishes, as it may be, a Daddi, Botticini, Lorenzo di Credi. No month passes when I do not learn of some new enthusiast who buys regardless of price. There must be hundreds of small collectors who like myself do violence to the family budget for the possession of

their handful of mellow old panels. I should not dare to estimate the number of primitives in America. Of Italian panels alone there must be over two thousand—the quota of five or six big European museums, as against a possible two hundred in 1890.

In default of that comprehensive history of taste in America which we much need, I am going to sketch in crude outlines that chapter which has to do with collecting primitives. Of course, our most authentic American taste has ever been for the various realistic or *soi-disant* realistic schools. There have been good Dutch and Flemish pictures of the seventeenth century in America for over two hundred years, and there has been no time when our collectors didn't want them. Still the taste for primitive painting is of respectable antiquity, as things go here. So far as I know, the first American who cared enough for a primitive picture to buy it was that many-sided statesman, Thomas Jefferson. Presumably during his ministry in France he bought a tolerable replica of Jean Mabuse's very ugly presentation of the long-enduring patriarch Job. Possibly Jefferson, who was a hardy and unconventional thinker, wanted the picture rather because it was a Job than because it was a primitive. The picture is still in the galleries of the New York Historical Society and may be consulted. Whether Jefferson had in mind Job's lofty Deism or Mabuse's aggressive modeling remains an open question.

For nearly fifty years after the advent of Mabuse's Job in America, nobody, so far as my information reaches, bought primitive paintings. About 1860 a remarkable movement begins with James Jackson Jarves and Thomas J. Bryan. Jarves was a nomad who finally settled into a Florentine consulate and conceived the idea of providing for his old age and benefiting his country by collecting a representative series of Italian pictures from the Thirteenth Century to the full Renaissance.



*Adoration of the Christ Child, by an Imitator of  
Fra Filippo Lippi*



He accomplished his chief aim with singular success, getting together within ten years some one hundred and fifty pictures, including such masters as Taddeo Gaddi, Gentile da Fabriano, Antonio Pollaiuolo, Sassetta, Francia, Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, Moroni and Leandro Bassano. There were also considerable groups of the pre-Giottoesque schools and of the delightful pictured furniture panels (*cassoni*) of Lorenzo de Medici's Florence.

Jarves brought this really notable collection over in 1866, and despite the certificates of numerous European authorities and the championship of Charles Eliot Norton, the venture fell flat. The exhibitions at Boston and New York inspired neither interest nor confidence. People were glad to buy Kents in the thousands, but were staggered at the thought of paying a few hundred dollars apiece for Jarves' virgins and saints.

In financial extremity, he pledged the most important hundred of his pictures to Yale and about forty more to his friend, E. B. Holden of Cleveland, Ohio. He let both loans be foreclosed and the pictures remained concealed in the deserted gallery of the Yale Art School and in an equally unfrequented gallery on Mr. Holden's country estate. After more than forty years of relative seclusion the Holden pictures were given to the Cleveland Art Museum and about the same time the Yale pictures were reinstalled, repaired and properly catalogued. Jarves had the misfortune to be about a generation in advance of the taste of his time. It was merely good luck that his pictures were not dispersed, but were kept together for a later age that could appreciate them.

In the fifties and sixties Mr. Thomas J. Bryan of New York conceived the plan of a collection of pictures illustrating the history of European religious art. He eventually got together some thirty primitives, including both the Italian and Northern schools. Mr. Bryan

for a time set up his private museum. Henry James in his autobiography records pleasantly the venerable white-haired amateur and the mixture of marvel and suspicion with which the old pictures were regarded. Though they bore rather absurd attributions imposed upon them by the Chevalier Artaud de Montor, the collection actually represented very favorably both the early Florentine and early Flemish schools. In 1867 Mr. Bryan's pictures passed to the New York Historical Society and were virtually buried and forgotten for a matter of

apostolic succession alive. I preserve for due honor the few names that have come to me. The Fogg Museum at Harvard contains a few good Italian pictures collected in the sixties by the Misses Williams of Salem, Mass. I imagine them versed in their Lord Lindsay and Mrs. Jameson, acquainted with the genealogies of the reigning houses of Europe, and in their later years "walking with Hare" in real lace caps and black grosgrain silk. It may have been a kinsman, Mr. Theodore Williams, a Boston Man of Letters, who in

the seventies acquired the damaged but lovely panel by Filippo Lippi which has lately passed into the Metropolitan Museum. In the sixties, too, Charles C. Perkins, the learned historian of Tuscan sculpture, had a handful of fine Siennese and Florentine panels, most of which are now in the Fogg, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, or at Fenway Court. Doubtless there were other Boston collectors of the seventies. I know of none except the late Irving A. Shaw, who, while accumulating his remarkable Millets, now and again bought good Italian primitives both in painting and sculpture. The fine critic and connoisseur, Charles Eliot Norton, had excellent Italian pictures. But even the two panels which he too hopefully

regarded as Giorgione's are barely primitives. One, a very brilliant portrait of a Cardinal, is, or was, on loan at the Fogg and is now regarded as a Bartolommeo Veneto; the other, an adorable little Europa, a furniture panel, he gave to Burne-Jones. If any other collector ever gave away what he believed to be a Giorgione, the records are silent as to his case.

In and about New York in the seventies there were very few collectors of primitives. James Renwick, architect of Grace Church and of St. Patrick's Cathedral, has a few pieces among a lot of pictures of later date.

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*Madonna with Joos Van der Burch and his Patron. Madonna probably by Rugier de la Pasture, and Portrait ascribed to Gérard David*

forty years in the musty galleries of the old building on Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place.

At a better moment the Jarves and Bryan pictures would have started a new movement in American taste. They suffered contemporary suspicion and neglect from a widespread misgiving that a transplanted primitive must be a bad primitive. For thirty years enthusiasts bred in their Ruskin went to Europe to expatiate over panels no better than those sequestered in New York, New Haven and Cleveland.

Alongside of such systematic collectors as Jarves and Bryan, a few individuals kept the



*A Stone Age Water Party, by Piero di Cosimo*





PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY  
BY INGRES



# A Plea for an Open Mind

CLIVE BELL

A FEW months ago the Louvre acquired for seven hundred thousand francs *L'Atelier* of Courbet. If the Louvre had cared to buy that picture when it was painted, fifty years ago, the Louvre could have had it for fifty thousand or less. Indeed, it is probable that the Louvre could have had it for next to nothing had it made a civil request. The Louvre, however, is a national institution, controlled by the official representatives of art, by bureaucrats and politicians and academicians and eminent connoisseurs, whose attitude toward Courbet was expressed by the official *Salon*, which refused even to hang his picture. All that Courbet could do for his masterpiece was to hire a booth outside, over the door of which he set that strange legend which once made famous the café that confronts the cemetery of Montmartre—"On est mieux ici qu'en face."

A dozen years later came the turn of the impressionists. But I am going too fast. I began with Courbet; I might have begun with Ingres who, in early days, was furiously attacked by the "officials," by the people of power and consequence, who accused him of breaking brutally with the tradition and trying to set back the clock three hundred years. All the world knows how Whistler was hunted by the pack that Ruskin led; and how Ruskin, rising high on the stilts of moral indignation (strange, by the way, that angry and insensitive critics must always turn purely æsthetic questions into moral ones), declared that he (Whistler) was flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public. What all the world does not know is that precisely the same thing had been said of Constable by the Ruskins of his day; neither did Turner nor Delacroix escape the hisses of those patriot geese who imagine they guard the citadel of tradition and the temple of art.

When M. Caillebotte bequeathed his collection of old masters and *objets d'art* to the Louvre on condition that his collection of impressionist pictures should be hung in the Luxembourg, the professors threatened to resign in a body. Unluckily they confined themselves to threats. Everyone knows now that, from a purely commercial point of view even, the impressionist room is by far the most valuable part of the Luxembourg Gallery. Everyone knows it; and yet whenever these proved and convicted duffers raise their voices in protest, as they do whenever they are confronted by something vital and sincere in contemporary art, the public, forgetting all about the past, is willing to believe that this time they must be right, and follows them stupidly into the old slough of vulgar absurdity.

It is not as though the public had no better guides. Always there have been people of exceptional sensibility to appreciate genuine and unconventional artists as they appeared. Ingres, Constable, Turner, Courbet, Renoir and

the impressionists, Cézanne and the post-impressionists, Matisse and Picasso, all had their admirers from the first. They were admired by the peculiarly sensitive, by fellow artists, by writers, by high-brows and queer people generally. Against them have always been arrayed the academicians, the professors, the drawing masters, and the directors of public galleries, the people, in a word, who have an instinctive dislike for what is alive in contemporary art. And behind these you will generally find those important persons, those public characters who have an instinctive dislike for whatever is alive in contemporary life. The jackals, the hack journalists, and writers for the so-called comic papers bring up the rear. And the public once again allows itself to be terrorized and impressed by its ten times discredited prophets, shuts its mind resolutely against the new thing, refuses to listen to the people who have almost always been right, jeers, screams, and threatens.

As nothing could illustrate my thesis better than the relations of the British public with what used to be called "the post-impressionist movement," at the risk of talking too much about myself, I propose to give some account of them. In the autumn of 1910 Roger Fry

cries at the sight of the impressionists. Without a blush they now used Manet, Degas and Renoir as sticks wherewith to beat Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. The first, according to them, was a butcher, the second a *farceur*, the third a disgusting idiot; all were incompetent, all were charlatans, the whole thing was a disgrace and an insult to the public. In public or private there was hardly a celebrity of the official "art world" who did not say something that his friends would now like us to forget. Sir Philip Burne-Jones and Professor Tonks, Sir William Richmond and Mr. Konody, Mr. Ricketts and Sir Claude Philips, Dr. MacColl and Mr. Humphry Ward, Mr. Walter Bayes and Sir Sydney Colvin, all said things which should make it impossible for anyone ever again to take their opinions seriously. But Dr. Borrenius bought for the national gallery at Helsingfors a Cézanne (*La maison jaune*) for three hundred pounds, which I suppose is now worth four thousand.

Two years later Fry and I brought over another collection which included a fine series of works by Matisse, another series by Picasso, and pictures by Derain, Bonnard, Braque, Friesz, L'Hôte, Marchand, Vlaminck, etc.

The officials had learned nothing, but the public, or some part of it, showed a disquieting inclination to keep its mind open this time and judge for itself. Would you believe it, before the end of that show, some of those critics who two years earlier had howled the loudest against Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh were using these very names to beat the newcomers with? And the game goes on as merrily as ever. Unabashed, these discredited mandarins continue to air their opinions and seek to impose them on the public. By this time they have swallowed Cézanne and his contemporaries; indeed, they have praised many meretricious and worthless modern painters for resembling these masters—masters who are in fact the exact antitheses of the pushing young exploiters, the "advanced" conservatives, whom the officials now patronize. But they (the officials) remain constant in their hatred of all that is at once young, alive and genuine.

From these and their creatures I appeal to the intelligent public. Is it not time that we began to profit by experience? Instead of recklessly abusing and ridiculing each new manifestation of unconventional originality, would it not be better to preserve an open mind? No one is asked to welcome enthusiastically the new and

unfamiliar. But is there any reason in nature why people should stupidly bar and bolt their minds against it? Surely, in the history of the human race the innovator has been at least as often as not a benefactor.

Yet I agree that it is almost impossible for a man of normal sensibility fully to appreciate at first sight a work of art presented in an

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Portrait by Courbet

and I organized at the Grafton Galleries an exhibition of the works of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and of a certain number of the younger French artists. The hubbub set up by the official gang and their creatures in the press was appalling. They seemed quite to have forgotten that they, or their predecessors, had only a few years earlier emitted similar



# Mid-European Expressionism

## *The New Creed and Its Prophets*

OSCAR BIE

EDITOR'S NOTE

PROFESSOR OSCAR BIE is one of the best known authorities on modern art in Germany. He is the author of "Das Kunstgewerbe," "Du Oper," and "Das Theater."

This is the first of the series of articles on European artists which will appear from time to time in this magazine. Among the others are:—"Modern Dutch Animal Painters," by Frits

Lapidott; "Karl Hodler and the Rhythmic Landscape," by Max Osborn; "The Master of Norse Impressionism: Munch," by Paul Westheim; and "The Altar of Ghent of Van Eyck," which is being reassembled since, under the treaty of peace, the German-owned parts have been surrendered to Belgium. It is sometimes called Belgium's greatest masterpiece.

THE great transformation which the graphic arts have experienced in recent years is nowhere so strongly felt as in Central Europe. Exposed to all influences—French and Italian, as well as those originating in Russia and the East—its artists have surrendered to "expressionism" to such an extent that the younger school is almost wholly dominated by the new creed. In Germany, especially, this creed may be studied in all its various aspects, and the popular question, "What is expressionism?" may best be answered from here. Its contrast to impressionism, which dominated the last generation absolutely, is nowhere so obvious as in the galleries of Berlin.

The sole aim of impressionism was to reflect the impression of nature upon the artist's eye; expressionism, on the contrary, proceeds from the subjectivity of the artist and seeks to form a picture according to the laws of an arbitrary, inner world. In such a world objects are not the principal factor. Reality is too inadequate and too stupid. Within ourselves there lives a strong, rich fancy which may, even if influenced from without, compose an imaginary universe out of complicated optical experiences or the requirements of style.

From the simple imitation of nature, as cultivated by the pure impressionists, the way of development led to the accentuation of all the formal media of observation and representation, and of all the dictates of the laws of organization and construction. The chief guides were the Frenchman Cézanne and the Swiss Hodler, the first to resolve the cosmic phenomena of figures and landscapes into pure esoteric rhythms.

Cosmic feeling is particularly essential in this movement. Its adherents want to construct in the scale of the universe, in the proportions of the spheres. Small and miserable the period that was content to reproduce the externals, the fortuities of nature's physiognomy! A priestly pathos vibrates through the art of today.

Related to it alone is the primitive art of the distant past, when painters and sculptors, untutored and unspoiled, stood amid nature in order to translate its wonders simply and naively but with a glorious, noble breadth. The relation was quickly recognized. The poet Einstein wrote an interesting book on the sculpture of the primitive blacks; the writer Picard published old peasant pictures, both with the obvious intention of establishing the connection between these primitive productions

and the modern desire to be a child again and begin afresh once more.

There is even a religious element in these endeavors. A theosophic tendency is visible



Portrait of the poet, Richard Dehmel,  
by Vokoschka

in a whole series of modern works, a striving for the mystic, a new ethical purpose and an adoration of godly things that springs from a profound spiritual experience. Many of

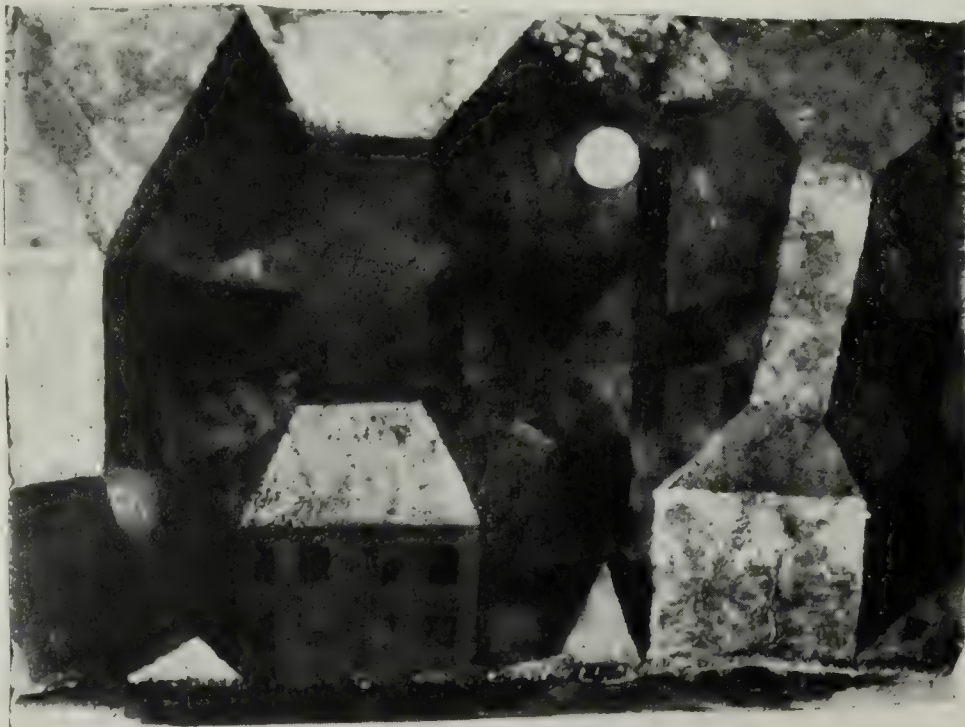
these creators can be understood only when, in contrast to blind impressionism, they are approached from the super-earthly side, and if one recognizes the ethereal or even astral element in this imaginary world.

In this sense the Russian influence has probably been the most potent. Far more than the realistic epoch of western Europe has this new art absorbed the spirit of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Realism is dead; under the debris of the recent explosion of materialistic forces its last remnants lie buried. The new spirit that arises from the ashes bears the image of a higher, less terrible world, and the mystics of the East have left their traces here.

But various influences have been at work. Italy created its futurism, which ignores previous culture without regard, and produces new shapes out of unheard-of combinations of visible motion that correspond to the fantastic dreams of the visionary. Futurism's relapse into the skeptic produced the notorious movement called dadaism, the reverberations of which are reaching across Europe today. But modern French art (Picasso) cultivated the formal elements of futurism into a finished method, whose apex is cubism. In cubism nature is reduced to the mathematics of its phenomena, and with these as the basis the image of the universe is reconstructed.

Besides "futurists" and "cubists," there is a drove of general "expressionists" who are not bound to any one principle, but who gyrate on the various degrees of the scale that arrests the objective and the subjective. The Russian impulses were potent in Central Europe from the very beginning of the movement. They have changed painting and sculpture, and more recently even architecture, so that today all the species of the new genus are to be seen together. They are summed up in the term "expressionist," though their method of expression is greatly differentiated.

Germany had its first contact with the new art through Kandinsky. Kandinsky is a Russian, born in Moscow, who at the outbreak of the war returned thither. In 1918 there appeared an official book which was to interpret his art to the people. At the very beginning of his activity, Kandinsky joined various German "Secessions," and also exhibited in the Paris Autumn Salon. His first works were published in a collection called "The Blue Horseman." Under this title Franz Marc, the late leader of German expressionism, published a collection of modern poetry and



Night, by Paul Klee



drawings, and Kandinsky was his particular favorite. It was a circle of friends in which Alfred Kubin and Arnold Schönberg, the musical expressionist—who also painted—led the arguments.

Franz Marc would have been the maturest of this group, but the war took him as toll. What he has left us has an astonishing certainty of form-invention, power of vision and fantasy. Like an impressionist, he began with descriptions of nature, especially of animals, and to these he remained loyal to the last. But by and by the pure rhythm of the animal motion interested him more than the animal itself. Thenceforward he painted the *nature* of dogs, of foxes, of horses, and of the fauna of the sea, purely for the sake of the motion, so that one might call his pictures "The Foxsome," "The Horsesome," and "The Steersome," rather than "The Fox," "The Horse," and "The Steer." To him, the steer came to mean strength, the fox speed, and the horse architecture. He built a tower out of horses and painted it blue, simply as a subjective decoration, just as the Greeks, before their period of realism, used animal forms architecturally, and colored them in accordance with an independent decorative law.

Marc's artistic activity, throughout the short space of his lifetime, was centered solely on the executive side. Kandinsky, on the other hand, exercised a broad intellectual influence, as might be expected from this essentially cerebral personality. His book on "The Intellectual Side of Painting," which has also appeared in English, explains very incisively the "inner necessity" of the new art theory—a theory that proceeds, not from the senses, as its predecessors, but from the spirit. Both his art and his theories breathe poetry and music. He writes poetry in tune with his paintings, and a little drama by him is aptly titled "The Yellow Sound."

Kandinsky's paintings register a direct development from the objective to the absolute, so that the indications of houses and trees and people, which he put on canvas at the begin-

ning, were gradually transformed into single items in the play of colors. This kind of picture he called at first "impression," later, more correctly, just "composition." He numbers his compositions as a musician numbers his "opuses," and indeed they are symphonies—brilliant fantasies that speak in impassioned accents of color and movement and light.

Instead of every-day objects one sees, for instance, yellow planes, invaded by furious black strokes. These thicken into balls, out of which again flows a sea of blue-green inks. The sea darkens into red, and runs away in myriad rivulets, only to unite again in a paradise of all the colors of the spectrum. Here they disport themselves gaily, improvise dreams of love, intone dithyrambs of Elysian bliss, and finally calm down into the same yellow

drawn music, rhythmic, gentle and impalpable.

The color, too, is "musical." It does not concern itself with impressionistic adumbrations, but exists for itself, signifies mood and character of the model, and vibrates in a great symphony that gives unity to the picture. Thus he paints portraits, and thus he paints landscapes. Nature, instead of being the subject of some easily receptive element in our visionary sense, becomes a soniferous character, full of individual rhythm and substance in the movement of its colors and the arrangement of its planes. Plane touches plane in almost equal distribution throughout the picture. As a result his canvas has a rather restless, flaky appearance. But this impression gives way, after study, to ideas of soul-searching depth.

Kokoschka's most characteristic pictures of recent date are those in which a group of figures is assembled in interiors or in the open, as for instance "The Friends," cited above, and "The Hunt," or such great emotional experiences as pictured forth in "The Emigrants." Kokoschka, a young man of great vigor and personal charm, driven on in perpetual chase and yearning after life, always searching for strong experiences, has devoted much of his boyhood to chemical experiment. Many pretend to see in his works something of the joy in the wonders of reaction. But a better key for his artistic character may be found in the dramas which he has found time to write between painting. "The Bramble" and "Job" are some of the

titles of these symbolic pieces. They have had a number of performances, staged by the artist himself, with well-nigh fabulous *décors*, in a radically new style and with perfect taste. Even Max Reinhardt admires him as a "producer." This, perhaps, is the solution of his art. The dramas themselves, full of the boldest combinations and beautifully fantastic figures and scenes, were of course beyond the public's comprehension. Something of a scandal was the result, and only Kokoschka himself, with his indestructible good humor, saved the situation by a humorous gesture.

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*Improvisation, by Kandinsky*

from which it all proceeded and is pervaded.

All such compositions are grounded in the desire to get absolute effects from color alone, and to such a state of mind the introduction of objects would appear banal and cheap. Such are the legitimate sources of the musician's art. The musician, most likely, prefers his own medium to this of the intruder who wants to walk in his path, and who perchance succeeds only in producing a substitute.

It is interesting to see how many of these modern artists, like Kandinsky, devote themselves to poetry as well. It is an indication not only of the breadth of their culture, but of the fact that the poetic content has become an essential ingredient of their art. They are no longer satisfied to paint things as bare realities, but endeavor to express something deeper, more esoteric, more subjective—things for which painting is in reality only a symbol, for which poetry supplies the true conception or, more correctly, the sound. Kokoschka, a painter who recently came to occupy so significant a position that the Berlin National Gallery acquired one of his most recent pictures, "The Friends," belongs to this group of versatile masters. He does not quite reach the "absolute" stage, like Kandinsky, but somehow always retains contact with the world of reality. This, however, he seeks to liberate from the bonds of external manifestation, by recognizing its inner being, its absolute character, or "soul." He shows this most clearly in his many portraits, which, free from all convention and devoid of all idealism, represent, as it were, a network of the soul's ramifications. He paints it, too, like a filament, like gossamer of finest threads, that symbolizes the mystery of personality. It is



*Naiades, by Campendonck*



*Lady, by Marc Chagall*





A bedroom at the Hotel Astor



A sitting-room in the Hotel Astor

## Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II

Editor Department of Architecture

### *The Hotel and the Home*

THIS is not going to be a scathing indictment of the people who are too lazy to run a house and live at hotels, to the great detriment of the health and morals of themselves and their families, if we can believe the literature of the time. There are plenty of others who have taken in hand that inconsiderable fraction of Americans that live at hotels, and have used up a very considerable amount of time and paper and ink, and made a good deal of money in abusing them. There was "Harvey" for example, in Kipling's "Captains Courageous," who was regenerated by the simple, hearty fare and honest toil on a Banks' fishing schooner. We have even had plays about such people, quite popular plays, in which the hotel was the villain of the piece.

No, quite the contrary is my intention; the Hotel is the hero of my story; not perhaps the homely, hard living hero of old-fashioned fiction, but rather the cultivated and sophisticated man of the world that Robert W. Chambers loves to write about; and the heroine is the poor, plain, unlettered girl from the back woods of Ohio or New York, who learns her first lessons as to what the great world considers taste and elegance, from some hotel, and very often gets lessons that are far more sound and practical than she can get from the "literature of the home" or from books about interior decoration. Further, the lesson she receives is visual and unconscious; therefore the more effective and since all architecture, and especially architecture of interiors, will depend very greatly upon color for its effect, no book or picture can teach a lesson so well as the real object.

It is surprising how many of my clients will quote to me some hotel room as suggesting an effect that they desire for their own homes, and equally surprising how often I find myself suggest-

ing to a client that some particular treatment of walls or ceilings or doors can be studied at one or another of our newer hotels, just as, I suppose, the Waldorf in its time, and the Fifth Avenue years ago influenced the architecture of many of the houses of the people who frequented them. Of course for a long time to say that a room "looked just like a hotel" was to damn it utterly, and for this the hotels themselves were responsible, because for many years in New York the thing the hotel proprietor sought most for was magnificence or the effect of magnificence, at no matter what detriment to comfort or beauty. This tendency still persists to a large extent in New York, and about universally elsewhere, and is, I believe, one of the greatest factors in setting up and crystallizing new standards of bad taste in places where people formerly were unsure of what was good; and had no standard by which to judge.

The hotel, even in its enormous modern development, should approximate the home; and the wisest of our hotel proprietors are coming

more and more to realize this fact. Our earliest hotels were nothing more than big houses of exactly the same type as the private houses of their time; they were furnished with chairs and tables and beds like those of the homes of the period; a little more durable perhaps, but in all respects similar. In searching for Colonial motives to use in our private houses of today we very often find the thing we want in some old "public house," Fraunce's Tavern, for example, or that lovely old tavern in Ridgefield, Connecticut, that is now the home of one of our foremost architects. The influence of such hotels upon the private architecture of our country has been tremendous, and continues to be. The same thing is true of the small old hotels of France and England: the "Peacock Inn" has furnished inspiration for innumerable country houses, both English and American, and the little "Hotel de France et d'Angleterre" at Fontainebleau, with its delightfully furnished rooms, has indubitably opened the eyes of hundreds of people to the possibilities which lie hid in simple materials tastefully combined.

The principal quality which differentiates the small English and French Inns from the great modern hotel (here and abroad) is their "homineness." The food is often as good or better than can be found in the big hotels, the service as good, and the beds as soft; but they linger in mind because to the traveler they convey a sense of mental comfort, the feeling of "belonging" which is not present in our great hotels, however impressive they may be; we may admire a mausoleum without particularly wishing to live there. Fortunately the best, and (perhaps in consequence) the most popular of our hotels in New York do approximate the personal quality of the small old-time inn, especially in their smaller rooms, the bedrooms, the private dining and sit-



Dining-room of the state suite at the Hotel Pennsylvania





*A private dining-room at the Hotel Biltmore*



*Private dining-room at the Hotel Vanderbilt*

ring rooms and the like. I suppose that it is too much to expect that the principal dining-rooms, the central offices, the lounges and other big and crowded rooms can ever be truly home-like. The very size of these rooms, and the fact that they must be constructed of materials which are extremely durable and readily cleansed tends to bring about the use of monumental style of the public building, rather than the scale and type of domestic architecture. However, marble, gold and velvet are no longer regarded as the essentials of good hotel design, and in the Ritz-Carlton at least painted plaster has been used for even the principal rooms as well as for the private ones, and the scale of the decorative ornament is distinctly domestic as opposed to public architecture.

Even the big, almost monumental dining-rooms and offices of our newer hotels often contain motives or subordinate features which are eminently suitable to private work, because the scale of the ornament and the type of decoration is domestic; there is also visible a growing tendency to reduce the enormous ceiling heights, formerly thought to be the acme of beauty, to heights more in proportion to the size of ordinary human beings; and in consequence even the larger rooms will contain cornices, panelling, plaster work and varieties of masonry floors which are not only of excellent design and perfect workmanship but are fruitful of suggestion to the man or woman who is thinking of building a house.

The smaller rooms are of course those which are most readily seen to offer examples for pri-

vate work: the white dining-room of the Knickerbocker is as lovely and simple a Georgian room as the best of the dining-rooms in our big private houses and it can of course be seen and copied by anybody who has the price of a meal there, if there are any such people; and it has, therefore, as an example for study, the very great advantage over any private rooms, that one can actually grasp the color scheme and appreciate the value of draperies, chandeliers and the like, in enhancing the architectural effect, while private dining-rooms, however lovely they may appear in illustration, can only be guessed at, unless a letter to the owner can be furnished by some complacent friend.

Another point where the average hotel interior is apt to surpass any private room for the same purpose, is that the necessity for using wall treatment and furnishings, which will stand hard and careless wear, has led to a simplification of material and a corresponding care in design which necessarily brings about greatly improved results. The old-fashioned hotel, like the old-fashioned house, used for its bedrooms a stock trim for the doors and windows, which might or might not be ugly, according to what the dealer had in his yard, and decorated the walls with a flowered paper, the floor with a florid carpet, the windows with gaudy hangings and the furniture with patterned damask. The result when the room was new was, to a cultivated taste, simply appalling; when old, the dingy walls, the greasy upholstery, the spotted carpets and frayed and dusty hangings created an ensemble which Dickens alone could

describe. Vulgarity at best is unpleasant; vulgarity gone to seed, blowsy, grimy, out at elbows, but still vulgar, is hardly short of dreadful.

The modern hotel bedroom is a different place entirely. There is no wall paper and because plain walls painted need real thought to make them beautiful, simple panels are introduced to ornament them, the door and window trims are carefully designed, good cornices unite the walls to the ceiling, the disposition of openings is given real consideration, and quiet tints take the place of paper on the walls. Really skillful architecture can alone make such a room attractive, and the modern hotel bedroom will in this respect alone surpass the average private house bedroom, or even the average private bedroom in expensive and attractive new houses. Add to this the fact that most hotels are cared for and furnished by really capable decorators; men who perhaps cannot lavish upon each of a thousand rooms the thought and precision of taste that they would give to the rooms of a private house, but must deal with the problem in a wholesale way by purchasing and installing nothing which needs a particular setting to make it effective. There can be nothing of the "stunt" about such decoration, but if it is to be successful (and most of it is surprisingly so) every article must be excellent in itself and suitable for almost any room. Yet even within these limitations the good hotel bedroom will be found to offer a

*(Continued on page 136)*



*The playroom at the Hotel Biltmore*



*The director's office at the Hotel Greenbrier*





*The entrance drive grants a view of a generous veranda with columns and then swerves to a circle at the left. Seen from this angle the house shows its great length, running in two directions*

## Residence of Hobart J. Park, Port Chester, N. Y.



*A low wide entrance is flanked with rounded ornamental bushes, and the walls are made fresh with vines climbing on a trellis which is extended at right angles all over this façade*





*From the garden are seen two angles of the house which, with the shrubbery, enclose a lawn of velvet smoothness. A side door of well-studied proportions opens upon this scene, and a garden bench deep buried in green invites the visitor*



*Tall cedars used as walls take on architectural value and help enclose this charming room of living green. The brick wall is lightened by arches, and all form a part of the garden plan*





Courtesy of Maison de Blanc

*The interest of an ancient design carried out in Venetian Point to serve as a dressing for the table*

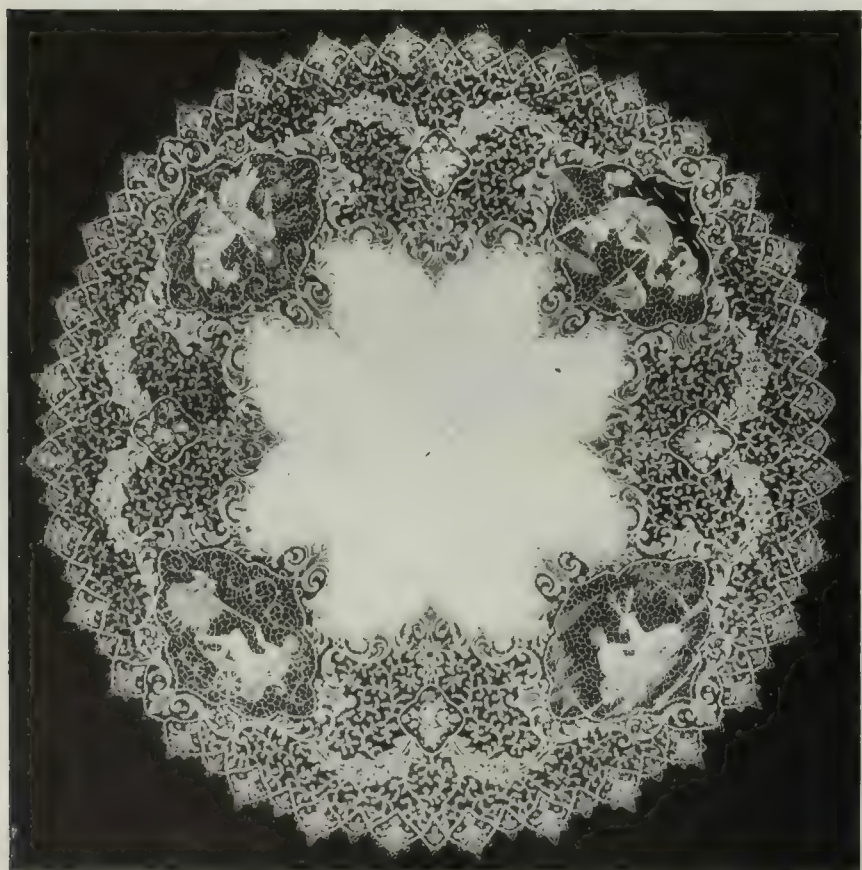
## Luxurious Linens and Rare Laces

*The Table, the Bed, and the Window, Make of Them Necessities*

**A**NOMALOUS as it may seem, this is an era of luxury, and that luxury extends to every part of the house. The department of furnishings which is alluded to as linens is now full of new beauty. Napkins, tablecloths, towels, sheets, tray cloths, bureau

and stand covers are all more enticing than before the war. And as for lace, either for the table or in the department of laces for decoration, or even antique lace for collectors, that is truly bewildering in its elegance and charm.

The tablecloth is called the tie that binds the family together. Is it the refectory table and the Cromwellian gate-leg table that has banished the tablecloth? It is not banished entirely, for a formal dinner demands it always. The snowy damask cloth means cere-



*Venus, Diana, Jupiter and Neptune form medallions after Eighteenth Century models*



Courtesy of B. Altman & Co.

*Pointe de Flanders and embroidered linen make this table center*





Table scarf of Burano lace with center of sheer soft linen

Courtesy of B. Altman &amp; Co.

mony, and is always quietly elegant. Going to a round of teas in Washington the other day, every table was bare, spotted with center-pieces and doilies, until the Cuban Legation was reached. There the long board stretched its oblong elegance under the lights, suave, with linen which hung heavy in its folds, satiny in its high lights, graciously setting off the vessels of gold and vessels of silver that contained swaying flowers and tooth-tickling dainties. No spotty effect of independent laces could equal the stately elegance of that damask-draped table.

And yet, we women have ever a weakness for the *haute nouveauté*, the top of the mode, and we adore showing off our precious laces on our table tops. A table furnishes better this way. Fewer dishes and accessories are necessary, for the decoration of transparent fabrics on a dark ground is enough in itself to furnish a table, added to the *couverts* of silver and glass.

The kind of doilies alters a little every year, just enough to tempt one into buying often to keep up with the mode. The Italians give us our informal table-sets, for the breakfast and lunch table, fascinating coarse things that charm with their coarseness—a sheer hand-woven linen-like scrim, and finished with a sparsely stitched buttonhole border, with little vagrant loops of lace-stitch along the edge and a bit of lace-work in one corner like a postage stamp of *fantaisie*. These are in half-bleached white, which blends so well with an old oak table-top, and are often embroidered in old blue. A set comprises center-piece, either square or oblong, with doilies for plates and smaller ones for glasses, not forgetting the serviettes.

From Italy, too, come the beauteous sets of *pointe de Venise*, and of Burano, than which nothing is more beautiful. Distinctly French are the sets made of lighter laces, introducing much Valenciennes and embroidered motifs worked on organdie. These fairly

smell of old rose leaves, of roses grown in Eighteenth Century gardens where Boucher

painted, so quaintly sweet they are in a dainty way. Whether the laces that compose them be old or not is a secret of the manufacturer, but they bear a lovely tint which we call the yellowing of time.

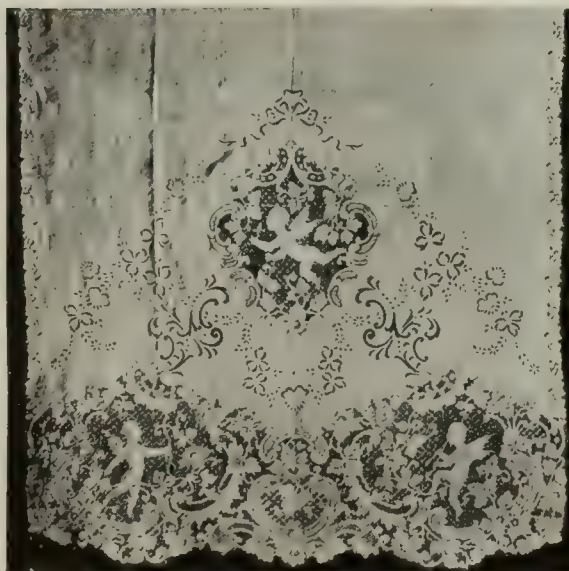
Novelties always interest. For the table we are asked to buy a wonderful species of filet or drawn work that is the work of fairies, one might say. It resembles filet lace, but whereas filet is made of bobbin thread and set into the cloth like an *entredeux*, this new lace is cunningly wrought in the linen itself. Threads are drawn out where a pattern is desired, and a square mesh is made of the remaining threads.

Parts of the pattern, like the petals of large flowers, are left of the linen fabric, and the square mesh blends and surrounds them. In its simpler forms this new lace (which is always a part of the piece it ornaments and never set in) is formed in table squares and doilies, as a border. But in its highest development it forms large scrolled designs thrown over an entire circular tablecloth. One of its charms is its exquisite refinement; another is the high price at which this



Venetian Point as a bed cover

Courtesy of B. Altman &amp; Co.



The decoration of a curtain a la Bonne Femme

dainty luxury is sold.

Little tables which stand about the dining-room and upper parts of the house call for innumerable covers of some elegance. Covers of fine linen lawn, handsomely embroidered, are always an indication of good taste, and suit a French style of furnishing.

But perhaps the Italian work is more practical. It may cost more if too elaborate, but for all its artistic suggestions of old villas and palaces, it is made of practical stuff, which shows stern endurance in the face of frequent launderings. The linen is heavy in covers of this style, and therein lies an advantage. The embroidery has great style and dash, and a fine decorative touch is given by the addition of large fanciful tassels fashioned by hand out of the heavy linen embroidery thread, very much like antique upholstery tassels.

(Continued on page 114)





*Classic construction and ornament in this furniture reveal the refinement of the style named for the Directoire*

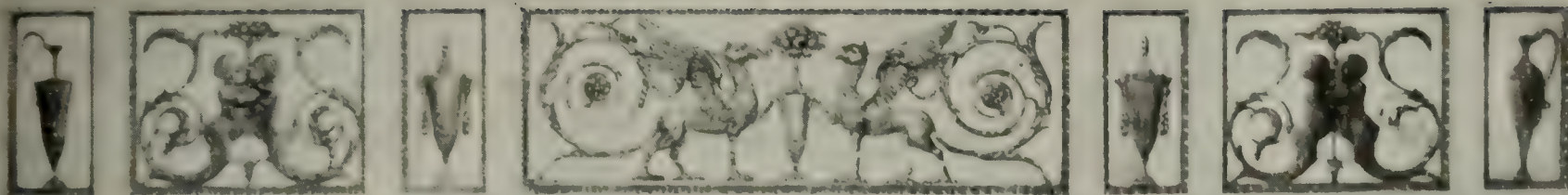


*Empire mantel of marble and mirror frame of amboyna wood with ormolu ornament in low relief*



*Empire bed with mounts of Greek design and silk draperies of the period*





Classicism in its mellowest invention inspired this antique boiserie carved and enamelled Courtesy H. Koppman & Son, Inc.

## The Subtleties of the Directoire Style and the Refinement of the Empire

Illustrations of furniture from the collection of the Second Consul Cambacérès

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

had spent its fury in France, one after another the men came from hiding and slipped their new and precious wares insinuatingly upon a new sort of public.

A new twist of the hand given by the old artists, and there appeared a novel style for a new monarch, the style Empire. Napoleon stood expressed in decoration, in furniture, in bronzes, and in all those affairs which make habitable both palace and villa.

A new style for a new sovereign was wanted. Napoleon supplies the inspiration with the picturesqueness of his campaigns. Indeed the Empire style is Napoleon, is a history of his high



The ormolu mounts of the amboyna wood secretary might almost be worn as jewelry

IT was the brilliant and able *ébenistes* and *ciseleurs* left over from the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI who set the fashion in perfection for the style of the Empire. It is not supposable that so much of talent and of skill as had been exercised for royalty would long stay idle; therefore, after the Revolution



Small Directoire table supported on slender columns

years, written event after event in a sign-language plainer than print.

The Italian campaign, is it not writ in the sudden adoption of the decorations of Rome, and of Pompeii? These classic matters run through the entire style. But it is for those who love the revelations hid in detail to discover such additions as the bee of the Barberini and to know thereby the growing weakness of the young general for that aristocracy which his followers had but recently repudiated. Or, to find in ornamental sphynxes, and in the shapes of chairs and beds, the record of the dash into Egypt.

Even as the style Louis XV shows its exquisite forecast in the mode of the Regency, so the style of the Empire is most lovely in the time when Napoleon was First Consul. These early initials are like unto the spring-time, a



Amboyna wood secretary, open for the brief note of the drawing room

period of adolescent tenderness, where beauty is full of refinement and of tantalizing promise of yet fuller beauty to come.

Napoleon was still almost a youth, morality was a *sine qua non* of that mob whose roars were still remembered. Are not youth

(Continued on page 132)



Empire fire screen with tapestry, ormolu and carving



Simplicity and fine detail mark this chair of amboyna and ormolu



## Americans in Art



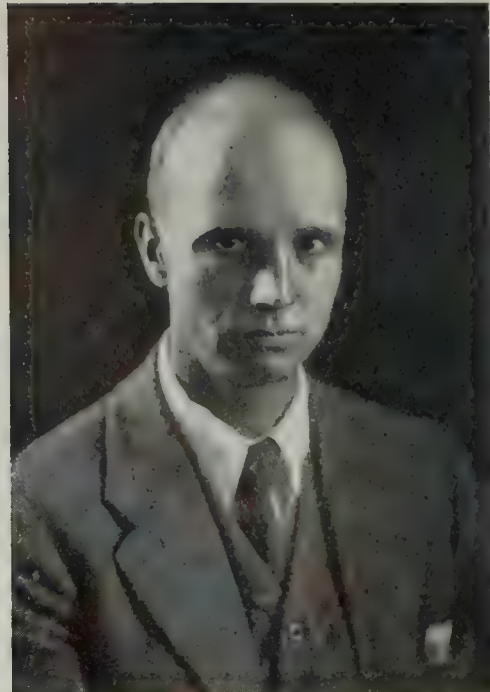
Andrew O'Connor

THERE is no more romantic race than the Irish. Andrew O'Connor is an American sculptor with an ancestral memory. His head of Lincoln, shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art prior to its reception into the permanent collections of the Chicago Art Institute, like his figure of Lincoln, which stands before the state capitol at Springfield, does not fail to touch with certain emphasis upon the element of romance that surrounds the martyred president with more persistency than it does other figures in American history. The work through which he has become known to New Yorkers is the Central Porch for St. Bartholomew's Church. His "Boy Scouts" monument was recently unveiled in Chicago.



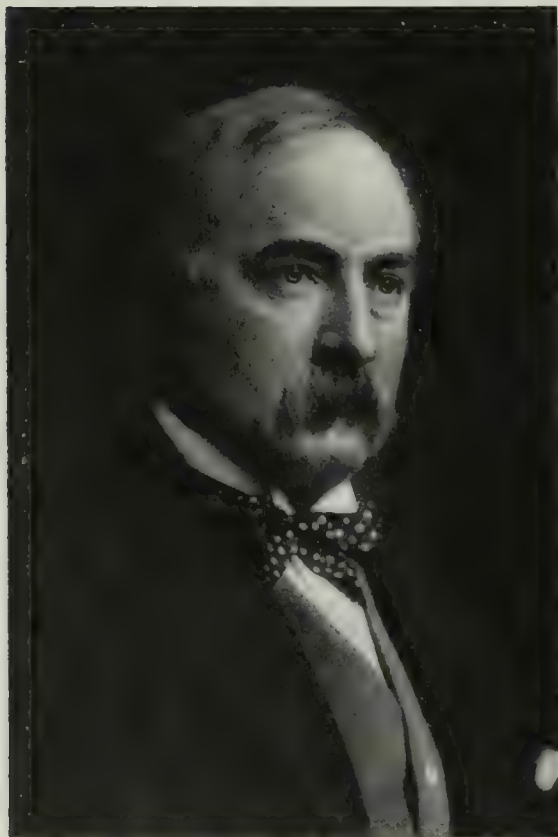
Mary Garden

JAMES HUNEKER writes, in the recently published *Bedouins* of Mary Garden's "Thais": "You have created a new shudder," wrote Victor Hugo to Charles Bandelaire after the production of his *Flowers of Evil*. The 'nouveau frisson' of Mary Garden is thrilling and must have appalled the well-meaning, stupid Athanael."



Rockwell Kent

WITH the defeat of Germany there may have died, along with a great many other teutonic conceptions, the one of the superman. It is doubtful whether or not Rockwell Kent's book, "Wilder-ness," or his tragic grandiloquence, in paint, on the subject of Alaska will help to maintain it here in even an invalid flutter of life. Anyway, William Blake was one of those geniuses who showed, like Carlyle, that the thought of England and Germany could dovetail. And Kent has knelt at Blake's altar. He is one of the American artists who can be listed most appropriately under Theodore Roosevelt's word "strenuous." He is an exceptionally capable architectural draftsman and a theoretical star gazer.



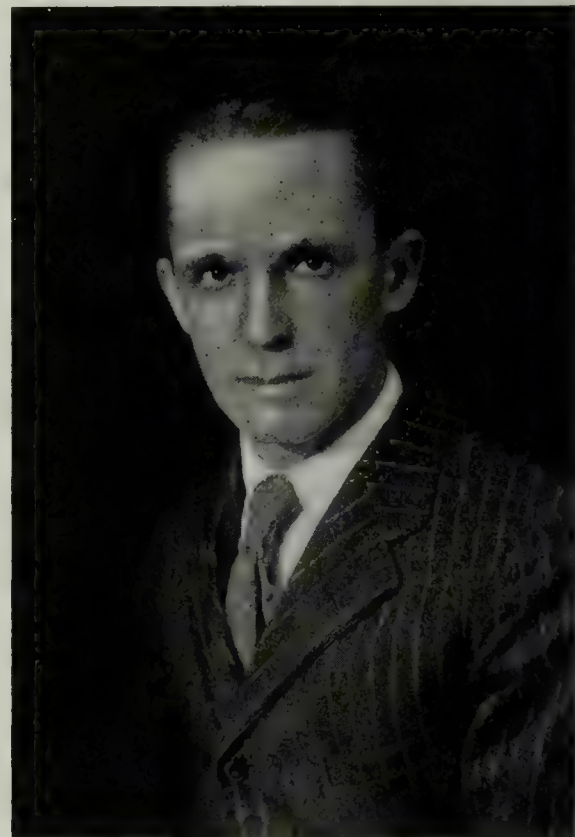
Gari Melchers

THE recently elected president of the New Society of Artists is one of our painters who came back to America with a European reputation at a time when to be without a European reputation was to be devoid of any avenue down which to ride to success. His, as every one knows, has been great. His name is one of those best known in the annals of American art and lends a dignity to the society which not even his own very human pictures of Scotch military musicians can diminish.



Robert W. Chanler

TO speak of Robert W. Chanler is to bring up a vision of energy that is duplicated nowhere else in America. He is our most extravagant eclectic and our most individual decorator. He has been known to have a dozen commissions under way at one time, ranging from stained-glass windows to ceilings.



Gifford Beal

WITH the desertion of Ernest Lawson and Van Deering Perrine, Gifford Beal is the sole surviving—as they say in the newspapers—Hudson River painter. The school died with Kensett, Cole, Doughty, Durand and Bierstadt. Beal resembles none of them except it be in the occasional grandeur of his designs. He is the president of the Art Student's League, sits at the "Bolsheviki table" in the Century Club, is the vice-president of the New Society of Artists and a Princeton graduate.





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# America Inspires the New Fashions

CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

THE headlines from Paris are read greedily in the ateliers of American designers. Callot speaks for the slender foundation; decorative materials are in vogue for the Summer; a noted demi-mondaine has gone in for raspberry satin; at Longchamps, Egyptian lines pose rigidly against the rhythmic sweep of the coursers; while for the Fall Parisian psychologists announce "long" suits in which the skirts barely fringe the knees, while the silhouette is supposed to be built on soft, yet straight lines.

What, in the name of sanity, is a soft, yet straight line? Neither in the arts of design nor in interior decoration would such an ambiguous and self-defeating phrase be employed. In Fashions all things are permissible; and in the journalism of fashions, everything is plausible.

Another interesting report describes the beauties of Morocco! Since the French designers have borrowed themes from Moroccan shawls, it is incumbent upon us to learn the history, geography, and customs of Morocco. A millinery designer features a Mandarin shape; so we must now delve into the poetry of Li-Tai-Po; the philosophy of Wang-Yang-Ming; and the statistics of tea production in China. Thus, instead of culture influencing fashions, fashions influence culture.

In but one of the letters received by us from Paris, is there any mention of the dress ideals which once influenced French genius, and that reference, strange to relate, concerns the costume worn by an American woman. An humble stranger, not quite as diverting as the Moroccan native, but resplendent in a simple dress, of straight lines, in which the white lace was draped about the black tulle skirt, in such an art that it seemed to enhance the beautiful lines. Other gossip reports that all the Parisian dressmakers are featuring short coat suits for America, but American women have not been heard from yet on this point. Similarly, skirts are to be longer, on which subject American women spoke incisively and decisively last Fall.

Over the Parisian world there seems to have fallen a twilight of exoticism, and the designer seeks to outdo the archæologist, instead of trying to interpret the life around him. It is fascinating, no doubt, to imagine "a symphony of perfumes," or an Oriental magnificence of coloring that will surpass the sunset; but that designer errs who believes that he can improve on the blending of colors in Nature, and it is well to remember that Rembrandt achieved a chromatic gold in his portrait of a Rajah, by the restrained use of color.

IF America is seriously to influence Fashion ideas, it must be in a direction diametrically opposed to French excesses and along tendencies that conform to our nature and to the surroundings in which we live. Against the confusion of styles and values to be found at the European resorts, the picture of America out-of-doors is an instructive contrast. Sport clothes in this country represent the first step in our self-expression in dress. They have a swing, a naturalness, a sort of physical "chic" which is the antithesis of Parisian "chic." The first is a fine poise of the body, an easy, natural grace of line; while the second is accomplished coquetry, an affectation and a sophisticated pose. One is embodied in the American girl on the golf links, at tennis, on horseback, or

driving; the other is incarnated in the exaggerated walk of our manikins, in their sybaritic talent which obscures their deficiency of mind. *False chic demands tricks of the body; true chic gives a spiritual charm to natural lines.*

In our first article we emphasized in the forecast of Fall Fashions the development of a silhouette that will adhere more closely to the natural line, with a swing borrowed from sport attire. A rapid glance at our outdoor fashions will throw light on this forecast. At Piping Rock, Newport and Magnolia, as well as in Western and Southern resorts, one finds a slender silhouette, which is not a forced contraction of the figure, but a line flowing from the figure. We distinguish between art in dress and ephemeral fashions by this important nuance of *naturalness*. A Callot, a Lanvin, a Poiret, assume the credit for creating what nature silently fashioned millenniums ago, and we would not quarrel with this assumption if they were content always to work within natural lines. It is when they impose Egyptian geometry or Turkish architecture on the woman of the Twentieth Century that Paris is likely to lose its claim to being the "Capital of Good Taste."

REGARD the light summer clothes for the shore or the country; the trim blouses with jaunty collars; the skirt free of attachments, puffs, excessive embroideries or any of those elaborate superfluities that Paris decrees for skirts, while "corsages may be simple." In the simplicity and strength of these American fashions, our outdoor frocks lend dignity to the most prosaic materials, and linen in rose, tan, white or navy, becomes a "smart" fabric. So with gingham. So with the skirt of white gabardine, which is most attractive with tucked slit pockets. Equally attractive for Summer afternoons is the frock of soft wash silk with youthful frillings and a graceful sash. Nor are our bathing suit styles without natural chic, and this season there is a tendency toward true grace in these days.

Time was when this form of costume and outdoor costumes in general were noted for severity rather than charm. Today the bathing suit is *designed* not merely a patched-together material, without conception. We are learning to regard even the useful and the commonplace as proper subjects for artistic treatment. Whether it is the one-piece bathing suit unadorned, or the fragile abbreviation chosen only for the beach sun bath, it is well thought out.

There is a general tendency to get away from skirt encumbrances or anything that will restrict freedom of movement in swimming. Women insist upon wearing the least amount of weight and the Annette Kellerman suit is in vogue both in silk or woolen jerseys.

Much discussed is the type of one-piece suit which is in effect, a minature dress. The bathing skirts reach above the knees, the tops of the arms are sleeveless, the necks are extremely low. And the variety of materials from which these suits are made is astounding—including even cloth of silver and gold and velvet. Sardanapalian riots of gorgeous colors against the saffron gold waters at the beaches! Likewise the trimmings in these newer suits follow the lines of dress trimmings and fea-

ture those that offer the least resistance to water.

IN an amusing little playlet on dress, Miss Rachael Crothers shows us how an intelligent woman succumbs to the ridiculous through the persuasion of the dressmaker, the model, and a "disinterested friend." The dialogue is a running commentary on our theme of good taste.

Says the friend to the lady: "It takes nerve to be chic. What you must do is to *dominate* your clothes."

To which the lady replies: "Go on, do something. Cut it down. Cut it down."

At this point the dressmaker delivers herself of the following oracle: "Madame must have nothing at all in the back, in order to balance the front. Don't worry, it will be all right. I know you are very conservative, but madame must not get afraid in the back when she has so much courage in the front."

The moral in this squib is that over self-consciousness is a bar to dressing correctly. Instead of aiming to achieve unusual effects, your personality should be expressed naturally and without any forcing. In following common sense lies the essence of good taste, and all the prescriptions of dress artists are absolutely futile without this first principle.

A correspondent asked me how the new mania for reducing prices will affect Fashion ideas in the fall of 1920. May I respectfully remind my readers that there is nothing new in this mania? Just two hundred years ago—in 1720—there was a parade of English women in calico and denim in protest against the high price of wool; and the paraders were hooted from the streets. Human extravagance has a tendency to repeat itself, but the development of creative ideas in fashions cannot be checked by superficial attempts to reduce high costs. The answer to pessimism in the dress industry is increased production and new ideas. That there is at least one creative designer in this country not affected by hysteria is indicated in the recent announcement that he has created a new silhouette for the Fall, from which he will make models for the trade, in order to help the dress industry. This designer is going in for Greek lines, with which ideal we cannot quarrel, since the Greeks were the first to embody in their art and drapery the just proportions of the human figure. But I am afraid he will have to relieve the symmetry of the lines in accordance with the forecast I have made that the Fall silhouette will embody something of the American genius for outdoor life.

AT this time when it is commonly assumed that women are more interested in lower prices than in new styles, we must call attention to the false psychology underlying this viewpoint. Human nature will not change through advertising schemes or merchandising sales; and the beautiful in dress will always appeal to women, if only to a minority of women of good taste.

In my next article I shall write of Batiks and their influence on the new fashions. My readers will be fortunate in having on this subject the views of no less an authority than Joseph Urban whose stage productions for the Metropolitan Opera House have made him an outstanding figure in the arts of design.





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# From Opera-Comique to Comic Opera

## A Hint to the Composers of America

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

"DO not strain talent," says the wise French adage, which most of us would do well to remember. Beside the mighty there is room for the less mighty in the world of music; for Massenets, Puccinis, Gounods, Sullivans as well as Wagners! A work which charms one in its special *genre* may live, although it does not rank with "Tristan." To millions Wagner's works seem unendurable. Puccini, for example, once confessed to me that it was hard for him to hear more than a single act of "Parsifal" or "Siegfried." All music lovers have not the same ears. Some can absorb so much. Some crave for more. And yet they may be all in tune with art. Ears are not dull because grand opera tires them.

I have no patience with those narrow souls who would let nothing but the greatest live in music. They are akin to those who would destroy the snowdrop, because it lacks the glory of the rose. We bow to Beethoven and Bach, to Gluck and Wagner. But can we not still cherish minor masters? For my part, I love many kinds of music. The gracious and the grand delight me—both. Away with the fanatics who damn Sullivan because they perceive the splendor of "Die Walkure."

If you were, let us say, John Alden Carpenter, would you not pause before you tried to compose a rival to the Wagnerian "Nibelung's Ring"? If you were able to write pleasing songs, like Cadman, would you lock horns with Gluck or Meyerbeer or Verdi? There is common sense in the much quoted phrase, "*Ne forçons pas notre talent.*" Do not strain. We cannot all do the colossal things. But some of us may none the less do well.

Musicians do not live by art alone. Like common folk they have to earn their bread. What they compose may be a joy to them, and to their friends as well—who may have heard their works. But if those works are not produced? "Ay, there's the rub." There may be one or two Americans already who can write

operas, really grand, and music-dramas. Not one of them, however, has yet proved his power to do such things. Our musicians are still mastering their technique—all but a few, who so far have learned nothing else. There was at least a touch of truth in what an English critic said some time ago. With an exception here and there, not yet revealed, our musicians are too plainly largely imitators.

Some borrow inspiration. Others steal not only forms but also actual themes. But, of the number, not a few are young! Mozart himself at first owed much to Haydn. And Wagner borrowed more than once from Weber. All music is a gradual evolution, to which, from time to time, some genius gives new meaning and a sudden impetus. It took the Italians little less than three full centuries to produce such

opera-comique and opera proper is drawn when spoken dialogue is replaced by recitative. "Carmen," in Paris, is an opera-comique, because words are spoken there, though very seldom, between musical episodes. Transfer the same work to the Paris Opera House and it would, automatically, be classed as opera. For the spoken dialogue would instantly, in accordance with tradition, be discarded and recitatives be substituted.

Aside, though, from this technical distinction, by opera-comique the French have come to mean a more piquant, dainty, delicate form of opera than that of Verdi or Meyerbeer. The *genre* was first introduced, more than a century and a half ago, by Monsigny, a prolific composer, and by no less a personage than Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, when not penning his "Confessions" or writing social treatises and romantic novels, invented music, some of which is not yet dead. The earliest opera-comiques worth mention were "Le Déserteur" of Monsigny (it is still in the French repertory) and "Le Devin du Village," of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Both were agreeable little works, quite well worth hearing, disfigured if you will by sentimentality but light and graceful. In the cases of both the composers I have named the orchestration was not only thin but poor. It was at best a very tame and trite accompaniment to the melodies, which very frequently were sweet and winning.

Before the appearance of "Le Déserteur," Monsigny had been much impressed and pleased by a performance of an Italian opera-buffa sung in Paris, "La Serva Padrona." So, in a sense, it may be said that the French owe their own opera-comique to Italy. But, while Italian opera-buffa, as we know from "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," was frankly comic, French opera-comique, at first, and for long years thereafter, depended chiefly upon grace and sentiment. By way of

(Continued on page 122)



Maggie Teyte as Mignon

works as "Falstaff" and "Otello." It took the French quite half as long to lay the foundations of their national type of opera, which is not opera of the "grand" and stately style, but opera-comique.

It is from France and from French opera-comique, I think, our composers might learn most they need just now. They are not ripe yet, as a mass, for tragic opera; for the sublimities of Wagner or the nobilities of Gluck and Rameau. But, having conquered their technique, they could compete, without shame or fear, with Massenet and Hérold, and with Auber. I am not suggesting anything like plagiarism, but merely the adoption of a *genre*. What really is this opera-comique of which we read so much and hear so little? Not, as some fancy, Gallic comic opera. It may be comic or it may be serious, graceful or sentimental, even thrilling. It need not be too confined in classic moulds. It may be free as air, or follow ancient styles. The technical dividing line between French

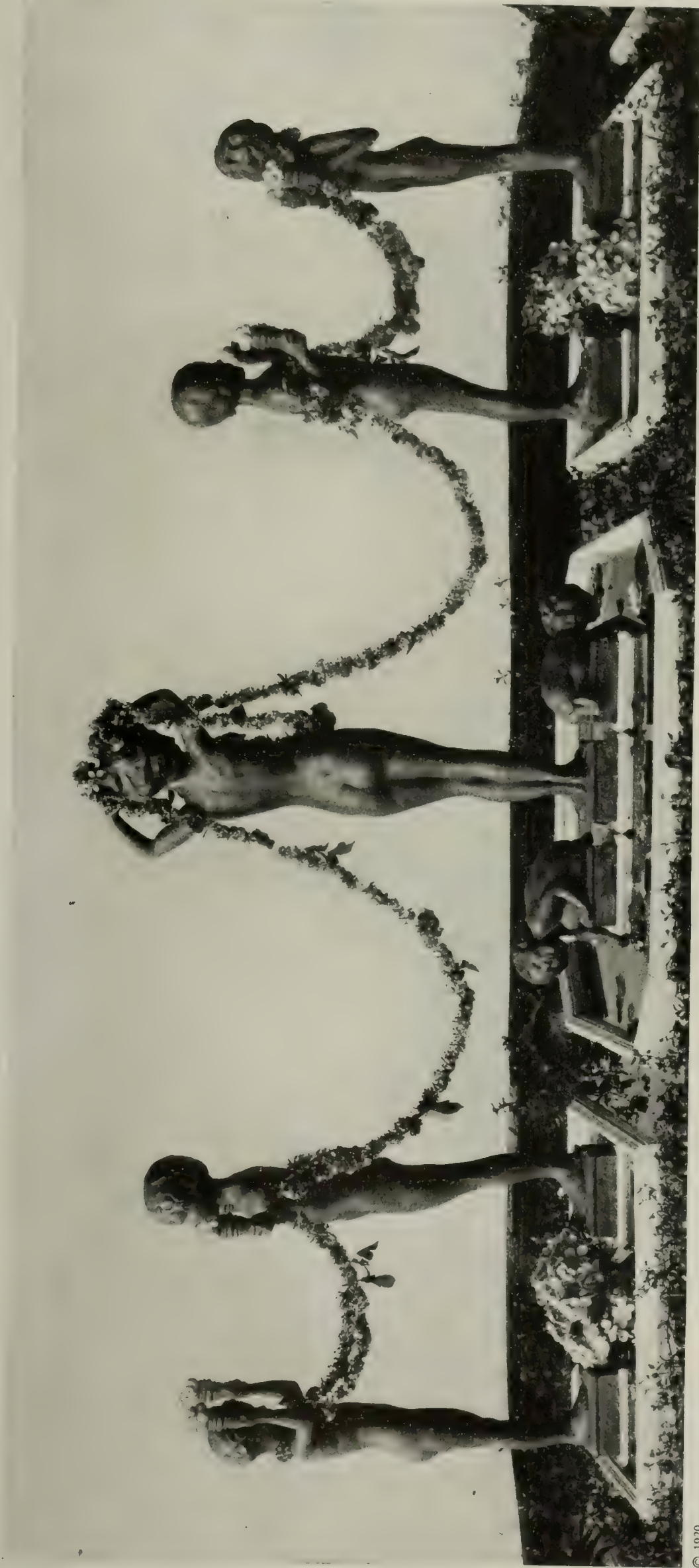


Gabriella Besanzoni in "L'Italiana in Algeri"



Geraldine Farrar in "Manon"





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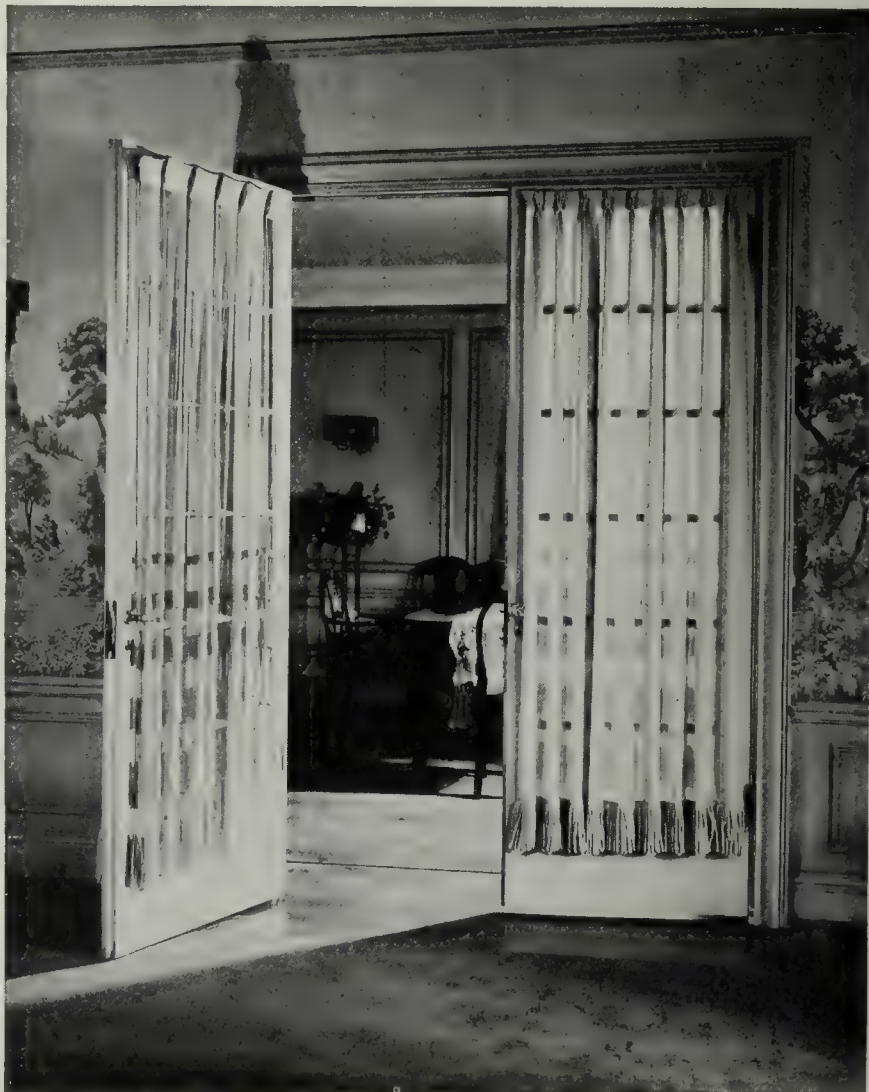
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# Psychoanalysis and Music

## The Submerged Anglo-Saxon

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE application of the new science of psychoanalysis to the criticism of the arts promises to yield in the next few years novel and fascinating results, perhaps nowhere more fascinating than in music, which seems to be almost more than the other arts, if that be possible, a welling up from the subconscious, only slightly and indirectly affected by conscious processes. A beginning of such application, none the less suggestive for being unsystematic, fragmentary, and tentative, has been made by Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in his brilliant first volume, "Musical Portraits."<sup>1</sup> Take for example the case of Rimsky-Korsakoff, in one aspect one of the most picturesque and colorfully Russian of composers, whose "Scheherazade" is a musical counterpart of the barbarically opulent "Thousand and One Nights" on which it is based, and in another aspect a dry-as-dust professor, who, as Tchaikowsky said, "worshipped technique" and was "full of contrapuntal tricks and all the signs of a sterile pedantry."

How could one and the same man write music superficially as richly Oriental as that of any Russian, but fundamentally empty, dry, and hard, devoid of deep expressiveness? Mr. Rosenfeld has ready the psychoanalytical answer. "He was, after all, temperamentally chilly. 'The people are the creators,' Glinka told the young nationalist composers, 'you are but the arrangers.' It was precisely the vital and direct contact with the source of all creative work that Rimsky-Korsakoff lacked. There is a fault of instinct in men like him, who feel their race and their environment only through the conscious mind. . . . It was not that Rimsky was pedantic from choice, out of a wilful perversity. His obsession was, after all, the result of a fear of opening the dark sluices through which surge the rhythms of life."

IN dealing with Richard Strauss Mr. Rosenfeld is even more ingenious and searching. Others before him have described the strange decadence that sets in at about the time of the "Symphonia Domestica," making such a work as the "Alpine Symphony" seem almost a parody of earlier masterpieces like "Till Eulenspiegel" or the "Hero's Life," and have suggested a cause for it in the composer's prostitution of his art for money and immediate notoriety.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Rosenfeld goes deeper. "In the end," he says, "it is as the victim of a psychic deterioration that one is forced to regard this unfortunate man. The thing that one sees happening to so many people about one, the extinction of a flame, the withering of a blossom, the dulling and coarsening of the sensibilities, the decay of the mental energies, seems to have happened to him, too. . . . No doubt the love of money plays an inordinate rôle in the man's life, and keeps on playing a greater and a greater. But it is probable that Strauss's desire for incessant gain is a sort of perversion, a mania that has got control over him because his energies are inwardly prevented from taking their logical course, and creating works of art."<sup>3</sup> . . . He has rationalized his unwillingness to go through

the labor-pains of creation by pretending a constant and great need of money."

NOT the least inspiring result of such analyses as these is that they serve to bring sharply home to us, as will always be the case when the deeper purpose and method of psychoanalysis are grasped, the superficiality of all explanations of artistic failure in terms of environment, however specious, and to trace it relentlessly to attitudes of the individual conscience and intelligence. Mr. Rosenfeld is admirably loyal to the search, through and past all the easy false explanations, to the difficult but true one. "There is, no doubt," he says in his cruel but just paper on Mahler, "a curious coincidence in the fact that in each of the four chief German musicians of the recent period there should be manifest in some degree a failure of artistic instinct. The coarsening of the craftsmanship, the spiritual bankruptcy, of the later Strauss, the grotesque pedantry of Reger, the intellectualism with which the art of Schoenberg has always been tainted, . . . the banality of Mahler, dovetail suspiciously." But he refuses to stop at this coincidence, gratifying as its contemplation might be to a narrow nationalism. "And yet," he continues, "it is probable that the cause lies elsewhere, and that the conjunction of these four men is accidental. There have been, after all, few environments really friendly to the artist; most of the masters have had to recover from a 'something rotten in the state of Denmark,' and many of them have surmounted conditions worse than those of modern Bismarckian Germany. The cause of the unsatisfactoriness of much of the music of Strauss and Schoenberg, Reger and Mahler, is doubtless to be found in the innate weakness of the men themselves rather more than in the unhealthiness of the atmosphere in which they passed their lives."

There then follows a discussion of just what this weakness was in the case of Mahler, in the course of which the principles of psychoanalysis are applied not only to the personal but to the racial mind, and there emerges the most significant general truth of the book:—that just as the highest achievement in art is attained through a "sublimation" that is racial as well as personal, so the deepest defeat, the most complete sterility, is that which avenges a suppression, not only of personal but of racial instincts. Mahler, the argument runs, born in the Austria of the 1860's, "a society that made Judaism, Jewish descent and Jewish traits a curse to those that inherited them," was like many of his fellow Jews, the victim of "an unconscious desire to escape the consequences of the thing that stamped them in the eyes of the general as individuals of an inferior sort; to inhibit any spiritual gesture that might arouse hostility; and to ward off any subjective sense of personal inferiority by convincing themselves and their fellows that they possessed the traits generally esteemed."

BY this unconscious desire a conflict was set up within him. "In the place of the united self, there came to exist in him two men. For a while one part of him demanded the free, complete expression necessary for the artist; another sought to block it for fear that in the free flow the hated racial traits would appear." Thus torn between "the desire of self-expres-

sion and the fear of self-revelation," he developed an eclectic, featureless style, devoid of true individuality and real power. He is thus the type of Jew described in Wagner's famous pamphlet, "Das Judentum in der Musik," the Jew who "through the superficial assimilation of the traits of the people among whom he is condemned to live, and through the suppression of his own nature, becomes sterile." This sketch of one of the most tragic and pitiful of modern artistic failures should be compared with the study of Ernest Bloch, who, thinks Mr. Rosenfeld, has the "intelligence, sense of reality, real overwhelming spiritual strength" that Mahler lacked, and in whose music he finds "a large, a poignant, an authentic expression of what is racial in the Jew. There is music of his that is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamentally racial than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the Semitic pomp and color that inform it."

IF Mr. Rosenfeld is right in thinking that the suppression of racial traits in groups submerged in an alien environment results in divided personality and artistic sterility, his argument has a curiously unexpected application to our musical life in America. For here at least one group of our racially diverse nation, the Anglo-Saxon group that, in Colonial days almost synonymous with "America," is now but a "drop in the melting pot," is steadily becoming so submerged. The German domination of a generation ago, it is true, has passed with the war; but a French domination just as alien has taken its place. The Hebrew influence, too, has gained year by year, by leaps and bounds, until today it is distinctly more potent, at least in New York, our musical metropolis, than any other, even the French. Thus we get a situation like that described by Mr. Rosenfeld, except that the part played by the Jews is reversed: submerged in the Vienna of 1860, they are dominant in the New York of 1920. That "Semitic pomp and color" have become accepted ideals in our music, sharing the honors with the modern French ideals of vague subtlety and nuance. The barbaric sensuousness of the Hebrew temperament vies with the over-civilized, effete sensuousness of the French *précieux* in setting our standards.

Now in such an environment, the Anglo-Saxon temperament, with its sobriety, its plainness, its fondness for clear meaning as against vague suggestion, its dislike of luxury, extravagance, exaggeration, its passionate moderation, its reticence, and its humor, is a stranger, and finds itself more and more crowded out of its ancient home. A composer of such temperament is constantly tempted to suppress it, to try to emulate the opposite qualities more generally admired, in short to embark on precisely the path of "eclecticism" and self-betrayal that led Mahler to ruin.

Most of our young composers are imitating Debussy, or Rimsky-Korsakoff and Stravinsky, or Bloch and Ornstein, more or less cleverly. Few are trying to grope towards their own light, to find their own speech, to accept with courage the stigmata of their own temperaments. Especially is the Anglo-Saxon group submerged because its sobriety is at the pole from the over-emphasis and sensuous luxury that are *à la mode*. But

(Continued on page 114)

<sup>(1)</sup> Harcourt, Brace, and Howe, New York, 1920.

<sup>(2)</sup> See, for example, the essay on Strauss in the writer's "Contemporary Composers," and Mr. Ernest Newman's "Richard Strauss."

<sup>(3)</sup> Cf. Bertrand Russell, in "Why Men Fight," on the relation of the possessive and the creative instincts.





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## Collecting Primitives in America

(Continued from page 85)

William T. Blodgett, who bought at his own risk the first old masters owned by the Metropolitan Museum, owned a good *cassone* panel which he bought through Jarves. Probably some of the late Robert Shaw Minturn's early Italian panels go back to the black walnut era. The versatile and delightful Clarence King also had Spanish and Flemish things of primitive sort. Doubtless there were other modest amateurs of this sort. American artists living abroad naturally loved to adorn their studios with the glory of tempera on old gold. But neither Elihu Vedder nor Charles Caryl Coleman brought their treasures home. The completely forgotten but very powerful landscapist, Thomas Hotchkiss, owned at Rome the two amazing panels of the Life of Primitive Man by Piero di Cosimo which are now chief attractions of the Metropolitan Museum. They lay for years disregarded in the storage room of the museum until a British dealer discovered them and brought about their reluctant exhibition, some twenty years ago. The episode shows strikingly what a slowly cultivated taste was the love of the primitive in America.

So much for our feeble beginnings. What caused the rush for primitives from 1890 was in part the new connoisseurship. After Giovanni Morelli's pioneer studies, the christening of anonymous

primitives became a favorite indoor sport and there was as well a wholesale de- and re-christening of panels traditionally ascribed to great artists. Museum catalogues were no longer regarded as speculative and uncertain. Collecting gained the fascination of an extra hazardous pursuit. Amateurs react to this rechristening process with various degrees of equanimity. At first the curators of galleries regarded the itinerant Morellian with the horror befitting a mover of landmarks. Some collectors let themselves be sorely worried. Twenty years ago in certain very costly houses I used to be warned that the labels were to be regarded as beyond question. So enlightened an amateur as the late John G. Johnson, however, took a humorously cynical pleasure in the diverse opinion of visiting experts concerning his pictures and each other. It brought an element of comedy into a very serious life. He used to say that it was easier to get good attributions than good pictures. This seems the reasonable attitude—to love one's primitives for their more than feminine variableness and mutability. I have, for example, a grim little St. Jerome standing beside his scarlet cap, with a tawny, kittenish lion, and an adorable background of dove-colored crags under a gold sky. For the greatest connoisseur I know, who has, to be sure, seen only a photograph, it is Sienese, a





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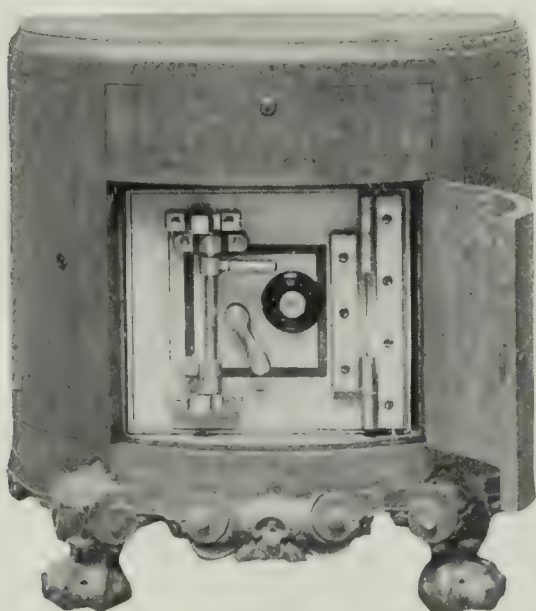




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Of course the attribution-mongering gave to what were considered and inexpensive trifles the lure of costliness. When I first went to Italy the price of an anonymous primitive, generally designated as "School of Giotto," was about thirty dollars a square foot—and I didn't have the thirty dollars. Now there are almost no anonymous primitives. Virtually all have perfectly good names and must have attained imposing local habitations. How should they fail to get names? It works this way. A nameless little panel is worth five hundred dollars for its decorative quality. The great X—, for a trifling pittance of \$200, writes on the back of the photograph, "The Original of which this is a photograph is an authentic and fine example of *Compagno di Qualcheduno*." Immediately the panel is worth \$5,000 as a most interesting C.D.Q. Everybody concerned is pleased.

It is not much to own a name-

less old thing on gold ground, but to possess a C.D.Q. is to be somebody. One is visited by itinerant connoisseurs and mentioned in exotic journals. Of course, many attributions are sound enough. Even C.D.Q. may have been somebody else in his day. But the commercially available attributives are largely unsound. Their audacity makes them all the more interesting and keeps the game going. They soothe the collector—until the next attribution—and they make the critic great. For purposes of fame the thing is to make many attributions. The worst ones are the best—they are more discussable than the good ones.

There are few human affections so strong as that of a guardian of a beloved decrepit person. Here is another reason for our tenderness toward our primitives. They are unlike modern pictures in constantly requiring delicate and costly attentions. They blister and go to a specialist for relief. Their worm-eaten panels warp and crack and have to be cradled. We keep them alive by constant pains. We are never quite easy about them. They are on our minds and hearts. They have phases and symptoms in a climate not their own, like some exquisite invalid surviving hazardingly at an untoward health resort.

A bad but quite obvious reason for wanting primitives is that they are scarce. If you have one, you keep a lot of other people who want it from getting it. Much lavish collecting is due not to loving the pictures more, but one's rival less. The lever of irony will be pleased to reflect that these celestial Madonnas and serene saints which were painted to inculcate love and humanity among Christians, are today become the occasion of envy, hatred and malice among collectors and dealers largely Hebraic. Of course, these sinister grand passions are only for the great collector. The modest amateur pursues his quest sustained by hope and relatively untroubled by competition. In fact, the slightest competition makes the game im-





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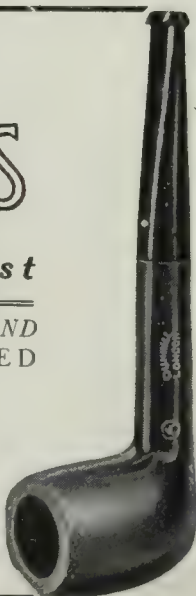
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possible for him. He is the child of luck and occasion. Some of the best of my few primitives are incidentally monuments to friendship. Somebody who wanted the picture but couldn't at the moment afford it, tipped me off to it rather than let it pass to a stranger. I suppose they felt as Petrarch did when it came to bequeathing his little Madonna by Giotto, that "few could perceive its beauty."

Wherever primitives go, whether acquired out of love or competitive vanity, I believe they eventually produce their true impression. They are loved for their difference from our own art—their quietude, grace and traditionalism. They are fixed points of rest and conviction in the wealth of relativity in which we live. Then in an age of blatant experimentalism and aggressive ugliness in technique these

creations in flame-like colors of tempera on gold represent an assured and lovely craftsmanship. Even in the slightest work there are no rough approximations. Everything is coherent and modestly accomplished. Often the painter is thinking of nothing but how to get a fine blue or crimson or yellow green or red. Guided by traditional ideals and recipes, he almost never fails to make a radiant thing and into the slow, patient processes of grounding, guiding, and manipulating the refractory tempera generally creeps something of his own humble ideality. For his absence of self-assertiveness and freedom from the aggressive artistic temperament, your primitive is the most likeable of housemates—even though he be only some vague *Compagno di Qualcheduno*.

## Mid-European Expressionism

(Continued from page 89)

Another important Russian influence is that of the painter Marc Chagall. Chagall already has a wide following. His beginnings were made with representations of the life of the Russian folk, painted with the ingenuousness of a peasant artist: charming, many-colored little houses, or the interior of a room, with the stiff, awkward movements of people who live in sweet innocence of the soft atmosphere of impressionistic culture. Gradually a spirit of deep mysticism penetrated his work, which receded more and more from reality, so that the objects of nature were employed only as symbols of a higher comprehension of universal law.

Animals are this painter's favorite material, and the people he paints are not beyond the dullness of instinct life. There are nocturnal landscapes which combine a maze of remarkable occurrences into a veritable riddle of the Sphinx. Shadowy Russian rituals are transformed into expressions of modern theosophy, and sometimes—especially under the influence of the French expressionists—his symbolism reaches heights at which it appears to congeal. The life-work of this artist, of the importance of which one has the merest presentiment today, will constitute the most significant contribution to the cosmogony of the new art.

The schools which follow these leaders are many and large. Many other influences, also, are at work, like that of the Norwegian Munch, who reveals an enormous power in his first conception of a pictorial impression. Then there is to be felt still the strength of Van Gogh and the innocence of Gauguin. A whole series of German artists, like Kirchner, Nolde, Heckel, and—most talented of all—Pechstein, must be considered among these last effusions of impressionism.

In Kokoschka's environment Meidner is the most conspicuous figure. Campendonck, of Dutch extraction, approaches Chagall with his mystical apotheosis of the things out there—the country inn, the stable, in the forest and with the fishermen. Another, Feininger, has applied cubism in a special method to city skylines; and Gerhard Rohlfs, much talked about, follows the changes of style with more adaptability than fundamental creative impulse.

Two names remain to be mentioned: George Gross and Paul Klee. The first draws the motioned life of the people and the city with childish pleasure and without restraints of time and space; the other conjures up visions of super-earthly landscapes, built out of little trees, stars, roofs, flying machines—city folks' fantasies of another planet, with touching accentuation of the details with which he happens to fall in love, without regard to the trivial laws of nature, of gravitation, of order, causality, sense and purpose, so that all this Lilliputian loveliness, the finely drawn and tenderly colored world may celebrate its feasts in the blessed nowhere or anywhere—even in the face of man.

As a whole, this new art has made a great stir in the world. It has found its echo in literature, to which it is so closely allied. It has found poets who celebrate and analyze it—not in a descriptive, impressionistic manner, but in the style that is peculiar to the art itself. To know this art one must read how Theodor Daeubler, born in Trieste, half Latin, half Norseman, relates these things. He speaks of colors and lines and rhythms, in order to bring the artist's work to us, and not of a reality whose illusions he wants to render convincing.

(Translated by CÉSAR SAERCHINGER, Resident European Editor)



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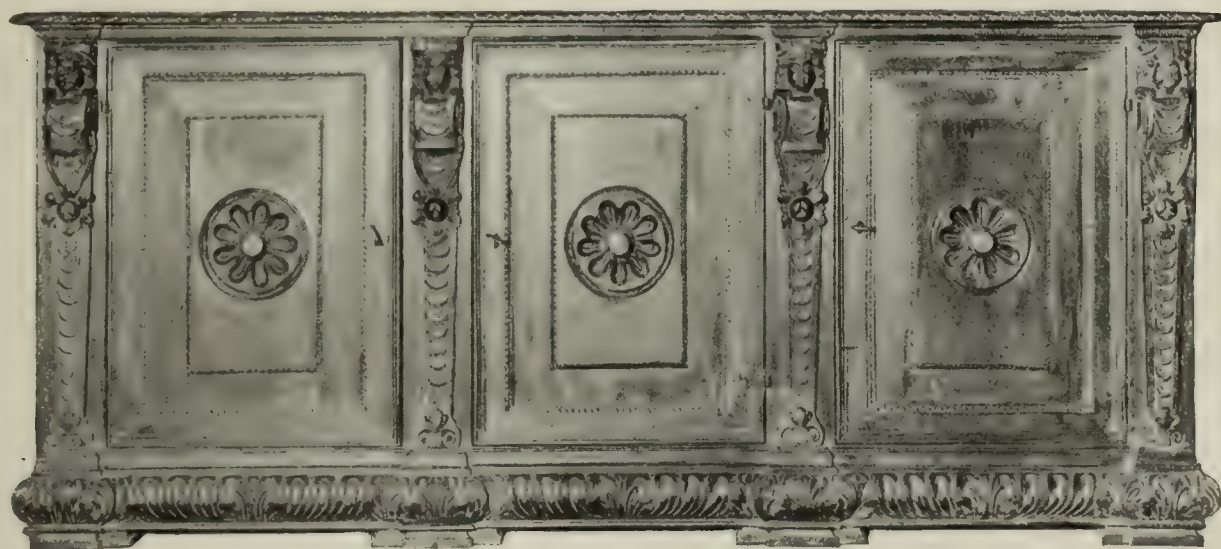
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## Psychoanalysis and Music

(Continued from page 106)

unless, in spite of all unpopularity, of all delay and doubt and disappointment, they can learn Emerson's lesson of self-reliance, they will remain sterile, they will be our Mahlers rather than our Blochs. And after all it does not take psychoanalysis to teach us that.

Years before Freud, Robert Schumann, then a youth of twenty-nine, wrote to his future wife: "I want to be ten times less than other people, and only be worth something to myself." Some such sentiment accompanies all real artistic power.

## Luxurious Linens and Rare Laces

(Continued from page 95)

A cloth for throwing over the tea-table in the library or on the piazza must have the virtue of being lightly decorated all over so that it suits any table. It is too large a square to be elaborate, after the manner of a center-piece, or to have merely a border. In its most satisfactory ornament it is alike all over, that is, made entirely of squares of lace and cut-work, or made of linen of soft heavy quality which is drawn in double hem-stitch at intervals all over its surface to form an all-over of three-inch squares. A narrow Venetian point edges the whole.

### THE BED

Two kinds of bed-dressing are seen in every house. There is the elegant, luxurious, extravagant be-curtained bed of the queen of the household, and there is the practically dressed bed of those who lay them down to pleasant dreams careless of frills and indulgences.

The first bed is a draped and curtained affair of taffeta, of damask, of satin with innumerable cushions heaped upon it, beauty's nest. But because towns are smoky and fabrics soil, this bed has its inner draperies of lace, and over its gay-colored spread is thrown a spread of filet or some other beauteous lace.

The practical bed may have its draperies, too, but these are more apt to be of chintz, or linen with a fringe. For such beds we have the daintiest of spreads of seersucker or light cotton damassé, for the inclination is to have things that wash easily and can therefore be freshened often. An extra cover or quilt for day is a necessity, as that which protects the blankets gets mussed in the tossings of one restless night. A long wide piece of filet to cover the flat-lying pillows is almost a necessity on the practically dressed bed, and is not too great a luxury to demand in these extravagant times.

### CURTAINS FOR THE SASH

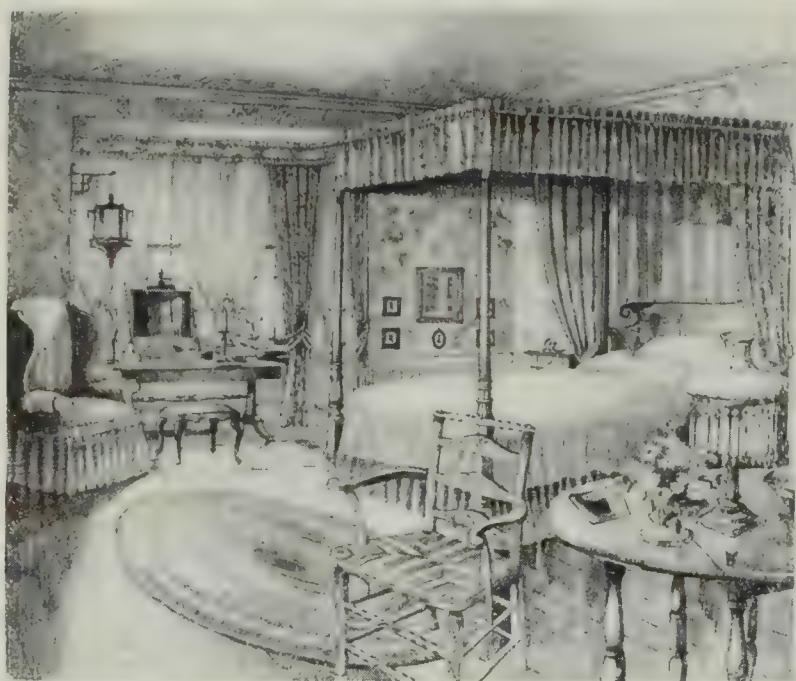
When the new house is ready for curtains comes a time of indecision. What kind shall be used? The answer is formed in the underlying principles that govern all

house-furnishings. First of all, the appearance of the house is considered, its outside appearance. We do not build in haphazard fashion; we select a definite dominating note in architecture, that he who motors by knows how to classify. Then should the windows be equipped with appropriateness. An old English farmhouse must have its frilled and draped sashes like a rosy maid in her kerchief, while a Louis XVI chateau and an Italian villa must have elegant and sophisticated lace panels to keep out the gaze of the curious.

The frilled curtains are to be had anywhere; the lace panels must be sought among the finest dealers, as must also the old heavy Italian laces for the Italian house. These are matters to thrill the buyer thereof, and place curtaining the window among the fine arts.

A regulating fact in choosing curtains is the location of the house—if it be in town or country. If the former, then the main object is to preserve privacy and to admit light, unless one is high on the way to the clouds in a sky-near flat. It is for town dwellers that the simplest of sash curtains are made. Plain bobbinet without spot, stripe or pattern is the smartest thing one can have. But to make these desirable they must be of a dainty fineness, must be voluptuously full and edged with a narrow real lace that is not noticeable but replaces a hem. From outside they are simple and piquant as a bridal veil, suggesting beauty; while inside they accord with any expression of taste, and let in all possible light. These are not for any particular story, but for all that the house front may be as uniform in its window-dressing as in its architecture.

But who shall restrict the joys of opening the window to the garden with its flowers or snow, to the world of trees and birds, if the house is out of town and neighbors are far? Then hang but a parted frill or a delicious rag of ancient lace to soften the square, but let the joy of God's world of sunlight and greenery be yours as you gaze through almost uncurtained windows and feel your nearness to the out-of-doors.



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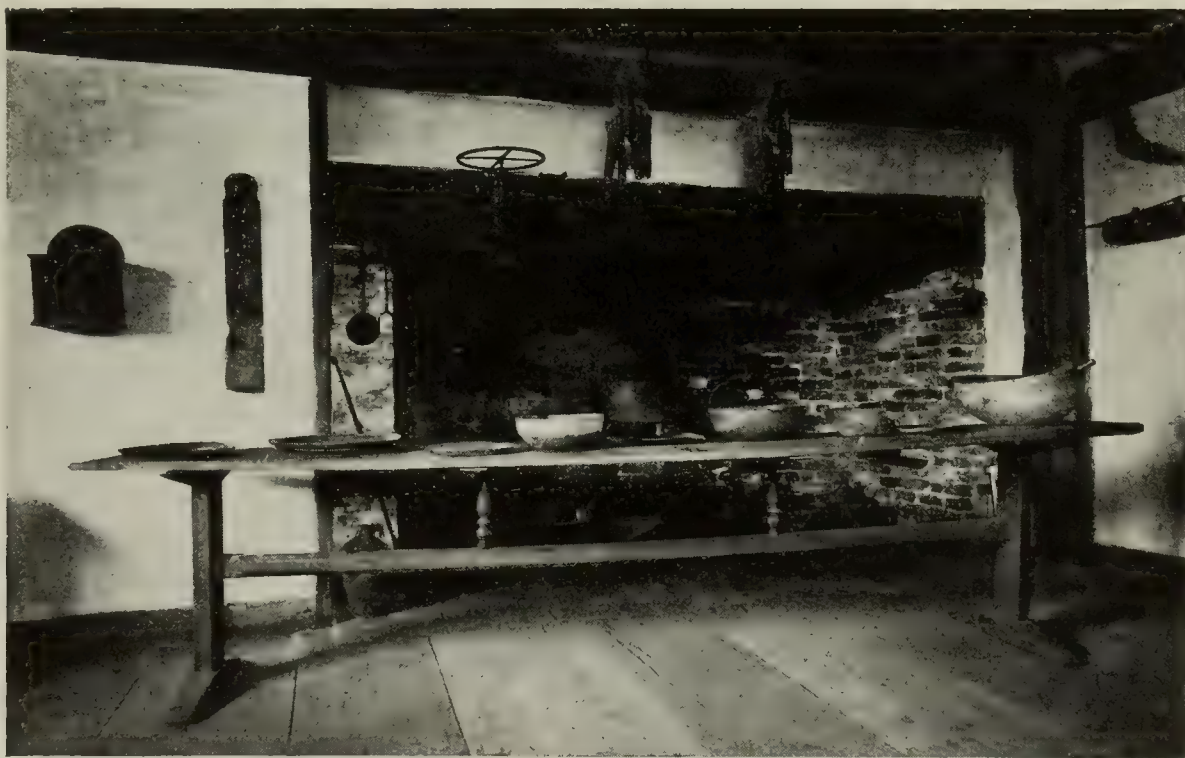
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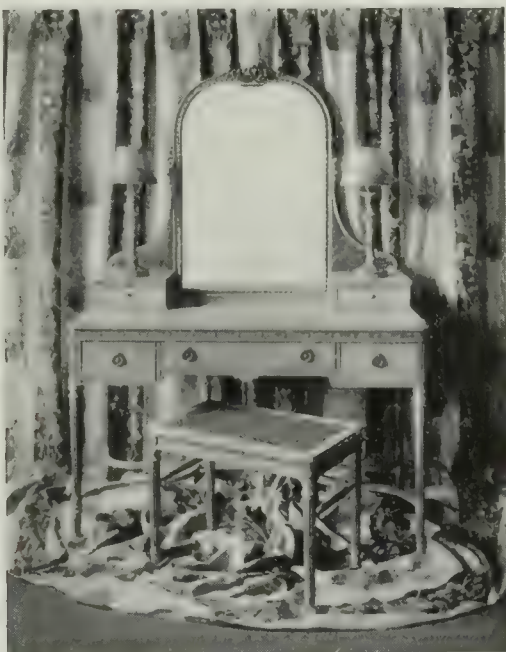
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## Random Notes from the World of Art

### *An Unknown Play by Chapman*

**T**HE Princeton University Press will publish a literary find of the first importance, a hitherto generally unknown play by George Chapman, famous contemporary and rival poet and playwright of Shakespeare, but whose fame in later ages has rested more upon his translations of Homer. The manuscript of the play was found in the British Museum in 1912 by Franck L. Schoell, an Alsatian by birth, who was then working in the Museum on his thesis for the Sorbonne, dealing with the comedies of Chapman.

It is anonymous, but bears internal evidence of having been the work of Chapman. The title is "Charlemagne; or, The Distracted Emperor," and its theme, dealing with a magic ring, is apparently a bit of folklore handed down in one of the letters of Petrarch. The manuscript was in hand for publication by the University of Louvain when the city was sacked and much of the university burned by the Germans in 1914.

### *Opening of the Palestine Museum*

**P**LANNED fourteen years ago, the Palestine Museum at Jerusalem has finally become an actuality. There were amply sufficient reasons for such a museum and as many reasons why artists and sculptors of all nations should be eager to contribute to its success and fulfillment. The number of exhibits already totals three thousand.

### *X-Rays Reveal Bogus Art Works*

**A**HOLLANDER, Dr. Heilbronn by name, of Amsterdam, is authority for the statement that bogus art works may be detected by X-rays. Later additions to the works of the original artist may also be revealed. The application of this newly discovered test to ancient manuscripts will, it is predicted, probably lead to some interesting if not sensational revelations.

### *Found—A Gainsborough*

**A**N English artist in Yorkshire, after removing one face and six necks from a woman's portrait, has at last got to rock bottom and discovered a Gainsborough portrait of Mrs. Graham, whose family is immortalized in Scott's "Marmion." It pays to "fossick in ancient middens."

### *Negro Art*

**M.** PAUL GUILLAUME, the enthusiastic discoverer of negro art, has just sold a collection of thirty fine specimens of negro antiques to Mr. G. B. Gordon for the University of Philadelphia. Last year M. Guillaume organized a negro gala at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, which was a great success and did

much to stimulate a fashion which had been latent for some time and is now in full sway.

### *Permanent Boston Opera*

**T**HE possibility of organizing a permanent opera company for Boston has again come under consideration. The project was under way several years ago, but was abandoned because it was believed to be inopportune, on account of conditions brought on by the war.

A number of influential Bostonians are now said to favor the revival of the plans. The sentiment of the organizers at present is for opera at popular rather than metropolitan prices. Considerable equipment in the shape of scenery and costumes is already on hand, a suitable theatre is available, and if the necessary funds are forthcoming performances could begin next autumn.

Judge Frank Leveroni, one of the original organizers; Isadore Braggiotti and Arthur Hubbard, both prominent singing teachers of Boston; Agide Jacchia, conductor of the Boston Symphony "Pops"; Hugo Sherwin and Robert Jordan are among those most interested in the idea.

### *"Parnassus" à la Caravan*

**T**HE coming summer will see the practical realization of Christopher Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels," when the Caravan Bookshop tours New England. The Caravan Bookshop will be a Stewart motor, gay and attractive, with a "bookish" air. When it drives up to hotel or village green it will spread its table of books under cool awnings, where one may dip into the current literature at one's leisure, or step inside the car and browse about the shelves to be filled with nearly a thousand volumes, specially selected to make the sojourner in New England a book owner.

This original adventure is being sent out by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, which itself was a pioneer a couple of years ago in the field of bookstores for children, under the able direction of Miss Bertha E. Mahony. The Bookshop is maintained by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union as a branch of its social and educational activity. The publishing world is watching the venture with a deal of interest and solid encouragement.

While the route is not fully planned, it is expected that the Caravan will start early in July to do "The Cape," working its way up the coast to Maine and probably covering the Berkshire and White Mountains.

The Caravan will be in charge of Miss Mary Frank, superintendent of the Extension Division of the New York Public Library.



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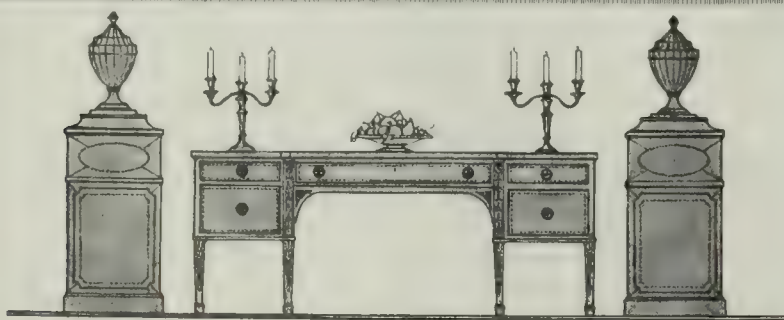
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## Reflections of Men and Art

(Continued from page 82)

artist. He is constantly armed in defense of beauty, as though beauty were some fragile thing always in danger of desecration by vulgar desperadoes. That he will not be taken for one is almost certain. He speaks with the cold, stern, forbidding frown of righteousness. He strikes puritanic attitudes. Beauty must be undefiled. It must have the clarity and innocence of youth.

Perhaps he does not practice his preaching, for while he can and does lament the desecration of nature which he declares is accomplished by the bill board, nevertheless we find him lauding in endless strings of lithographs the scarring and scrapping of nature accomplished by such progressive enterprises as the digging of the Panama Canal. Here he is on safe ground, since such men as Courbet, Millet and Meunier, accentuating the dignity of labor, have given it a place within the realm of art and made a precedent for Mr. Pennell's pictures of war work, etc.

THERE must be some beauty in the signs of civilization's advance in other directions. Man is a social animal. He does not live in a pure, undefiled wilderness. His being there destroys that possibility. He may even at times be caught liking the crackerbox in the forest path. It is an evidence of the presence of another like him, it is a lien to the city where he lives. The shock of familiarity it gives him is not dissimilar to the one he feels on encountering his own flag in a foreign city. It is like the sight of a ship at sea, or of a house after miles of barren desert.

The crackerbox is ugly in itself, but there is an unquestionable beauty in the thing for which it is the symbol. Man has passed here, and, having passed, has lent a more human, a less austere, a less forbidding aspect to virgin grandeur. It may be that, in spite of Mr. Pennell or of the academic thought to which he is only another handmaiden, the bill board is not dissimilar to the crackerbox.

It can be ugly as a fact and remain beautiful as a truth. It is an advertisement, a commercial enterprise, anything you will. But it is quite possible that in attacking bill boards Mr. Pennell seeks to erect symbolical ones for himself. He has built many of these and out of a language certainly no prettier than the ones he derides.

Moreover, we have seen in France how such artists as Chérét and Steinlen, devoting themselves to posters, made them things of beauty, and how, more recently, within the last five years in fact, American posters have been steadily advancing toward a higher goal. There are things which the academic puritanism of Mr. Pennell shuts its eyes before. It is a dogmatic puritanism. It proceeds on an *à priori* conviction which no amount of data or no amount of evidence can blast. It is built before the fact and remains ever resolutely and wilfully blind to the changes in it which an unbiased examination of the fact might bring out. Furthermore, it would be rather foolish to believe that advertising designs made to catch and hold the eye of the people would be made in a taste inferior to the people. It is even possible—though this is aside from the argument—that advertising pictures are the most popular ones exhibited today.

### Industrial Art in America

THE Industrial Art Department of ARTS AND DECORATION, aware of the part played by the American producer in our national industrial art development, is making a comprehensive industrial survey, the results of which will appear in the next issue.

Mr. W. Frank Purdy, the editor of this department, and his staff, are getting the "angle" of representative American business toward our industrial art problems. The early, gratifying results of this survey, conducted through personal contact, lead one to wonder how much longer it will be before America stands pre-eminent as a producer of beautiful objects.

## L. C. Tiffany Foundation

EIGHT students have been accepted at the Louis C. Tiffany Foundation at Huntington, L.I., and are prepared to show an interesting exhibit of sketches, etchings and paintings. The art gallery, containing modern American, Spanish, Japanese and Chinese paintings, is open to students, as well as the art library. Mr. Tiffany's collection of bronzes, ceramics and Oriental carpets is also open to the students, who are not hampered by academic rules in studio work. Each may express his talent in his own way. Artists of established reputation will be

asked to visit the school from time to time to advise and criticize the students' work.

The first period of the school will close on August 1 and the second will continue from that date to November 1. No student will be accepted for less than three months. The period may be extended to six. Only men are received but during 1921 provision will be made for women. The resident director of the school is Stanley Lathrop, formerly connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and until recently lecturer on fine arts at the American Academy in Rome.



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## From Opera-Comique to Comic Opera

(Continued from page 102)

contrast, humorous passages were now and then interpreted in romantic episodes. The themes were often, though not always, rustic. Brightness and charm, simplicity and piquancy were earmarks of the early school of opera-comique.

With Hérold, whom we know here by his "Zampa" overture, French opera-comique took on new forms. "Zampa" and that much finer work of Hérold's, "Le Pré-aux-Clercs," might charm us now, despite the prodigious growth of modern music. "Le Pré-aux-Clercs" abounds in melody, not of a cheap and antiquated style, but fresh and pure. The leading parts in it would be a test for the most famous artists. That may account for its neglect so long by successive managements of the Metropolitan. It takes a soprano of rare voice and skill to sing the rôle, for instance, of the heroine. And all the singers must be polished actors, trained in a school of art too much ignored here. The most accomplished of composers living has something still to learn by studying Hérold. His music puts to shame such stuff as "Marta." It holds its own beside good modern works.

**BOIËLDIEU**, far famed by "La Dame Blanche," which Heinrich Conried gave us at the Metropolitan; Maillart, whose "Dragons de Villars" was once announced for performance in English here, at the Park Theatre; Adam, composer of that "Postillon de Longjumeau," which the man who is now Mr. Hohenzollern preferred, they say, to all the German operas; kept opera-comique alive in France. Then Auber, with a score of his bright, heartless works, renewed its hold upon the gay Parisians. Saint-Saëns has more than once lent the resources of his art to the old genre. Massenet and Poise, and many more composers, have given us gracious and beguiling works of the same kind. As time ran on, though, poetry and drama were more and more put into what was still called opera-comique. And with his "Carmen," Bizet reached a point at which, except as to that one trifling detail of spoken dialogue, the earlier genre became opera proper.

"Werther" and "Manon," both by Massenet, the "Lakmé" of Delibes, the "Roi d'Ys" of Lalo, were all examples of an intermediate school, to which our composers, of the Carpenter and Loeffler types, might, with advantage to themselves and us, devote their thought.

Not, heaven forbid, to plagiarize those works, or even to attempt pale imitations. But to derive from some useful hints as to the limits they should set their art and style.

French opera-comique, I may repeat, is miles removed from the grotesqueries of Italian opera-buffa and differs, both as to its aims and style, from opéra-bouffe, of which the "Belle Hélène" and "Orphée

aux Enfers" are typical, from operettas, like the vivacious "Fille de Madame Angot" of Lecocq, "La Mascotte" of Audran, and the "Cloches de Corneville" ("Chimes of Normandy") of Serpette are brilliant instances. It has little in common with the Gilbert and Sullivan "operas" and with that base form of art which we have come to know as comic opera.

The purposes of opéra-bouffe are to burlesque and gey. The gods themselves were mocked by Offenbach. In operetta, on the other hand, the composer usually fell short of poetry. The light, bright works of Gilbert and Sullivan again were ironic comedies, satires on life and people, set to tuneful music. Our comic opera is a hybrid form, combining farce with jingles, music with romance. It often sinks to vulgar clowning. It rarely rises to artistic heights.

At moments, when he had given reins to his great talent, Victor Herbert has won laurels both in the field of operetta and, with "Madeleine," in the less facile genre of opera-comique. Hadley had tried his hand, too, not unskillfully, at something which might almost claim relationship to opera-comique and opera-buffa. His "Bianca" (sung once at the Park Theatre) bears out this statement. De Koven's works—the best—were operettas. Among them "Rob Roy" and the still popular "Robin Hood."

I am sure that, if he could but rid himself of his deep-rooted and, to me, amazing dread of honest English words, John Alden Carpenter might write good opera-comiques and even operas proper, of the "lyric" kind. And so could Loeffler, who is now engaged on a new lyric comedy or drama—theme unknown. Both these composers have just the right qualities required to wed good texts to fine and fitting music. To both the setting of a play to music may seem a perilous and bold adventure. But why not dare? Most great composers have produced some failures before they conquered fame with some great work.

**I**N opera-comique, above all genres, American composers would find ample scope for the expression of the sentiment and humor, dash and drama, most favored in American plays and novels. We are not tragic yet—we have been too fortunate. Nature and life, till lately, have been kind here. Another generation may some day spring up which will respond, more readily than ours, to tragedy. The drama of today we get on Broadway is not so deep as in most foreign lands. To some extent at least it gives a hint to those who might devise our lyric plays.

We may invent new lyric forms. It is possible that some day our composers—going back to Rome and her old mime musicians—will give us lyric dramas, without uttered

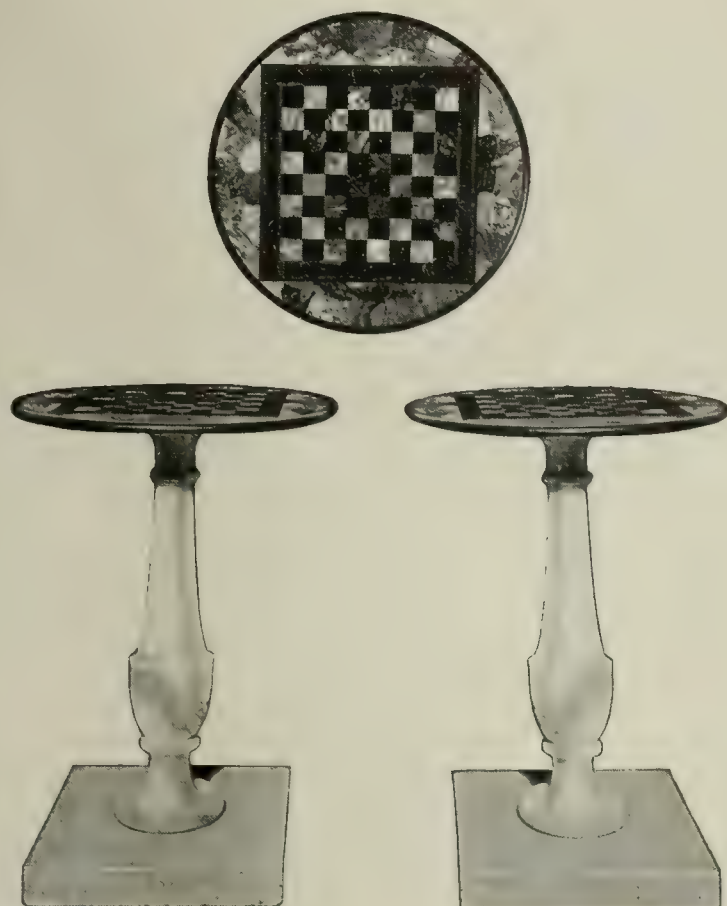


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words. Dumb plays expressed with eloquence by orchestras. This thought, perhaps, haunts Carpenter and others, who now shrink from venturing into opera. The human voice, indeed, is strangely eloquent. But we might learn in time to do without our singers or they may be merged in the orchestra. Why not? They dominate the lyric stage too much. Composers and librettists know how true this is. And if we did, in some new form of art, dispense with those high-priced and pampered singers, the librettists and composers would not suffer. Librettists would still have to contrive scenarios and write words (not to be sung): Composers would still have to make their scores.

This is sedition. Some may call it blasphemy. But, fifty years from now, it may be truth. The world is full of change. It shifts and moves.

"American opera when it comes," said a composer whom I will not name, some days ago, "will be something different, not only in form but in content, as compared with the sophisticated and thoroughly efficient European models."

I can but guess at what these cryptic words implied. They may have meant what I have said of unsung drama with a musical accompaniment. They may have been an expression of unrest, a protest against old and worn-out forms, a suggestion of the hope of something new. But to create new forms is very much harder than to invent good works of an accepted type. So, till dumb lyric drama—or what not—establishes itself upon our stage, American composers need not turn away from the old forms of opera. And they should study, chiefly, opera-comique, rather than grand opera.

## The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

(Continued from page 83)

Of course the originals are splendid, are as beautiful as their inspiration was great, but what have they to do with today? The great schools of architecture are evolved from details of the preceding styles; and so must our own school of necessity be. But there is a danger which has ever been present in the growth of America, that which hounds our development, the danger of merely copying what has already existed. There is room for endless origination in the old styles, but how often we only reproduce that which was beautiful in its own surroundings and in its own epoch and which in other lands and under other skies becomes absurd.

In architecture we have brought forth something unknown in the

history of the world. When before has such a silhouette as New York existed? Out of the necessity for space, with the facility rendered by steel and the genius of our people, has come into being a form of architectural design unknown in past worlds. Buildings fantastic, amazing and beautiful, the outcome of centuries of growth in architecture, but new, ingenious and our own have come into being. And yet Americans apologize for New York. They talk about the beauties of Washington, the Such-and-Such Building, the So-and-So Square. It is appalling!

We are afraid to admire that thing which is our own but for which we have not the sanction of the ages.

(To be continued)

## Grainger and Musical Reciprocity

IT is far from surprising, says *Musical America*, that at the present moment Percy Grainger, the man who re-discovered Greig for some people, who preaches Delius and looks ever to the vast horizon of promise with its illimitable potentialities should occupy himself with a task highly characteristic of his mental outlook. He is endeavoring to introduce American composers to the wide world and British composers to the American public. The movement which he has set on foot should do good. Countries are separated from one another by oceans and channels and mountains. But no oceans or channels or mountains are so deep, so wide or so impenetrable as the ignorance which often divides one group of men from another. So, with the enthusiasm which is part of his charm, Grainger sets about the Marconi-like problem of annihilating distance; which is to say that he scorns remoteness and

would take J. A. Carpenter to London and Balfour Gardiner to Chicago—in an artistic sense, of course. From the two sets of writers, American and English, he looks for a substantial contribution to the musical thought of the future. To put it otherwise, he detects symptoms which are very healthy and seem to him to say that the American and English musicians will have a large voice in the next great development.

For many of the works from British and American pens Grainger has a high regard. Delius, Cyril Scott, Elgar, Balfour Gardiner, Quilter, Vaughan Williams, Holst and Bax among the former; Carpenter, Rubin Goldmark, Howard Brockway, Nathaniel Dett, Will Marion Cook, D. G. Mason and Alexander Steinert among the latter, he feels can be neglected only where stagnation and paralysis exist.



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## The Making of a Mezzotint

THE exhibitions—"Making of an Etching," "Making of a Lithograph," etc.—which have already been held in the Print Gallery of the Library, have all been well attended and apparently useful. That is partly due, perhaps, to the fact that what was aimed at was not merely a dry exposition of technique. A complete description of the process was given, with the aid of printed matter, tools, plates, or any other exhibits serving the natural interest in "seeing the wheels go 'round." This was illustrated by the best procurable specimens of the art, thus emphasizing the old truth that technique is a language, and that the important thing is its application.

A similar course has been followed in arranging the exhibition "The Making of a Mezzotint," to be on view in the Print Gallery until fall.

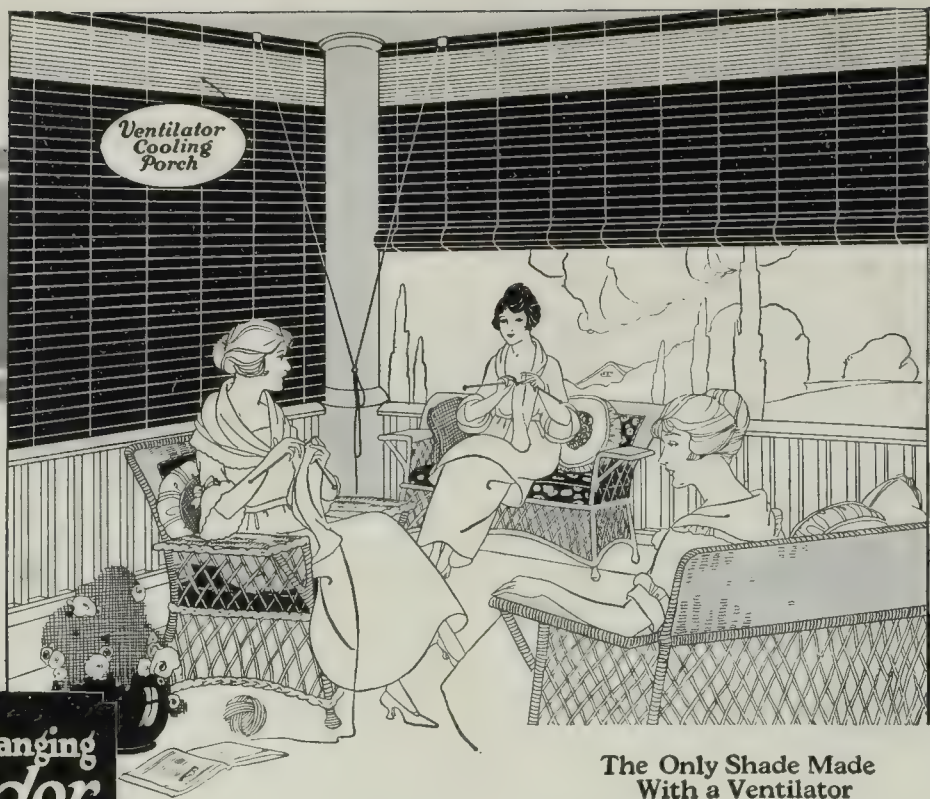
First, the manner of production is made clear by tools and materials—copper-plate, rocker, scraper—with descriptions and illustrations. Then, in a number of fine examples, drawn mainly from the collection bequeathed to the Library by John L. Cadwalader, the peculiar nature of mezzotint, imposed by the process by which it is made, is well and fully illustrated. An art of tones, of masses of light and shade (instead of lines, as is the case in etching or in engraving on copper and steel), mezzotint, with its soft outlines and gradations, was peculiarly adapted to the reproduction of paintings. For this it served particularly in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century in England, where it was inextricably bound up with the development of that brilliant group of painters including Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Romney, Lawrence and the American, Gilbert Stuart. Moreover, these mezzotints can hardly be considered apart from that life and art and period of which they are the outcome. They reflect that period of British history so well that the interest of subject is an important factor in their appeal to collectors. They bring before as an imposing array of persons, a gallery of royalty, nobility, statesmen, soldiers, authors, actors, artists, with an especial grace and distinction devoted to the ladies.

In translating into black-and-white the notable achievement of this national school of portraiture the mezzotinters developed an original energy creative almost. As one looks over these plates by Smith, McArde, Jones, Dean, Dickinson, Fisher, Watson, Green, Dixon, and others, the individual expression and style become apparent.

Mezzotint served also to preserve records of the *genre* painting of the day by George Morland and others. Not a few of these pictures of rural life and sports appeared in color. Caricature was another specially served by the "black manner," as the French call it.

A noteworthy application of mezzotint to landscape design is found in J. M. W. Turner's monumental "Liber Studiorum," most remarkable in its range of light and shade. And Lucas offered masterly interpretations of Constable.

In our own day there has been considerable revival of mezzotint, by T. G. Appleton, R. Josey (translator of Whistler), and others, and especially in color-prints, S. Arlent Edwards being prominent in that specialty. Mezzotint lacks the appeal of comparatively easy production which has made etching so pre-eminently a painter-art, a process for original work—an appeal and quality which have indeed their drawback in leading weaker individualities to facile and inconsequential activity. But mezzotint has nevertheless been wooed by the experimental maker of original prints.



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## The War and American Art

CHANGING standards of art in America as a result of the war are reflected in the courses in architecture to be given at Columbia University in the summer session. The architectural school, which this summer offers more than twenty intensive courses, has adopted many of the army methods of training men in both theory and practice for practical work.

The courses have been so arranged as to be of particular value in view of the evident portent of the coming building boom which will make a great demand for practical architects. H. V. Walsh will be departmental representative for the work, which will count toward the degree in architecture for students who have satisfied the entrance requirements and are open to all qualified students without examination.

The elements of freehand drawing, lettering, drawing geometrical figures from dictation or diagrams, ornament forms in outline, simple architectural details, isometric projections, outline sketching from flat casts and from models will be taught by George Marcus Allen, instructor in graphics at Columbia, in a course which covers the requirements of the College Entrance Examination Board in freehand drawing.

Prof. Charles A. Harriman will give two courses in the elements of design, in one of which he will be assisted by Mr. Allen. Courses in elementary design, intermediate design, and advanced design will be given under M. Maurice Prevot and A. E. Flanagan.

For students beginning the study of architecture a course in architectural drafting covering drafting as seen from the architectural point of view, visualization, use of instruments, alphabets and lettering, standard drafting practice, symbols and indications of frame, brick and stone construction, materials and fixtures, working drawings, large scale drawings, architectural and structural details, sizes and space allowances for fixtures will be given by Mr. Allen.

Prof. Harriman will give courses in charcoal drawing, pen and ink drawing and pencil drawing, and Joseph Lauber will give an elementary and advanced course in water color drawing. Courses in shades and shadows and perspective will also be offered. Surveying courses to be given at Camp Columbia, Litchfield County, Connecticut, will be open to students in architecture.

The courses at the university, which begin on July 6, are part of the group of more than a thousand courses to be taught by several hundred teachers which Columbia will offer in the twenty-first summer session.

## Sales at Pittsburgh

SALES of paintings in the International Salon now on at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, have passed records of previous years. Some forty-six pictures and six of the Rodin bronzes have been disposed of. Among the pictures sold are seventeen of the twenty-two by Menard. About forty-five of the works in the exhibition are not for sale, having been loaned by galleries or collectors.

Other than the Menard pictures, those sold are by M. P. Bewley, Olga Boznanska (two), Paul Chabas, Paul Dougherty, Florence Este, Alice Fanner, W. R. Flint (two), Walter Gay, Maurice Greffenhagen, Albert I. Groll, Juliet W. Gross, James Knox, Sydney Lee, H. Lerolle (two), Henri Le Sidaner (two), Menet, R. I. E. Moony, J. W. Morrice, F. H. Newberry, Julius Olsson, R. X. Prinnet, Alexander Roche, John S. Sargent, George S. Watson and T. Williams.





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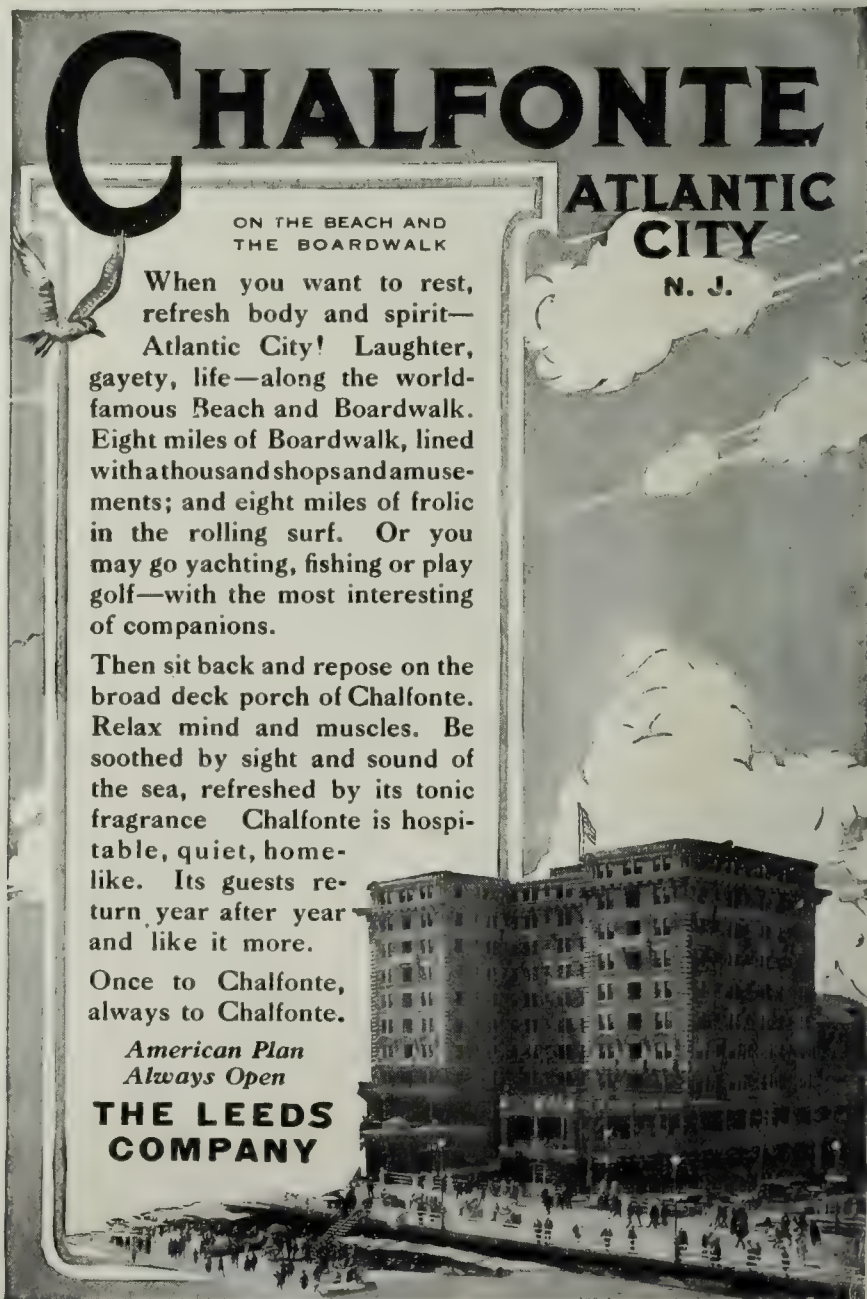
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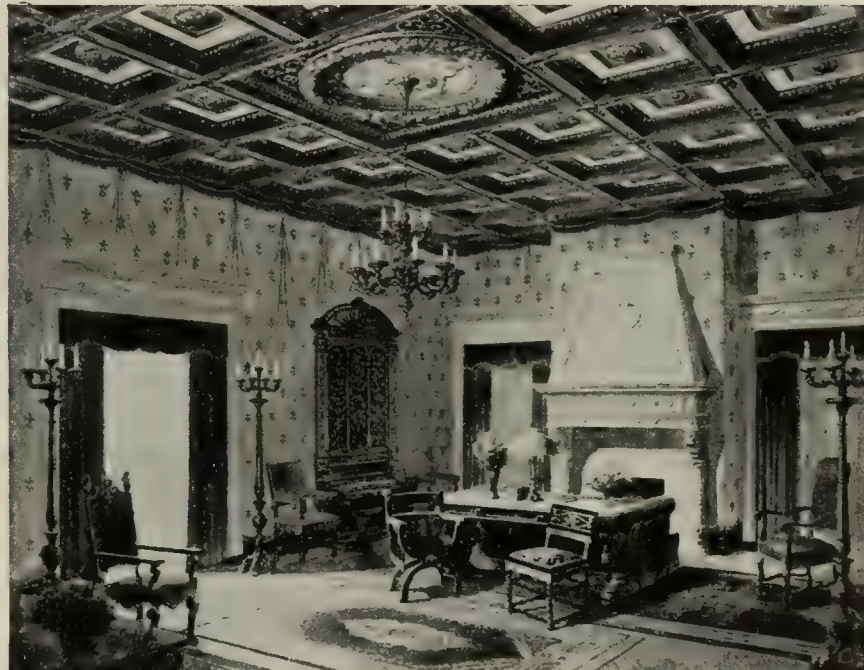
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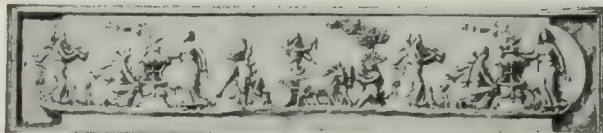
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## A Plea for the Open Mind

(Continued from page 87)

unfamiliar form. On the other hand, it is almost certain that if he keeps his mind open and gives himself a chance, sooner or later he will get from it most of what it has to give. Taste can be educated, and should be educated. To illustrate that point, may I cite my own musical experience?

I get exquisite pleasure from music; yet my musical sense is far from being first-rate. Indeed, it is horribly unsure; and, had I not been willing, many years ago, to trust someone with more natural taste than I possessed, it is possible that I should never have appreciated music—real music—at all. I might have been one of those (and there are millions of them) who firmly believe that no one really enjoys any music other than popular tunes, who are persuaded that the people who go to classical concerts are as much bored as they would be who have no idea what musical art is, and, naturally, assume that those who seem to enjoy what to them is incomprehensible are charlatans and liars. I might

have been one of these; and if I had been, I should have lost one of the great pleasures of my life. As it is, I must hear three or four times a complicated and unfamiliar piece of music before I can get the hang of it. At first not only the subtleties escape me, but the form itself. However, I trust the judgment of someone in whose sensibility I have reason to believe; I keep my mind open; I listen again and again; and in the end, if I do not appreciate the work completely, at least I enjoy it genuinely. Would it be asking too much of those who care for visual art, but are not perhaps inspired appreciators, to ask them to bear my case in mind? Do not, I would say, decide too quickly, nor be too easily discouraged. And instead of always questioning their good faith, why not occasionally trust those critics who have so often lighted the way to unlooked-for pleasures? Above all, before the complicated and unfamiliar let us all try to preserve an open mind.

## The Subtleties of the Directoire Style and the Refinement of the Empire

(Continued from page 97)

and aceticism exquisitely conveyed by the artists of the budding Empire style to which we give the name of the Directory—although it was dominant in the five years of the *Consulat*.

Every style has its tentative period, a timid statement of its intent, and then its full flowering. After this the base imitators make common the salient characteristics. Thus to many the Empire style means furniture of highly glossed dark wood on which is displayed showy incrustations of metal ornaments with a gold finish. And to the prejudiced and the purblind the style is almost without charm.

True artists, however, were responsible for the style, and the Greek was their first inspiration. Nothing goes far astray under such fathering. A study of furnishings made under the *Consulat* will reveal the use of other woods than mahogany—the lovely amboyna, for example—polished with a finish far from brilliant. Forms represent Greek beauty adapted to modern living.

But the crown of the style is its work in metal. This is ever redo-

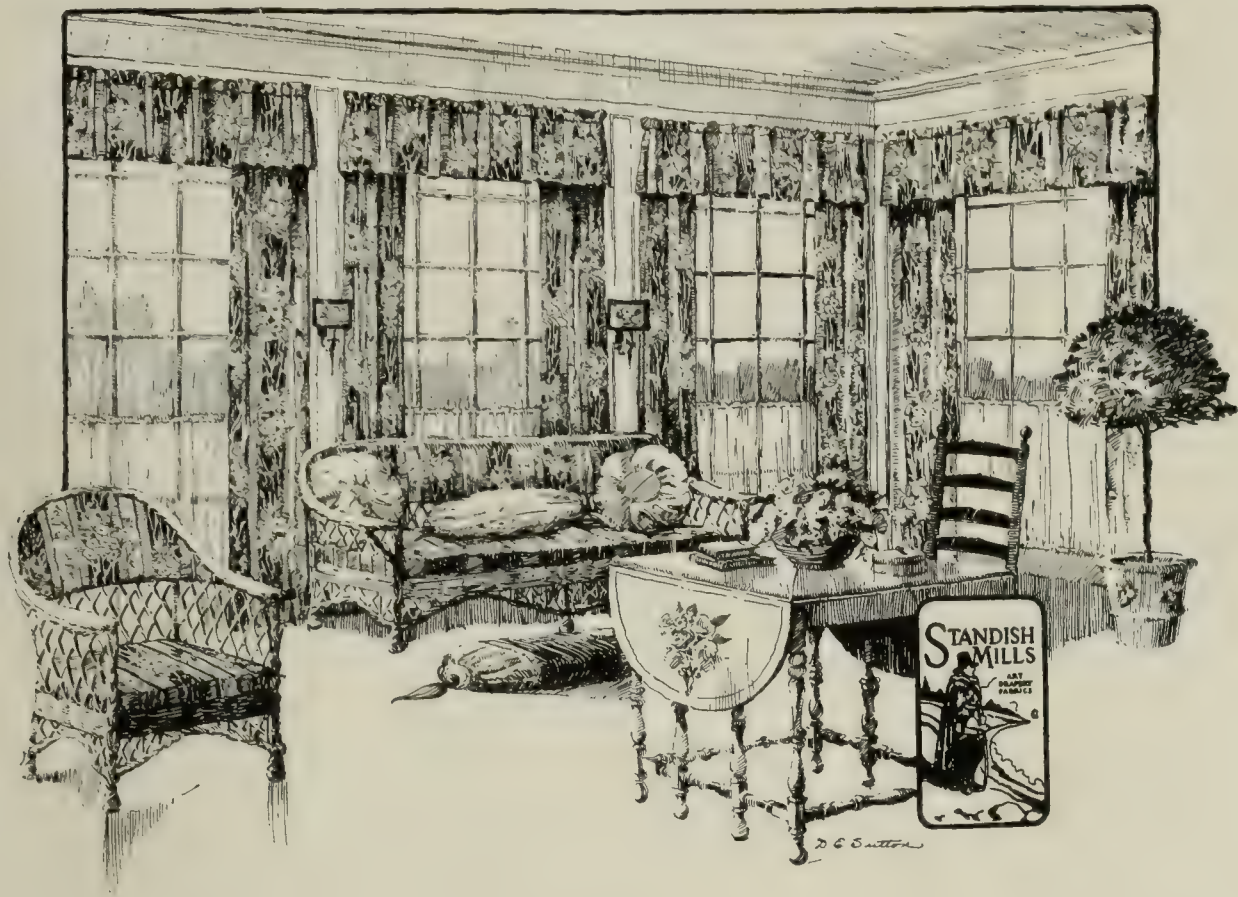
lent of classicism. Whether made as applied ornament to furniture, or made in vases, clocks or other *objets d'art*, it is chiseled with a skill that surpasses that of all other times. The *ciseleurs* were men of great talent, nor hesitated to employ that talent as lavishly on the mounts for a cabinet as on the precious ornaments which were to be shut behind the glass doors of a vitrine.

Therein lies the reason—if we must have a reason—for the charm, the exquisite allure of the pieces of the Directory; they represent perfection of workmanship added to the artist's conception.

David, court painter of exquisite women, struck the classic note after his first essays, and gave to his sitters a reflection of the delicately languid days of the ladies of Pompeii. But those who devoted themselves to pure joyous Greek decoration were such artists as Charles Percier and Pierre Fontaine, whose accomplishments fill with beauty and intellectuality that most exquisite period when ornament became almost as lyric as the poems of Sappho.







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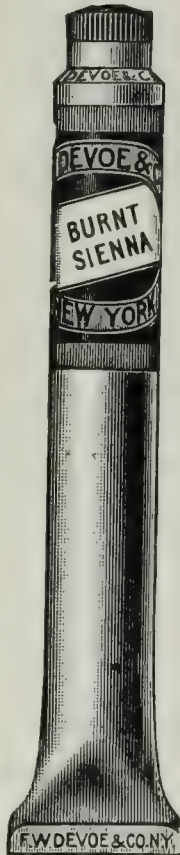
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## A National Conservatory of Music

*Albert Wolff Favors National Conservatory and Opera House*

I AGREE almost entirely with the ideas expressed in Mr. Meltzer's article.

Lyric art in America is now in the evolutionary stage. It has most urgent need of expression and autonomy. But the many and fine talents of Americans will not compel recognition if their efforts remain isolated and are not founded on a firm, official basis which can be nothing but a National Conservatory.

If we desire at some near date to have a real American school of music (as to singing, instrumental art, composition and the rest), it is absolutely necessary to create this special and official institution, in which a school will have its birth and grow and affirm itself.

The European schools shine as they do only because, as starting points, they have had their Conservatories, sustained by various Governments.

As to the National Opera House, it will be born spontaneously and logically a few years after the creation of the National Conservatory. And it will be a success (for here you have admirable elements of success) if, as in the European theatres, a fitting place is reserved for the collaboration of good foreign artists, who could contribute new ideas and check the danger of getting into ruts of every kind.

ALBERT WOLFF.

*Elliot Griffis Supports Conservatory Idea*

I would like to express my appreciation of your article "How Music Should be Helped in America" in the March number of ARTS & DECORATION. Your frank exposition of the need for a National Conservatory is certainly welcome, and I hope it comes to the notice of men who are in a position to aid such a plan financially.

ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

## Como Island for Artists

A special cable to the New York Times, from Rome, says: "The beautiful island in Lake Como, famous for its associations with Pliny and with Julius Cæsar's colonies of Greeks who settled in Lombardy, will hereafter be known as the 'Isle of Artists.'"

"In admiration for the Belgian people and the conduct of their monarch throughout the war, the former proprietor of Comacina Island, Signor Caprini, bequeathed the isle to King Albert, and in his will expressed the wish that it might serve some noble purpose in which Italy also could share. King Albert has now sent to Italy M. Destree, Minister of Arts and Sciences, to hand over the property to the Italian Government.

*A  
Detail*



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## Architectural Impressions

(Continued from page 91)

standard of taste both in architecture and in decoration that is far beyond the average in the United States, and which has opened the eyes of many and many a woman to the value of simplicity.

The possibilities which the small public rooms of our modern hotels possess as store houses of ideas for our own homes are literally unlimited. It is obvious that our hotel proprietors are willing to expend any sum, reasonable or not, to develop some scheme which will attract clientele by its quaintness, its charm, its novelty or its beauty; and even permanence is unnecessary. The "Far East Gardens" of the Vanderbilt were one of the most brilliant pieces of imaginative architecture that I have ever seen, a perfect fairyland of lights and colors both dim and gorgeous. Executed in materials so transient as to give the appearance of extreme fragility, it conveyed a feeling of coolness on the hottest night. Often we find that while the picture as a whole pleases us, it falls apart when we examine the detail; here the contrary was the case; the wonderful ensemble was built up of a multitude of exquisite details, some of old and familiar motives, some so strange as to be grotesque, but never ugly, the grotesquerie of a Japanese fantasy, not that of a German lithograph. I have heard that Walter Hopkins was the designer.

The "Far East Gardens" were transient, ethereal; the tap room of the Prince George is a different story: solid, durable and useful, it has nevertheless the quaint charm of Pickwick Papers: and here, too, the architect has built up of a simple material and in an awkward space a room which is ideal for its purpose and is highly suggestive for any domestic dining room, library or study. Of course this room, like many other hotel rooms, is worthily furnished, and not ruined by the additions of extraneous and confusing objects. Many private

houses, well designed and in the main well furnished, have their quality destroyed by the introduction of bad lighting fixtures, bad hangings, or the like; the hotel room does not as a rule suffer from this, either because the manager does not feel a personal interest in the objects and leaves the selection to his architect or decorator or because he knows too much to include them.

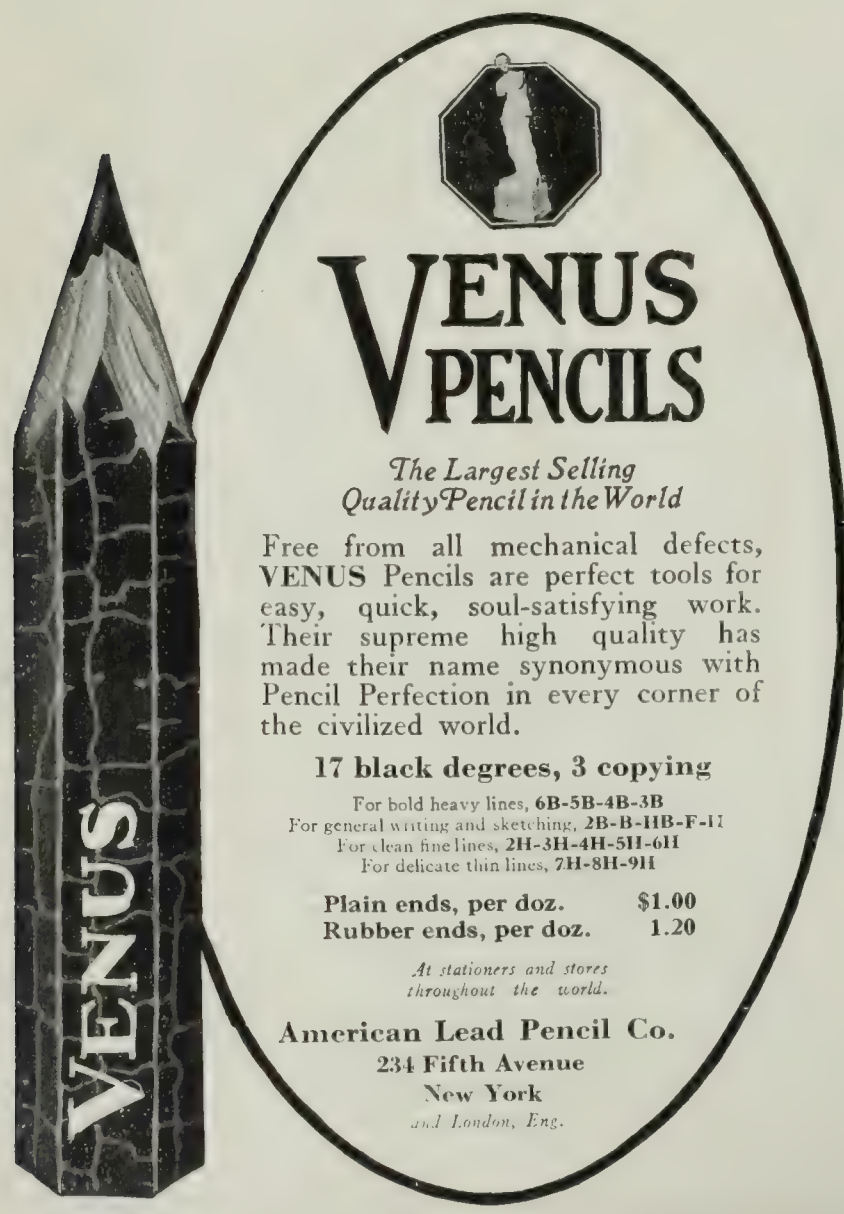
I OFTEN wonder if those managers and proprietors of hotels who really take care of the design of their rooms realize what a splendid missionary work they are doing with the American public. There is no question but that many of them take a real personal interest in their hotels, just as we take a personal interest in our homes, and while much of the decoration is done with a view, and a perfectly proper one, to attracting custom to their hotels, yet I cannot but believe that much of the work is done because of the pure joy of doing it. Our hotel business is a great and prosperous one: I suppose that good food and good beds, even in an ugly environment, would bring the public to any hotel, but that it would attract the best or the most desirable is no longer true. Our American public is beginning to demand beautiful surroundings at all times and to discriminate between what is beautiful and what merely expensive. I have often thought that if some hotel proprietor were wise enough to do away with all "grandeur," and use every effort to make his entire house unpretentious, quietly elegant, but unobtrusively so, he would attract the best clientele in America. The Ritz is the only one which has made a real effort in this direction and it certainly has not suffered by it; on the other hand the Biltmore has held to monumental design and permanent material for its main rooms, while simplifying the private rooms as much as possible.

## Art Directors' Convention

THE annual convention of the Association of Art Museum Directors of the U. S. and Canada was held recently with two days' sessions at the Worcester, Mass., Art Museum. The sessions were mostly in the form of round-table talks for the discussion of problems in the administrative affairs of the museum. At the first session the subject was "The Relation of Director and Staff to the Governing Board," and the discussion was led by Mr. W. G. Fox of Brooklyn. The second session was devoted to the question of "Exhibitions for the Coming Year." Other topics were "The Museum in its Relation to the Contemporary Artist," on which the leading address was made by Clyde H. Burroughs of Detroit and "Shall the American

Museum Emphasize Contemporary Art or the Art of the Past?" with remarks by L. Earle Rowe of Providence, R. A. Holland of St. Louis and George L. Herfle of Rochester.

The two subjects discussed the second day were "The Relation of the Art Museum to the Various 'isms' of Modern Art," led by Eric Brown of the National Gallery, Ottawa, Canada, and J. Nilsson Laurvic of San Francisco, and "Possible Sales and Sales Commissions," led by Mrs. Cornelia B. Sage-Quinton of Buffalo, Dudley C. Watson of Milwaukee and Reginald Poland, director of Denver. There was also a discussion of the "Encouragement of Local Artists," led by George W. Eggers of Chicago and H. H. Brown of Indianapolis.



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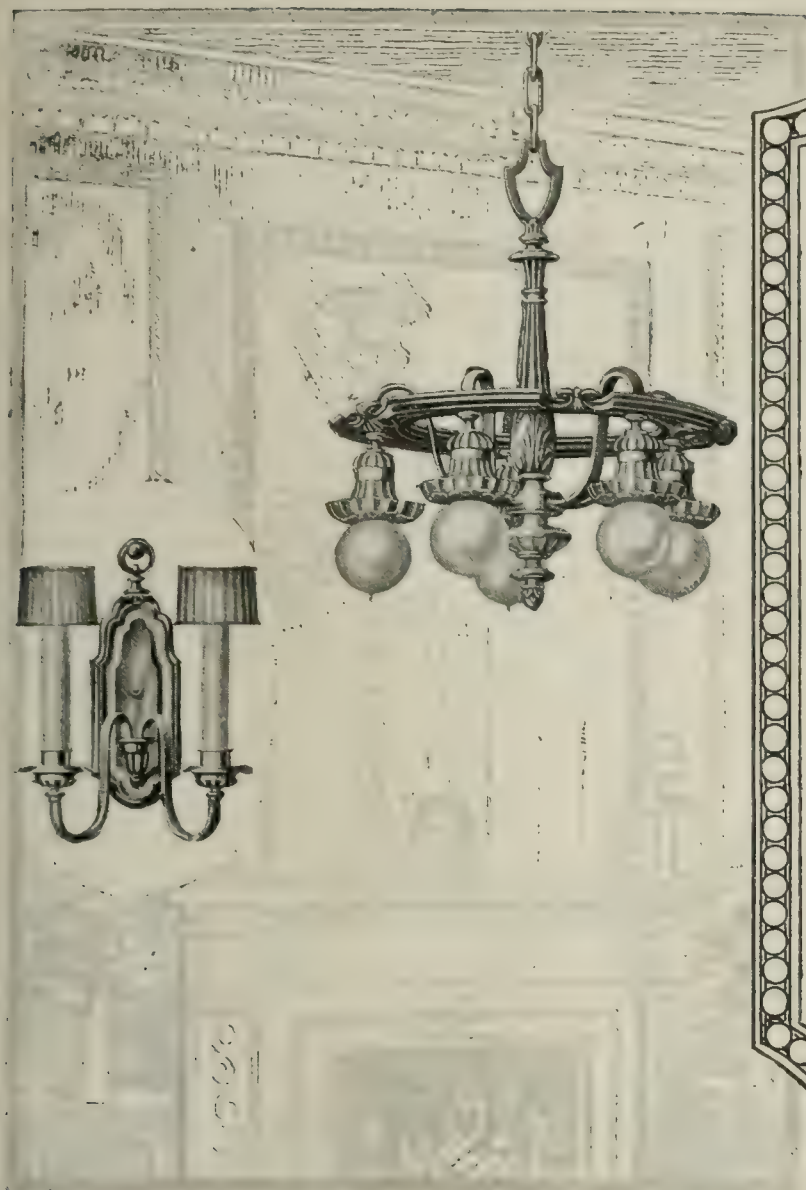
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## Book Reviews

CONSTRUCTIVE ANATOMY. By GEORGE B. BRIDGMAN. EDWARD C. BRIDGMAN, Pelham.

THE many students, past, present and future, of George B. Bridgman will welcome his recently published book, entitled, "Constructive Anatomy." But the uninitiated, in need of precise outlines, will find it helpful to consult also the more definitive anatomical maps of Richter, Rimmer, Fau or Dunlap.

In addition to the book's classroom value, the copious illustrations afford a much needed aid toward the student's exact knowledge of the elusive leverage and interplay of muscles—however rather unpleasant his drawing may be on occasion.

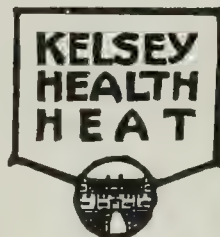
Not only do certain illustrations suggest mangled or writhing amputations, but his economy in coarse shading together with contortionist outlines in small drawings cause a momentary hesitation in the identification of the part depicted.

As for Mr. Bridgman's basic ideas, such absence of stress or reiteration is there, they are almost needles in a haystack. In his introduction he once for all lays down the rule that the conception of the mass comes first, the conception of the plane second and of the line last, while the idea of the wedging of the bones and muscles should never be out of mind. Important also he considers the block system of constructing mass and plane, which many have already found sound and helpful and which the author exemplifies exhaustively in his drawings of the head.

Anatomy has always been a dry subject, even to art and especially to medical students, but it does offer some stimulus to the imagination when considered from the point of view of character, beauty or anthropology. The veriest unmotivated average reader has only to consult the unique and fascinating Dr. Rimmer to discover with what illuminating interest and with what exactness the subject may be treated.

Mr. Bridgman offers no personal reactions in words, although—another needle in the haystack—one sentence does mention that the facial angle bears some relation to mentality. And he does let himself go so far as to indicate certain architectural analogies to be found in the body. He speaks of the doom of the head, the arch of the foot, and the pillars of the legs. He also calls the toes flying buttresses and likens the knee-cap to the stopper of an ink-well.

But Mr. Bridgman does not intend to be imaginative. He doubtless intends only what he has so well accomplished: to furnish a text book for his own and other students.



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## Dynamic Symmetry

**D**YNAMIC SYMMETRY is the name given to the principles of design found in the architecture of the human frame and of plants. "The work which has resulted in 'Dynamic Symmetry,'" writes Mr. Hambidge, "was begun by me when, as an art student, I realized that design, to be recognized as such, must conform to certain principles, whether the artist was aware of the fact or not. . . . Further investigation led me to differentiate between two types of these design principles. For my own convenience I invented the terms Static and Dynamic Symmetry. In nature, which I first studied, the Static is observable in crystal forms and regular patterns. The Dynamic type seemed to be the symmetry of growth and is observable in the shell and the phenomena of leaf arrangement. After formulating what appeared to me to be the general principles involved in these symmetry types, I was delighted to find in design a parallel to natural forms. . . . Dynamic symmetry in design depends upon certain simple subdivisions within the areas of certain rectangles. Practically nothing is known to-day about these subdivisions or rectangles."

The explanation of the fundamentals behind these rectangles and subdivisions is the task Mr. Hambidge has now set himself. But two peoples, the Greeks and the Egyptians, have known of the active symmetry in design. Mr. Hambidge has therefore given much of his time to the study of Greek and Egyptian forms. The results have been startling, for he has shown that the same ratios of space to space underlie the arrangement of the seeds in a sunflower, of the ribs in a maple leaf, of the features in a Greek carving, and of the ground plan of the Parthenon. This secret of the Greeks was early lost. Vitruvius, the great Roman architect, being unaware of it, fell back to the lineal system, and has misled designers ever since. This secret Mr. Hambidge has rediscovered.

Dynamic symmetry has been widely discussed in England. The story of Mr. Hambidge's victorious march through the ranks of skeptical specialists in art and science makes absorbing reading. His present status may be indicated by the following statement from Mr. Walter G. Raffe, A.R.C.A., F.R.S.A., who is chairman of the London Federation of the National Society of Art Masters:

"The logical reasoning of the whole scheme compels conviction immediately the origin and application are adequately realized. . . . I am convinced that the rapid spread of the system of dynamic symmetry will lay the foundation of our artistic salvation."



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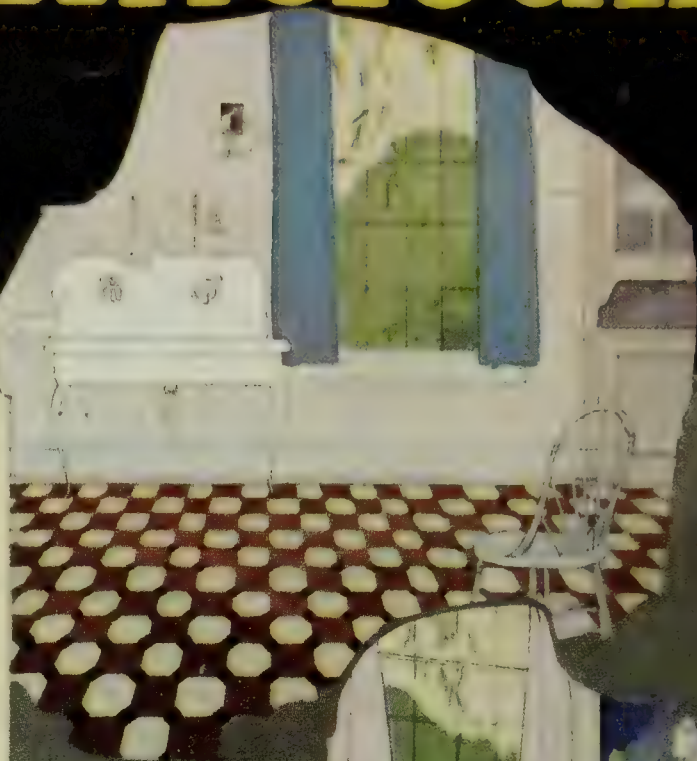
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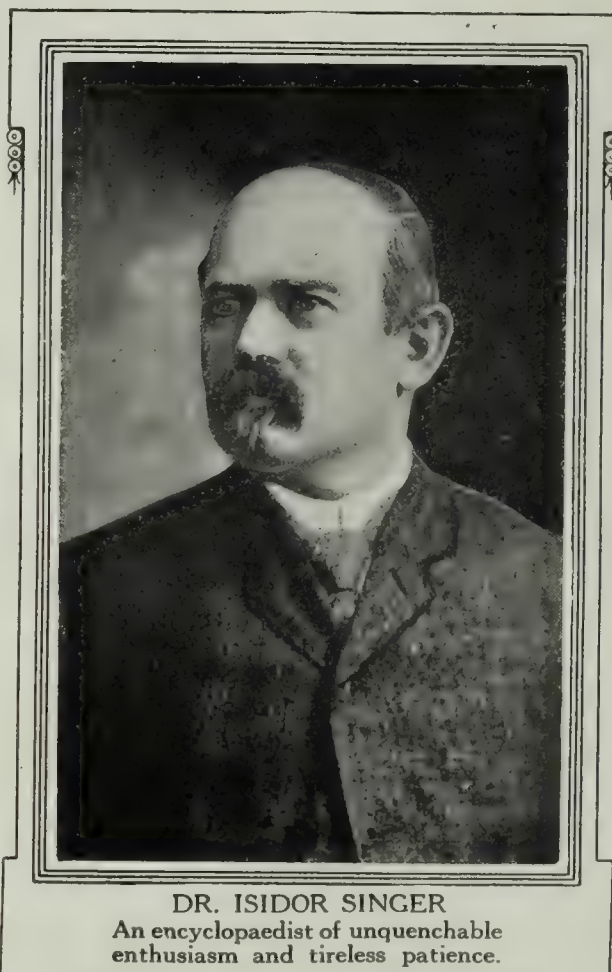
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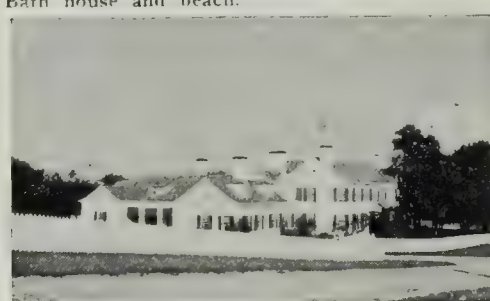
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ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING  
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VOLUME XIII



NUMBER 3

August, 1920

## The Barbaric Rouge Pot and Civilization

THE EDITOR

THE state superintendent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union announces that the time has come for women to wash off cosmetics and return to nature." This line is taken from an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, which concludes, "there is little beauty in the powder puff and rouge pot and neither is there mystery. Powder that is more than visible and paint that garishly proclaims itself can add nothing to charm. The woman who seeks to gain the appearance of youth may be excused perhaps; but the girl who hides her youthful skin with layers of talc deserves only pity. She will need thicker paint and heavier powder a few years from now." Behind both these proclamations is considerable innocence. It is in the most civilized states just as in the most barbaric states that artificial aids are brought to personal adornment. For it is in both these states that idealism is apt to reach out beyond the natural faculties of its people.

The use of paint and powder in America is a proof of greater consciousness, which is to say a proof of greater civilization. Moreover, it is not time yet for American women to "return to nature," for they have in no sense deserted nature. They use paint as a first aid to nature. They use it to cover nature's failures, to show nature at its best. We have not yet reached—nay, we are a long way from—that state of civilization which, calloused by the variety of its natural experiences, must go beyond the natural in order to be given the stir of a new sensation. The almost naive innocence of American books, the frankness of American men, the directness of American women, the almost literal realism of a school of painting which can boast at best of but two symbolists of renown (Albert P. Ryder and Arthur B. Davies), the want of subtlety in our congregational affairs, all point to a most unusual simplicity, which is to say a most unusual health in the conduct of our public and private lives. No, America has not gone so far in civilization nor rested long enough in barbarism to be accused of a need to conduct a "return to nature." She is heart and soul with nature and so healthy that the sight of ill-health is a blot upon her happiness. Indeed, it is so formidable a blot that the most sensitive, which is to say the most feminine of her women, assume the dis-

guise of health in order that this health, the most fashionable tenet of the time, shall seem to have sway over the entire nation.

HEALTH is one of our (if not the) strongest traditions. We are an athletic nation, a fact which could be proved, all other signs failing, by the world supremacy of our designers of sport clothes. It is, moreover, the opinion or taste of the majority which creates a style. Those who cannot circumvent it by fair means will be in the minority and will thus be led to resort to artificial means, for to be in the minority in a republican state is to be wrong. A government by a majority is a government which makes a level which all must meet, whether the meeting means an ascent or a descent. And the ugly ducklings of our day are those who do not possess a full allotment of health. Civilization is an intellectual plant, and as such must be nurtured in educational hothouses. It is to some extent artificial. And bred under artificial stimulus, it is natural that it should hold the love of artifice at its finger tips.

It is a conscious growth, a growth which, as it lives longer, becomes more and more accustomed to cerebral acrobatics. It can, anyway, be ruled by ideas. It can conform to them, it can meet them on their own ground. And when it is confronted by the idea or the ideal of health, as in America, it will meet that idea or that ideal physically when possible, but intellectually in any case. In France, which has had Baudelaire and read the *Fleurs du mal*, we shall find that civilization has gone through the idea or the ideal of health and is now reaching in a more rarefied atmosphere. The makeup of French women is the exact antithesis of the makeup of American women. There, faces are white and lips carmine scars beneath the blue shadows of eyes made to seem hollow, given aspects of the mystery of a worldly weariness. Health is the province of children and the province of youthful nations. It is the handmaiden of innocence. In sophisticated people it incites either envy or boredom, or if you have no faith in humanity, boredom as the disguise of envy. But that is questionable. Alfred de Musset is more popular in France than his English contemporary, Alfred Tennyson, can ever be.

INDEED, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union might better be on guard against the coming of the painting which will simulate an exotic physical condition and might better do everything in its power to promote the continuance of the present fashion. The present fashion is a proof that the idealism of the time looks up to health. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union should do everything in its power to keep it there, for, if we observe very carefully, we shall find signs of a weakening of that ideal. Particularly will this be found to be true in art, among our modernist painters, sculptors and musicians, who for the past ten years have been looking with no negligible intentness upon the *raffinements* of the exotic East. No longer do these seek with healthy love of nature to make hair look like hair, to render the bloom of pure young cheeks and the simplicity of uncomplicated rhythms. They are in the throes of a new idea or of a new ideal which, not at all incidentally, was the idea or the ideal of an old civilization at the period of its decadence. Where there is smoke there is fire. No artist works without an audience. Indeed, it is most obviously safe to conclude that where there is one artist expressing a decadent "opinion," or any "opinion," there are ten admirers to agree with him.

Ten admirers or, as these become, fanatics! In American art we shall find that the most decadent works come out of the studios of Hebrews who, in a great many instances or most, are ashamed of being Hebrews. Their appeal is made to lovers of the precious, of the rare—to those people who actually or fashionably have become tired of the monotony of the beads in the normal string, who can find romance only in strange ports, and excitement only in the perversions of the normal vision. They are those we should guard against.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union had better take more intelligent care of its barrel of apples, for it is inhabited by a worm far more dangerous than the one against which it has arrayed itself. Indeed, the latter is a fiction born out of the superstitious continuance of an outworn moral, and the first a very real and a very malicious importation, as real and as dangerous to the surface aspect of the country as the Bolshevik is to its political aspect.



# The End of America's Apprenticeship

## *American Influence on Foreign Sculpture*

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

IF I had been asked why Washington with its beautiful Greek and Renaissance buildings irritated me and not only me but clever and wise men, I used to wonder how I would answer the question. It could not possibly be because the buildings were Greek and Renaissance. I am as great an admirer of those periods as any true lover and student of art. So I told myself on a visit to the capital that I would find the reason for my irritation, or that if I could not find the reason I would dismiss the thought as a prejudice of which I had only cause to be ashamed.

I instructed my taxi driver to take me to all the grandest and especially to all the newest buildings in the city. And as I drove I thought. Greek buildings in Greece are beautiful beyond compare. A beautiful thing should be beautiful in any place. But it is not. Why? What did Greek art express? Of course Greek life. What was the distinguishing characteristic of Greek life?

Just then I noticed a large white marble building in front of which we were passing whose lines suggested many ancient and excellent works. With its heavy columns projecting in the correct manner beyond the actual building it was a most imposing sight. What a perfect arrangement for a temple, how well thought out.

There is a mystery in the small differences of proportion which constitute the perfection of Greek architecture. Of all the arts this one is the most material and practical. After the engineer appears the artist, who carries on the work one step further, but (and here comes in the importance) its beauty is based on function.

I was struck by the fact that a blaze of light was streaming from the interior, and I asked myself why. Out of each window a glow was thrown and in the glow I could easily see the bent heads and sloping shoulders of hundreds of clerks at their desks, carrying on the business of the Blank Department of Blank. It was morning and the day beautiful. The building had been built for the purpose for which it was being employed.

Suddenly I could no longer see anything beautiful in its Greek perfection. It was utterly absurd.

We as Americans have been taught distinct principles; we have been given a conception of life and that conception has been brought about by our racial qualities. All of America's great minds have taken part in this task.

HAVING to solve my problem I began to think again of what was the distinguishing characteristic of Greek life. I began to think of the big artistic architectural movements of the world. The greatest force in Greek life was the intellect. Probably intellect pure and simple. How different the development from the development in the East where emotion counted above all things and dominated life and through life—art. In following this idea I came to the Renaissance which, reviving the Greek, had also been an exposition of intellect carrying on the forces of the mind to their logical conclusions.

My taxi came to a stand-still in front of the X Building. Here was Greece and Greece could not have been hotter, but for all the heat I was left cold. What precision!

How amazing the exactitude of its proportions! And as I looked I wondered at the frozen perfection which stood out just as the perfection of long ago, but how differently! In the old days such a creation was right, fitting its place, expressing its inevitable necessity, an essential then—but now, today its limitations to our needs, its inadequacy to the moment were to me pathetically apparent. I faced instead of a perfectly exquisite building—a huge disappointment. I said to myself, we have changed, we have expanded, we are a different people from the Greeks. They knew in certain ways much more than we know, but our civilization is not the same and so our needs are not the same. I remembered Greek statues: how cold they leave us. Beautiful and exquisite they are, probably more so than any others, but they leave us after looking at them, with a feeling of a lack of something. Just as we feel the lack in front of a Greek or Renaissance statue today, we feel the lack in front of a Greek or Renaissance building. Our civilization is not theirs, our development not theirs; we have expanded and changed since those wonderful days. They wanted one thing, we want another. Greek and Roman art do not satisfy the aspirations and desires of present-day wants. No art can still live when the thought which it stands for and expresses no longer is sufficient to the needs of its people.

NOW in sculpture a very unusual thing took place in the progress of our art. When the early American sculptors Powers, Ward, Brown, Greenough, Story and others disappeared they disappeared totally, and instead of their followers carrying on the canons of sculpture laid down by the preceding generation, which is what usually happens in the development of any school, the genius of one man brought into being an entirely new vision of art.

Classical work had been handed down through various phases in slightly modified forms and was up to this moment flourishing in every country. It was the art of the day. In France it was a strong art for it could boast such men as Rude, Du Bois, Chapu, Falguère, Mercie, Verlet and many others. There had been added to its classical form a pretentiousness characteristic of the French people of the period, but in no sense a new note. It was a florid style, but the men who practiced it had great possibilities. Perhaps their work might be designated as elegant and charming, certainly it was well trained, but it held all those "tricks of thoughtless cleverness" which are far removed from the "beautiful integrity" of the man who made the statues produced at the moment look hollow and pretentious. This man gave to the world a new vision which was the expression of his own genius. He saw a new thing and expressed it in new form. And the man who did this was an American.

Saint-Gaudens passed his youth in New York. He studied, too, in Paris and in Rome, but his viewpoint and feelings were such that he never imitated the French or the Italian work with which he was surrounded. He did not come home with a ready-made style fitted to him like a ready-made foreign garment; he absorbed just so much of their in-

fluences as were sympathetic to himself, but his feelings, his purely American feelings, supplemented by his brain and his vision brought into life that statue which was to revolutionize sculpture.

It was a shock to the initiated, when at the Salon of 1880 they saw for the first time the Farragut Monument. They were faced by a figure of stern dignity and of a realism such as they had never known. The ugly clothes were handled in a broad way, so broad that they became beautiful. This in itself must have been a revelation to those masters of technique—the French. Saint-Gaudens' manner of handling realism proclaimed the great artist. It was a new and astounding feat which was shown to the world and he had accomplished among many great things the subordination of his technique to his subject. This was a rare quality and practically nonexistent at the moment.

In the same Salon in which the Farragut appeared were exhibited a number of Saint-Gaudens' medallions. The great French medallion makers of the time had learned their lesson from the Italians, but they had learned it badly. They sacrificed strength for what they assumed to be delicacy. The great American combined strength with delicacy and subtlety. His insight penetrated so that it was more than the mere sensuous beauty of the theme which he represented. He seems to have interpreted the unseen; but this spiritual quality did not take away from his realism, and here was the basis of his genius. Probably no low relief in the world has called forth as much praise as the portrait of Bastien-Lepage.

And now there happened that amazing thing which few of us realize to-day. During the following twenty years not a medallion was made which was uninfluenced by Saint-Gaudens' medallions, and there was not a portrait statue executed which was not directly traceable to the Farragut Monument.

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The development of the technique of sculpture is of course always progressing. A well-trained artist under the influence of genius may execute a good statue in the style of his master. It is the man who saw the vision, who interpreted a new rendering, who stamped it in a new form, it is that man who is the genius, for he has pushed his art onward and upward in its development through the ages. Such men are the seers, and America has had a few seers in sculpture.

In passing through the intricacies of these thoughts I come back to the simplicity of my theme. We have especially two things to fight in ending America's apprenticeship. One the traditions built up by foreign propaganda, one materialism. Today those countries which have suffered by the war infinitely more than we have, cannot deny our commercial and material prosperity. So in order that they may have the satisfaction of feeling there is something in which they excel, they will be prone, now more than ever, I believe, to belittle even to a greater extent our intellectual or artistic achievements. We are rich and prosperous, we are the great financial success of the day—but, in questions of culture or intellect (so we shall be told) we are barbarians.

It may be that the impetus of the war will give us more seers. The question has been asked many times: how will the war affect art? Possibly in this way—war obliterates the non-essentials from life. It makes us realize life's structural necessities.

In the Great War we fought against a physical enemy, but we fought, too, for a spiritual hope, and in ending our apprenticeship why should we not do the same?



# The End of America's Apprenticeship

## *American Influence on Foreign Sculpture*

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

IF I had been asked why Washington with its beautiful Greek and Renaissance buildings irritated me and not only me but clever and wise men, I used to wonder how I would answer the question. It could not possibly be because the buildings were Greek and Renaissance. I am as great an admirer of those periods as any true lover and student of art. So I told myself on a visit to the capital that I would find the reason for my irritation, or that if I could not find the reason I would dismiss the thought as a prejudice of which I had only cause to be ashamed.

I instructed my taxi driver to take me to all the grandest and especially to all the newest buildings in the city. And as I drove I thought. Greek buildings in Greece are beautiful beyond compare. A beautiful thing should be beautiful in any place. But it is not. Why? What did Greek art express? Of course Greek life. What was the distinguishing characteristic of Greek life?

Just then I noticed a large white marble building in front of which we were passing whose lines suggested many ancient and excellent works. With its heavy columns projecting in the correct manner beyond the actual building it was a most imposing sight. What a perfect arrangement for a temple, how well thought out.

There is a mystery in the small differences of proportion which constitute the perfection of Greek architecture. Of all the arts this one is the most material and practical. After the engineer appears the artist, who carries on the work one step further, but (and here comes in the importance) its beauty is based on function.

I was struck by the fact that a blaze of light was streaming from the interior, and I asked myself why. Out of each window a glow was thrown and in the glow I could easily see the bent heads and sloping shoulders of hundreds of clerks at their desks, carrying on the business of the Blank Department of Blank. It was morning and the day beautiful. The building had been built for the purpose for which it was being employed.

Suddenly I could no longer see anything beautiful in its Greek perfection. It was utterly absurd.

We as Americans have been taught distinct principles; we have been given a conception of life and that conception has been brought about by our racial qualities. All of America's great minds have taken part in this task.

HAVING to solve my problem I began to think again of what was the distinguishing characteristic of Greek life. I began to think of the big artistic architectural movements of the world. The greatest force in Greek life was the intellect. Probably intellect pure and simple. How different the development from the development in the East where emotion counted above all things and dominated life and through life—art. In following this idea I came to the Renaissance which, reviving the Greek, had also been an exposition of intellect carrying on the forces of the mind to their logical conclusions.

My taxi came to a stand-still in front of the X Building. Here was Greece and Greece could not have been hotter, but for all the heat I was left cold. What precision!

How amazing the exactitude of its proportions! And as I looked I wondered at the frozen perfection which stood out just as the perfection of long ago, but how differently! In the old days such a creation was right, fitting its place, expressing its inevitable necessity, an essential then—but now, today its limitations to our needs, its inadequacy to the moment were to me pathetically apparent. I faced instead of a perfectly exquisite building—a huge disappointment. I said to myself, we have changed, we have expanded, we are a different people from the Greeks. They knew in certain ways much more than we know, but our civilization is not the same and so our needs are not the same. I remembered Greek statues: how cold they leave us. Beautiful and exquisite they are, probably more so than any others, but they leave us after looking at them, with a feeling of a lack of something. Just as we feel the lack in front of a Greek or Renaissance statue today, we feel the lack in front of a Greek or Renaissance building. Our civilization is not theirs, our development not theirs; we have expanded and changed since those wonderful days. They wanted one thing, we want another. Greek and Roman art do not satisfy the aspirations and desires of present-day wants. No art can still live when the thought which it stands for and expresses no longer is sufficient to the needs of its people.

NOW in sculpture a very unusual thing took place in the progress of our art. When the early American sculptors Powers, Ward, Brown, Greenough, Story and others disappeared they disappeared totally, and instead of their followers carrying on the canons of sculpture laid down by the preceding generation, which is what usually happens in the development of any school, the genius of one man brought into being an entirely new vision of art.

Classical work had been handed down through various phases in slightly modified forms and was up to this moment flourishing in every country. It was the art of the day. In France it was a strong art for it could boast such men as Rude, Du Bois, Chapu, Falguère, Mercie, Verlet and many others. There had been added to its classical form a pretentiousness characteristic of the French people of the period, but in no sense a new note. It was a florid style, but the men who practiced it had great possibilities. Perhaps their work might be designated as elegant and charming, certainly it was well trained, but it held all those "tricks of thoughtless cleverness" which are far removed from the "beautiful integrity" of the man who made the statues produced at the moment look hollow and pretentious. This man gave to the world a new vision which was the expression of his own genius. He saw a new thing and expressed it in new form. And the man who did this was an American.

Saint-Gaudens passed his youth in New York. He studied, too, in Paris and in Rome, but his viewpoint and feelings were such that he never imitated the French or the Italian work with which he was surrounded. He did not come home with a ready-made style fitted to him like a ready-made foreign garment; he absorbed just so much of their in-

fluences as were sympathetic to himself, but his feelings, his purely American feelings, supplemented by his brain and his vision brought into life that statue which was to revolutionize sculpture.

It was a shock to the initiated, when at the Salon of 1880 they saw for the first time the Farragut Monument. They were faced by a figure of stern dignity and of a realism such as they had never known. The ugly clothes were handled in a broad way, so broad that they became beautiful. This in itself must have been a revelation to those masters of technique—the French. Saint-Gaudens' manner of handling realism proclaimed the great artist. It was a new and astounding feat which was shown to the world and he had accomplished among many great things the subordination of his technique to his subject. This was a rare quality and practically nonexistent at the moment.

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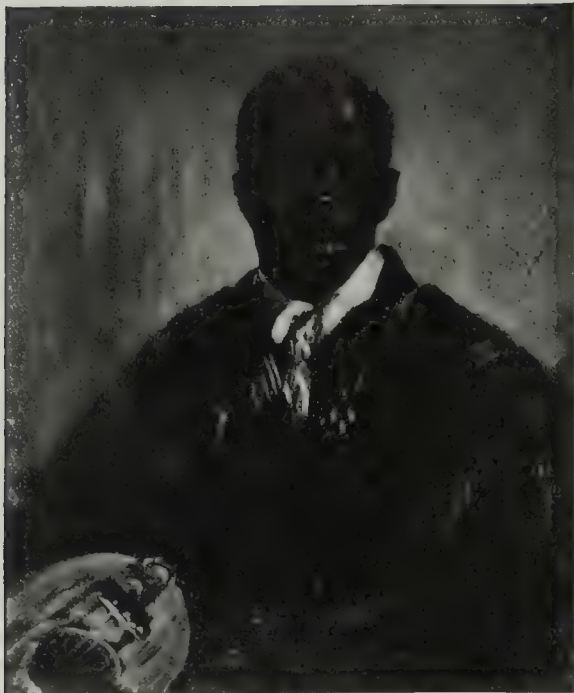
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*The Jazz Artist by George Luks*

IF one were to put down at random some of the ideas which the word American suggests to the popular European brain they might run a little like this: the rate of exchange, cocktails, jazz, skyscrapers, machinery, millionaires, the unsigned peace, President Wilson and family, prohibition, and, above all things, the great and only American dollar! We may all make out such haphazard lists and doubtless no two lists will agree; but certainly he who should include *art* in his list would fall under serious suspicion as to his mental status, for rarely indeed is the idea of art associated with the idea of America in the European's brain. This is due partly to the European's prejudice, partly to his ignorance of American art, but chiefly to the fact that with few exceptions our artists have only hinted at the potentialities of America. American art is just beginning to grow up. It is a healthy child, the son of a French father, coming of age rapidly and threatening to declare its independence. This child has already performed feats worth noting and promises to develop into a very powerful young man, in spite of the fears expressed for its life by some of its closest relatives, who are most anxious to keep it eternally in swaddling clothes made in France.

No country has more representatives (ex-

# The American Art Exhibition in Venice

FORBES WATSON

patriated artists and saint-hunting spinsters) actively misrepresenting her than America. These expatriates find solace for their uprooted lives and for their inherent lack of vitality in repeating the half truths of 1875 as if they were the whole truths of 1920. Since the generations to which Whistler and Mary Cassatt belong the expatriates have produced no one who matters much. But it is to such as these that a Léonce Benéditte turns when, for political reasons, he drives from the Luxembourg Gallery a Max Weber while shedding crocodile tears for a John Alexander. Is it surprising that American art is misrepresented in Europe? The European is not even give a chance to find out whether there is such a thing as American art. (By art, of course, I refer to the living production, not to a commercial transaction between a dealer in banal works of art and a tired old painter of pot-boilers, the puppet of a clever dealer.)

There is a certain type of European who finds consolation in the thought that, although the exchange may be in our favor, at least we are still barbarians in all things æsthetic and spiritual, just as there is a type of American who likes to dismiss Frenchmen as "Frogs" and Italians as "Dagoes." So common, in fact, is the type in every country that the jingo can always find an audience, and nearly always block, or at least deflect and mar, a fair exchange of ideas between nations. However, there is one power against even this rock-like ignorance—the power of art. To the literature of England, to the art of France, to the music of Germany, to the plastic genius of Italy—in short, to the race expression in one art medium or another, each race owes those

*Buffalo Dancer by Randall Davey*

permanent friendships based on apprehension and enjoyment.

"Art is made for all the world, but all the world is not made for art," said Alexander Archipengo, and this thought may save us from a too provincial insistence on the miracles performed in our own province or little quarter of the globe. It may be very painful to hear or read the boastful bleatings of our busiest academic landscape manufacturers about the complete supremacy of the American landscape painter. But, after all, are these honest citizens more provincial, or limited, or timidly dull than that great mass of artificially-cultivated individuals who are afraid to acknowledge the genuine achievements of American art because the proper books have not yet properly rated and classified these achievements? The "authorities" are not yet fixed and the most orthodox must risk an eye, so that the only safe course is to assume a vague and patronizing attitude, from which one may retreat at the right time without having committed oneself to any opinion which is not perfectly correct.

Can it possibly be true that the American is too timid to give the encouragement to his own art without which it can never attain its full growth or its full glory? It is hard to believe that the inhabitants of "God's Own

*Castalias by Arthur B. Davies*



Country" (as Californians and some others call it), who, according to many of our most prolific writers, are full to overflowing of a substance known in the fiction magazines as "good red blood," should be so afraid of themselves that they dare not encourage their own art just because it is their own. Yet there is evidence that the American artist has to contend with about as timid a public as any artist ever had to contend with. This strange, uplifting, arriving, tremendous and timid public, or medley of publics, has built for itself with astonishing speed and unevenness vast reservoirs of information and demands that it be informed. It is a long time now since the gentleman from Chicago remarked that "we ain't got round to culture yet, but when we do we'll make things hum." Things have begun to hum, but the humming will be more sustained and powerful when our budding esthetes learn to rely a little less on "being informed" and a little more on informing themselves, or learn to use their ears little less and their eyes a little more.

For the present they are so intimidated by European opinion, so frightened in the face of it, that perhaps until Europe does begin to take some serious notice of our art we may continue to fail to do so ourselves. Let Arnold Bennett write about Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," and it is not only revived but becomes a success. That happened some years ago, but the same sort of thing happens frequently. Let almost any distinguished French visitor exclaim about the amazing beauty of New York to almost any distinguished American lady and the next evening at dinner you will hear about how appreciative the French are and how beautiful New York is! She has heard Americans say the same thing a hundred times, but it made little impression on her until it was said by a Frenchman.

A certain number of Europeans know that there was once a man named Whistler and that there still is a man named Sargent. They know also that there is a lady named Mary Cassatt, and the names of a dozen lesser painters who have either lived or habitually exhibited in Europe ring in their ears with a slight tinkle of familiarity. But Albert

Ryder, John Twachtman, Thomas Eakins, Weir, Hassam, Davies, Glackens and a long list of other artists are practically unknown in Europe. Whether our artists become known in Europe may or may not be of direct consequence to them. It is, however, of great consequence to us, since nothing brings countries into more sympathetic and intelligent relationship than the mutual understanding of each other's art.

Nowhere is the current of creative art running stronger today than in America. But this current is not so powerful that it cannot be stopped. It can be stopped by a public too timid to encourage its own artists, a public afraid of its own spiritual life, a public which, if always content to hear itself referred to as being commercial and material, is likely to

sort. Since then at least two American architects have received important commissions in England and France respectively, an American symphony orchestra has successfully toured in Europe, and Gertrude V. Whitney, at the invitation of the directors of the Venice International Exhibition of Art, has taken upon herself the difficulties and hazards of sending to Venice a selection of fifty-odd American paintings, which at present occupy a pavilion at the International and form an interesting, small, retrospective exhibition which is calculated to augment the average European's knowledge of American art. To such generous and courageous acts in behalf of her fellow artists Mrs. Whitney owes her position, unique in quality, as a vital factor in the advancement of our artistic production.

The American artist is then once more modestly stepping out of his sensitive shell and facing a foreign audience. What has the foreign audience, the Italians more specifically, to say of this venture? I tried to find out by the simple method of asking, and, of course, being American, and the Italians being very polite, the rewards of my simplicity were not staggering in extent. But some truths did leak through the pretty veils of politeness. It can be said, without exaggeration, that Italy did not declare a national holiday after the Venetians had seen the works of Theodore Robinson, Thomas Eakins, Albert Ryder, Alfred Collins, Twachtman, Weir, Hassam, Lawson, Tucker, Davies, Glackens, Henri, du Bois, Thayer, Speicher, Burlin, Bellows, Chalker, Cushing, Sterne, McFee, or the others whom they saw.

Italian opinions fell roughly into two classes, the official and the unofficial. The official Italian artist is perhaps the saddest of all contemporaries. He is like the son of a genius—overwhelmed by the power that preceded him. With the advantage of the finest models in sculpture painting and architecture ever before him, he has also the paralyzing knowledge that his race has already expressed its tremendous genius with dazzling power and richness. He strives frantically to continue the spell which his ancestors cast upon the world and at the same time to escape its

(Continued on page 213)



*Easter Morning by George Bellows*

end by thinking of itself as being merely that. It can be enormously strengthened, moreover, by that interchange of ideas between nations which exists only when each nation intellectually respects the nation with which it is exchanging ideas. In this respect nations are like individuals.

However, it is not necessary to cry any longer. The tide is turning. Several significant events have taken place. The ill-fated Luxembourg exhibition, so badly mismanaged by Léonce Bénédite, as he himself ingenuously explained in an article on the exhibition, was none the less an event of a



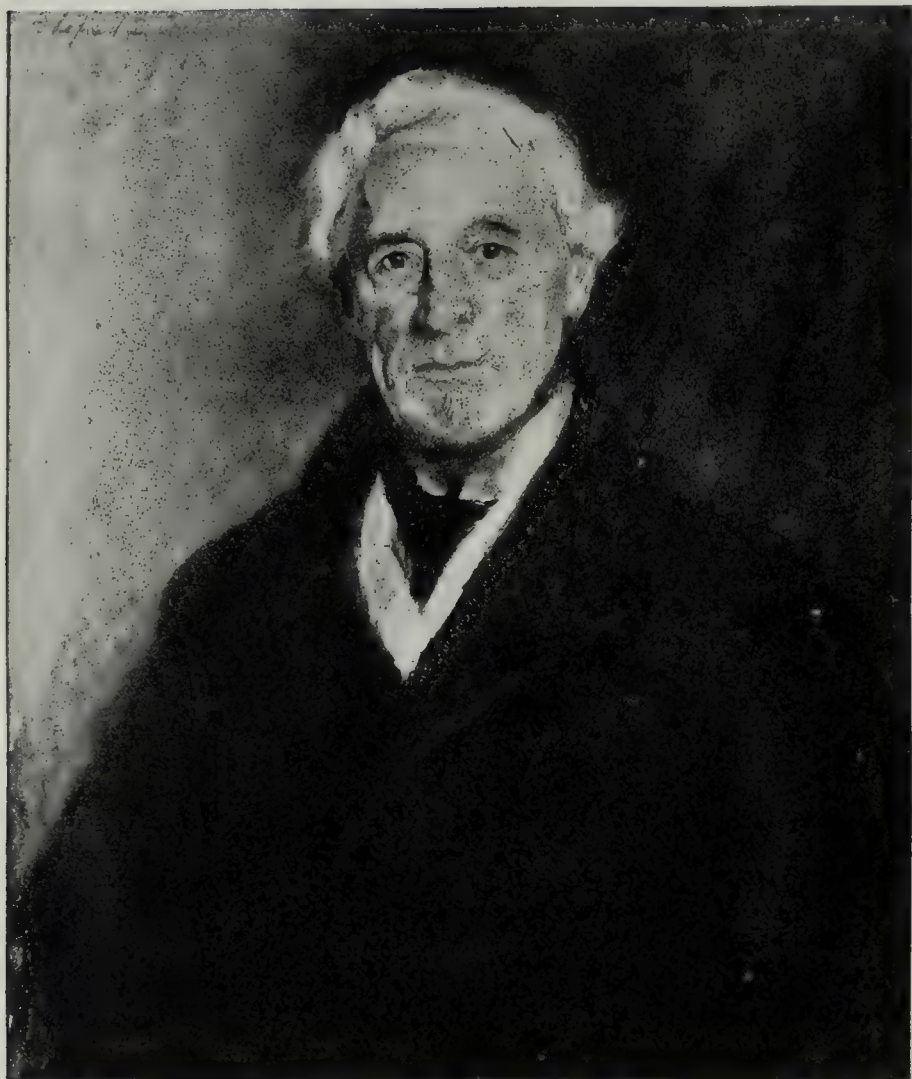
*Columbus Day in Washington Square by William Glackens*



*End of March by Allen Tucker*



## Portraits from the Venice Exhibition of American Painters



*Portrait of John Jay by Alfred Q. Collins*



*Portrait of Mrs. K. by Henry McFee*

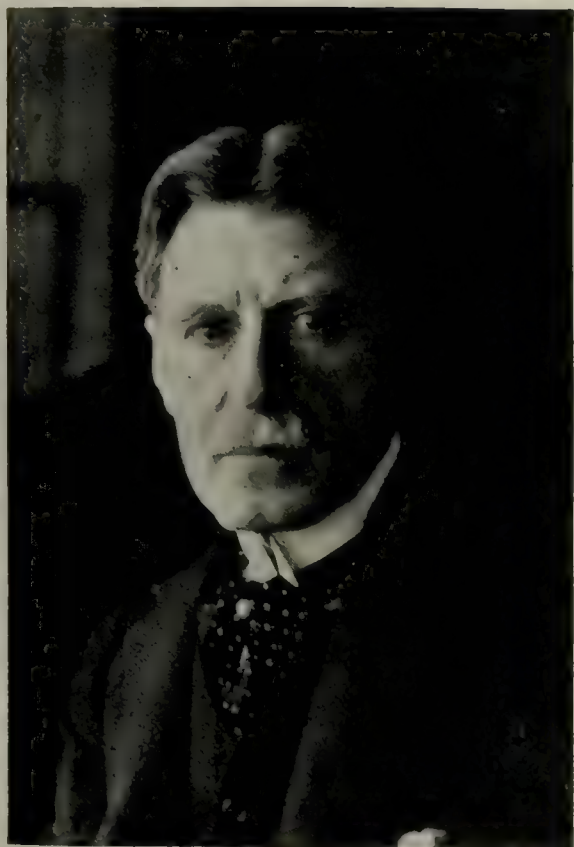


*The Golden Shawl by Eugene Speicher*



*Portrait of Fay Bainter by Robert Henri*





Eugene Allen Noble

DR. NOBLE was recently appointed secretary of the Juilliard Musical Foundation, established to foster musical education and to promote a more general appreciation of that art in America. The foundation is to work in co-operation with schools of music. Dr. Noble, born at Brooklyn, in 1868, is well known for his work in educational fields. A graduate of Wesleyan University, he has received honorary degrees from the University of Pittsburgh and Dickinson College. He was at one time President of the latter as well as of the Woman's College of Baltimore, now Goucher College.



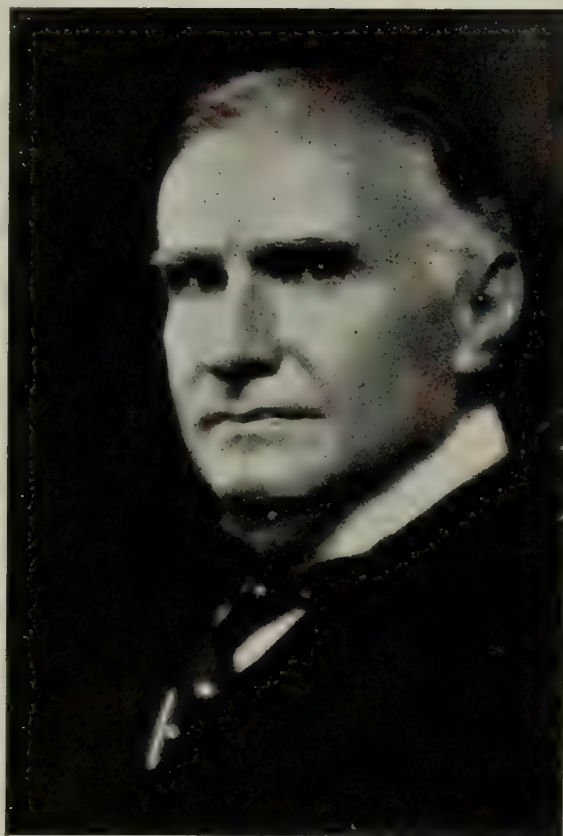
Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey

MRS. RUMSEY'S introduction to the art world at large came when as Mary Harri-man she was painted by the indomitable George B. Luks. She has become more closely associated since through her husband, the sculptor. She is making a collection of sculpture and painting and drawings which places her with that new type of American collector, the connoisseur type, which buy contemporary works on their merit.



Mrs. Donald Pratt

AS a member of the Department of Pageantry and Drama for the Y.W.C.A., Mrs. Pratt has carried the idea of amateur theatricals to many known and unknown corners of the United States. She gives practical demonstrations of her method on a stage model, which is part of her baggage. She has had wide experience in dramatic work, was director of the miracle plays given under the auspices of the Episcopal Church in Ohio and staged for the children of the miners of the Consolidated Coal Company a number of fairy pantomimes. As a member of Alfred Kremborg's Poem-Mimes company she gave a number of recitals and was at one time associated with the Provincetown Players.



Walter Damrosch

HAVING turned her eyes covetously upon our pocketbooks, Europe now turns them admiringly upon our musicians. The New York Symphony under Walter Damrosch, on tour over there, was greeted with a tremendous ovation.



Charles Hamilton Sabin

MR. SABIN has added to his numerous other activities service as a member of the board of trustees of the Juilliard Musical Foundation, where he sits with Frederick A. Juilliard, George W. Davison, William Jarvie and Charles A. Peabody. Mr. Sabin is better known as President of the Guarantee Trust Co. and as a director of a number of other companies. This is his first appearance in music. Contemplating the board of trustees on which he serves, a great many music lovers are wondering in what way the Juilliard Foundation funds will be spent. Nothing definite has as yet been done.



Charles Dana Gibson

MR. GIBSON is shown here not as the new owner and editor of *Life*, but as that pen and ink draughtsman whose mastery of his medium has been compared to Sargent's. Before Mr. Gibson there was Du Maurier, with his social satires in the elegance of which could be discerned that the artist's petting of society was somewhat more sincere than the snaps at it which he took like a terrier. A satire intrenched in foot notes, this one. But Mr. Gibson has generally been kinder than Du Maurier, and the result of that kindness or idealism as an influence is to be measured in the sum of insipid ladies who adorn our magazine covers. After Du Maurier was Gibson and after Gibson the deluge.



# Hall-Marks of Musical Snobs

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

"IT doesn't matter what the opera is," said the painter's wife, an attractive and intelligent woman, if a trifle conventional, "I always love to hear Caruso." The remark, casual as it was, seemed to me somehow, in spite of its platitude, or perhaps because of it, to be symptomatic of a view of music as mischievously influential as it is widespread. It was like one of those fossil bones from which those who know can reconstruct whole prehistoric monsters. And the point of view suggested is indeed, both in itself and in its devastating effect on our musical life, rather monstrous, though not, alas, at all prehistoric.

In trying to reconstruct this point of view afterwards I was at first puzzled by the tone of complacency, almost smartness, in which the remark was uttered. Not only was there no trace of shame at the lack of discrimination as to the opera sung, but there was positive pride in the assertion of fastidiousness as to the soloist singing it. Then it gradually came back to me that to this peculiar point of view the work of art is nothing, its interpreters everything; æsthetic values are entirely submerged and excluded by personal ones; balance, proportion, moderation, perfection of ensemble pale before the *prima donna* parading in the spot-light; and the opera is no longer anything in itself, anything with a meaning, but merely, in the expressive phrase, a "vehicle" for the singers. I saw, therefore, that the first half of the sentence amounted simply to a categorical denial of independent meaning to a work of musical art in itself—a denial intensely characteristic of the point of view we are trying to analyze.

In the second place, however, as a thing without meaning can have only sensuous values, it becomes a point of pride to be sensitive to such values, and to insist upon the best. If you are a wine-fancier you become fastidious about bouquets; if you are a devotee of the human voice (not as expressing something, but as pure aural sensation) you grow exacting about larynxes, and can soon talk learnedly about "head-tones," "portamento," and "tessituræ." In other words, while for him to whom music has a meaning of its own, interpretation is a secondary matter, and the spirit of beauty can transfigure the humblest incarnation, he for whom it is devoid of intrinsic meaning sets supreme store by its sensuous embodiment. Hence the odd paradox, so frequently observable, that the most musical people are the most tolerant of physical shortcomings in performance, if the spirit be right, while the least musical are precisely those who make the most exacting material demands. A test question, to determine in which class any listener belonged, would be: "Should you rather hear Kreisler play anything he chose, or a third-rate nonentity play, with loving intelligence, the Beethoven concerto?" Wine that is a symbol, as in the eucharist, may be of inferior quality, and no harm done. Wine that is to be merely a luxury must be of the rarest vintage. If the opera means nothing, we must hear Caruso.

BUT, in the third place, we may not all of us have ears keen enough to select for ourselves the best which our ideal of artistic luxury makes us thus insatiably demand. It is, therefore, highly convenient that there should be a vogue for those performers (whether sing-

ers, players, or conductors) whom connoisseurs consider the best, and that we should be able to feel safe in vicariously following the preferences of those who know. Furthermore, as the distant and unfamiliar always excites our curiosity and stirs our imagination more than the familiar and hum-drum, this vogue will naturally select foreigners rather than natives, or at least those with foreign names, for its favorites. Thus we arrive at the snobbery in preferring European above native musicians in all lines, which is the polar opposite of chauvinism—and quite as disastrous to our art. And so we complete our reconstruction of a point of view immensely prevalent—the old man of the sea that rides down all our efforts and all our hopes; and find it to be made up of a frivolity which demands from music entertainment rather than expression; a materialism which exacts above all luxury in its embodiment; and a snobbery which cannot endure unpretentiousness in its practitioners.

AS I was pondering the bulk of this incubus, awistfully imagining what, were its dire pressure removed, could be made of our American music in a decade, with the actual composers, conductors, and performers we have today, I chanced upon an address by Sir Henry Hadon to the recently formed British Music Society, which oddly echoed my musings. After contrasting the status of music in England in the time of the Tudors and Elisabeth, in which, he says, "there cannot be the smallest doubt that we stood in the forefront of European composition," with its decadence under Charles II, "flooding the court, and therefore the country, with Continental influence," Sir Henry insists that "Shakespeare and Shakespeare's contemporaries take music as an essential part of a civilized life. They no more doubt that an educated man should be a musician than they doubt that he should be able to speak his own tongue." . . . "In Queen Anne's time," he continues, "the men of letters . . . were almost without exception antagonistic to music. . . . The feeling of intellectual England definitely turned against music, regarded it as something which was imported from abroad, and for which John Bull only had to pay. At the end of the century, Sheridan recommends Michael Kelly to put over his shop-door the inscription '*Michael Kelly—Importer of music and composer of Wines.*' That sums up exactly and precisely where we had got to by 1800."

IN other words, with the loss of the sense of the reality of music, of its expressive, life-interpretive value, there insidiously grew up the conception of it as mere entertainment which is the first hall-mark of the point of view we have been analyzing. Along with that developed, of course, the other two, luxury and snobbery, which the speaker proceeds to describe in terms strikingly similar to ours. "Our grandparents," he says, "went to listen to Malibran or Jenny Lind, and apparently did not care one straw whether she were singing Mozart or Donizetti. If you went to hear a great actor nowadays, I suppose it would make some difference to you whether he was reciting Shakespeare or Bradshaw's Railway Guide. Some difference, perhaps, though we cannot forget how many of our friends even now go

to hear John Barrymore, how few to hear Galsworthy, Benelli, or Shakespeare. The musical analogue I think made no difference whatever to our parents or grandparents, and makes precious little difference, ladies and gentlemen, to us at the present day. . . . Do you remember the Du Maurier picture of the very strict British matron who is offered a book of the words as she is going into the door of the theatre where a French company is to perform a comedy, and the gesture with which she puts it aside? She says 'Oh, no; we have come to see the acting; we do not want to understand the play.' Are our people any better? Are our concert-goers any better?"

Well, are we any better in America? Are we not rather worse? As an Englishman said to me the other day, "When we English wish to pass a pleasant evening, we each contribute what we can in an amateur spirit—a song, a story, a bit of impersonation, or all together glees and rounds. You Americans get up a subscription and hire singers from the Metropolitan to entertain you." Let each of my readers ask himself how far he is dominated by the entertainment-luxury-snobism point of view, how little he regards music as a spontaneous expression of real emotion in which all participate, and to what extent he is, therefore, responsible, as one of the public, for the malnutrition, exoticism and faddism that still, despite all our efforts, afflict our American music. Let him ask himself, and attempt to give honest answers, why a young American, say Mr. Chalmers Clifton, for instance, who at the recent Norfolk Festival showed himself gifted with the elasticity, rhythmic sense, knowledge and command requisite to a conductor of the first order, finds it almost impossible to get a post even of assistant conductor in any of our large symphony orchestras, while foreigners of the most mediocre gifts direct some of our largest metropolitan organizations; or why, though ragtime, "jazz," sentimental songs and "easy teaching pieces" pour from our presses, MacDowell had to bring out much of his music through German publishing houses, with the exception, "which proves the rule," that he found in Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt one American publisher of high enough ideals and long enough business vision to take risk. Why is it that such sterling works as Mr. John Alden Carpenter's symphony or Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's "The Trojan Women"—the latter conducted by Mr. Clifton at the recent festival in Norfolk, ornaments to our native music, are ordinarily played a few times and forgotten, simply because of the difficulties of circulating them in manuscript and the impossibility of publishing them "commercially"? I believe, however, that Mr. Carpenter's orchestral suite, "Adventures of a Perambulator," is to be published by G. Schirmer, Inc., who have done much for our music in the more serious forms, both orchestral and ensemble.

AND the answer to these questions must not be the facile one: "Let the organizations do it." Organizations can do useful work, it is true, if they are backed by the right public taste. The Carnegie Trust in England has recently published half a dozen valuable contributions to chamber and orchestral music and the London *Times* has put forward the sugges-

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# D'Indy

## A Note on the Newcomer in the American Pantheon

PAUL ROSENFELD

IF Vincent d'Indy has not adopted as his device the classic phrase in which old Horace expressed his hatred of the profane many, it is indubitably because it would be quite superfluous for him to do so. The words are summoned categorically into consciousness by the proud attitude which he has maintained throughout his lengthy career. They are emblazoned upon every note which he has penned. He has uncompromisingly shunned the popular tone in his compositions; never turned anything but a haughty profile to his public. His music is complex, severe, intellectual; shoulders itself clear of the sensuous throng; remains in gray and disdainful solitude. Of contemporary composers, scarcely a one has written music less graceful and easy, less light of foot and free of heart. The French, who have always detested Reger and disliked Brahms for their scholasticism, have got in d'Indy a match for the two Germans. His work makes one feel as though, before creating it, he had wrapped himself in the stern black robe of a mediæval Grand Prior; withdrawn into a bare cell into which the smell of earth scarcely penetrated; remembered the high traditions which had descended on him, the Catholic noble, from generations of noble Catholic ancestors; resolved to show the world the reserved, disdainful profile of the legendary aristocrat.

But not only in his music has d'Indy sought to deny his time, to oppose his traditions to the eclectic, dishevelled present. As critic and teacher, too, he has sought to revivify mediæval dogma. He has swung the *malleus maleficorum* in the critical bulletins which he has published from time to time; made war on imaginary witches and incubi; declared that no one not a Catholic can create, J. S. Bach having been born a Lutheran entirely by mistake; condemned, quite in the manner of a Grand Inquisitor, Protestant and Jewish artists to be burned alive as infidels and sorcerers. The instruction in counterpoint and composition which he gives in the Scola Cantorum, the musical college in Paris over which he has presided many years, seems to have as its principal purpose the wresting of souls from the eternal flames. Indeed, the establishment in the *rue St. Jacques* might be the *Grand Chartreuse*, so far is it removed from the breath of the crowd, so strongly is it sheltered from the winds and the colors of the age. High walls of theory prevent the gifted youths who are being led in austere and unfrequented artistic ways from glimpsing what is going on in the world without. Here, music is an esoteric thing, a science for the initiated and consecrated few. A strange odor of counterpoint and devout old lady pervades the place. Bach is studied as dogma, as a way of salvation. In little pots in damp corners there sprout the chill blue flowers of a musical culture not quite related to life. And up in his tower d'Indy sits like some little St. Bernard, exorcising demons and sounding the passage of time on chimes that are slightly out of tune.

To be sure, there are compositions of d'In-

dy's, moments scattered throughout his entire work, that make one know that this denial of the democratic present, this severe port, this disdain of the profane vulgar, this asceticism, are not attitudes deliberately assumed, poses consciously struck; make one recognize them as evidences of a veritable austerity and noblesse. The man has written music that gives again faithfully the aristocratic black, the reserve and dignity of the fine gentleman; mirrors the noble *faubourg* of Paris with its high walls and great gates, its dim salons and cobwebby culture. There are the confessions of a truly grave and reticent and proud per-



Vincent D'Indy

sonage in the black and silver filigree of the sonata for piano, Op. 61. Only a positive strain of asceticism, a high, severe and contemplative spirit, could have invented the glittering icy summits of the B-flat major symphony, the flashing of metallic surfaces, the bitter unexpected intervals, the brooding of the medicinal instruments, the piercing music for trumpets and fifes, the spareness and sharpness of the entire amazing and complex organism. A true inner fineness and subtlety alone could have impelled d'Indy to chase so carefully, so cunningly, the texture of the sonata for piano and violin. Nevertheless, these compositions, these incandescent moments scattered through the man's work, are exceptional. The great body of d'Indy's music is of another character. The scores typical of him make us know that his hauteur, his air of musical prior, his contempt for the populace, are something in the nature of self-compensation for spiritual defects. They call to mind La Rochefoucauld's maxim, "*La gravité est une mystère du corps inventée pour cacher les défauts de l'esprit.*" They reveal the fact that d'Indy's aversion to the sensu-

ous, the light, the instinctive, the popular, is the self-righteousness of one of those who cannot join in the dance, and that he stands so severely and stiffly and primly on the edge of the ballroom floor, his chin high and proud on his black stock, his profile turned disdainfully to the dancers, only because he cannot bend that Gothic backbone of his.

For even when he does not dance, and merely moves, he produces a series of abrupt motions that are the very opposite of beautiful and dignified. His music is rigid more often than noble; angular more often than austere; formal where it would appear severe;

sweet and cold where it would speak earth. It is full of grotesque hopping where it would be free; full of irritating shoulder jerks; of stiff gestures; of elbows and knees that protrude. There are moments when d'Indy seems less the William Wordsworth of music, which some of his admirers pretend he is, than the Ichabod Crane. The man must be inwardly tight and unrelaxed, full of braces and inhibitions, contractions and tabus. He has never spoken a perfectly original language. His best work has invariably been done with ideas that can be traced to their origins in Wagner, in Franck, in Schumann. Whenever his music is strictly underivative, as in some of his scherzi, it is thin and contorted. The "*Petite sonata pour piano*," "*Le camp de Wallenstein*," as well as certain parts of the "*Cevenole*" symphony, vaguely recall Schumann, in particular the fantastic, rustic, capricious Schumann. Franckian melodies abound in the sonata for piano and the sonata for piano and violin; most of d'Indy's slower movements seem to have their origin, as do most of Chausson's, in the famous third movement of Franck's quartet; Franck is recalled by the thematic complexes from which d'Indy seeks to develop so many of his larger works. But it is most of all to Wagner, in particular the astringent,

subtle, mottled Wagner of "*Parsifal*" and the third act of "*Tristan*," that d'Indy is indebted. "*La chante de la cloche*" is a sort of pendant to "*Die Meistersinger*." "*Fervaal*" is "*Der Ring des Niebelungen*" transplanted in French soil. The domination of Wagner over French music during the thirty years since 1870 is due most of all to d'Indy, the chauvanist. Indeed, much of the man's hatred for Germans; the deplorable "song of hate" which he intoned in the newspapers during the first years of the war; the pitifully inadequate "*Sinfonia brevis de bello Gallico*" which the conflict called out of him, are explicable largely from the fact that he has never quite been able to cut the umbilical cord which binds him to them, and that he has always remained indebted to their culture, to their poets Uhland and Schiller, as well as to their musicians, for his best impulses.

Besides, his relation to his art is a distinctly intellectualized one. Despite the scintillation of his orchestral writing, the richness of his piano style, his works very often reveal themselves the embodiment of a purely intellectual concept, a formula. Only such a form of

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THE TOWN HALL AT HUNTINGTON, L. I.  
PEABODY, WILSON AND BROWN, ARCHITECTS





*Electus D. Litchfield, Architect*  
Community House at Watertown, N.Y.



*Architect unknown*  
The County Court House, New London, Conn. Date about 1784

## Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II

*Editor Department of Architecture*

### *Public Buildings Reflect Community Spirit*

WHEN any of us builds a house in the country he identifies himself with some town or community to an extent which he hardly realizes, and very likely is far from desiring. He will be known as a citizen of that town, and will at least to some small extent be judged by the town he has chosen: further, it is very difficult indeed to keep oneself in both thought and action completely disassociated from the community. The very fact that we pay taxes is sufficient in many cases to arouse at least a languid interest in the way in which they are spent, and even the resident who feels himself to live entirely apart from the village, who takes no part in community activities, and who feels no pride in civic improvement, realizes when he has to conduct his guests through the town that he has somehow become obscurely connected with and responsible for the appearance and the life of his community. He will inevitably feel some small stirring of pride if the way to his home leads through a bright and attractive shopping district with well paved streets, well kept shops pervaded by a general air of tidy smartness; conversely, he will feel, vaguely but surely, deprecatory and apologetic, if the way to his country place leads through shabby, sordid, ill-kept and ill-smelling streets, bordered by tumble-down, unpainted and hopelessly ugly shops, public buildings and cottages. Then, if at no other time, will he realize that he has civic duties which he has not fulfilled.

The appearance of any town is a sure index to the character of its citizens; the clean, beautiful, well-kept town indicates prosperity and goodwill on the part of its inhabitants just as the dirty, unsanitary and ugly town indicates a low order of intelligence and of civic duty on the part of the citizens; our commonwealths are successful or the reverse according as in-

telligent self-interest leads its members to combined action for the common good; each of us is a member of some commonwealth and it behooves us to act for our own selfish ends through it, for it is only by co-operation that we can live at all these days. Communities have characters as varied and as distinctive as individuals; we both influence and are influenced by the towns in which we live, to an extent often greater and deeper than is the case with individuals, and we cannot afford, either for ourselves or for the sake of our children, to neglect an opportunity to make our

influence powerful for good in these towns.

In certain cases our influence can at best be indirect only; the railroad station is for that reason one of the poorest (although a very common) index to the character of the community it serves. The corporation which owns it is a foreign one, without any personal interest in the appearance or well-being of any particular town. If a town is big enough to warrant the necessary expenditure it will eventually be furnished with a big, elaborate and firmly constructed station, generally of most indifferent architecture, for our railroads as a whole have been sadly indifferent to the great opportunities that lie in well-designed stations; in fact, I think this so important that I hope to write an article dealing exclusively with the problem. But, after all, the knowledge is so widespread that no community is directly responsible for its station, that a town and its people (including ourselves) will hardly be judged by it.

The stores present a different problem. Responsibility for their well-being lies at our doors alone, even though they are built, owned and conducted by individuals. The community which is willing to patronize dirty shops stocked with poor goods gets that kind of shops; the really intelligent and discerning patronage demands good quality in the buildings as well as the merchandise. This can best be illustrated by Fifth Avenue, which has in the score or more of blocks north of 34th Street the world's choicest merchandise in the most beautiful shop buildings in the world. Good architecture pays the shopkeepers; that is why they have it; it is a tangible and definite asset. We therefore expect the town of the highest average quality of brains and intelligence to have the best-looking and best-kept stores, even if they are neither large nor pretentious.

But of all the buildings which in-



*Tracy & Swartwout, Architects*  
Doorway of the Ferguson Library, Stamford, Conn.



dicating the character of a town, those which are the most direct and definite as an index are its public buildings, the court houses, city halls, libraries, and the like. These are erected by common funds, either raised from all the people by taxation, or from those interested by subscription; and the choice of site, materials, architect, and builder are controlled by the community. It is distressing to find how few communities have served their own interests in all these points; it is a part of our national indifference to political life and leadership which tends to leave the choice of architects for these buildings in the hands of men who have practically constituted themselves our rulers because we are too lazy or uninterested to either discover their qualifications or actively oppose the unfit. However, this national tendency of ours has not succeeded in completely eradicating good architecture from public work, and the current tendency seems to be toward better design in public work of all kinds, perhaps because the American nation is beginning to awake to the value of beauty, and to the fact that it costs no more than ugliness.

Our earliest public buildings, or at least those which still remain to us, were of a very high order of excellence, because good design was the common quality of all Colonial work, no matter what the material or to what problem applied. It is almost unnecessary to prove that such was the fact, but it is worth while recalling to mind the first town hall in Boston, Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and the New York City Hall as examples of what our ancestors built as public buildings for towns no bigger than, say, Elizabeth, New Jersey, Ansonia, Connecticut. And remember that these were built by communities far poorer than our present-day towns of the same size: great centers they have become, but a century and a half ago they were hardly more than outposts of civilization. In the wilderness, the lean purses of their wealthiest citizens stretched to the uttermost to provide roads to the frontiers, and the wherewithal to push them still further west. Yet their public buildings stand today as a continual source of inspiration to our architects, and in their way unsurpassed; they have become objects almost of veneration in their communities, not alone because of their splendid histories, but because of the sheer and commanding beauty of their designs.

We are lucky that they have been preserved

to our use, and again lucky that they, though the most beautiful, are the sole survivors of an age in our history when beauty was not regarded as a fad of the dilettante few, but a commonplace part of life, to be procured as readily as flour, more readily than sugar. A few of our smaller old public buildings managed to survive the march of progress, and still worthily house the functions for which

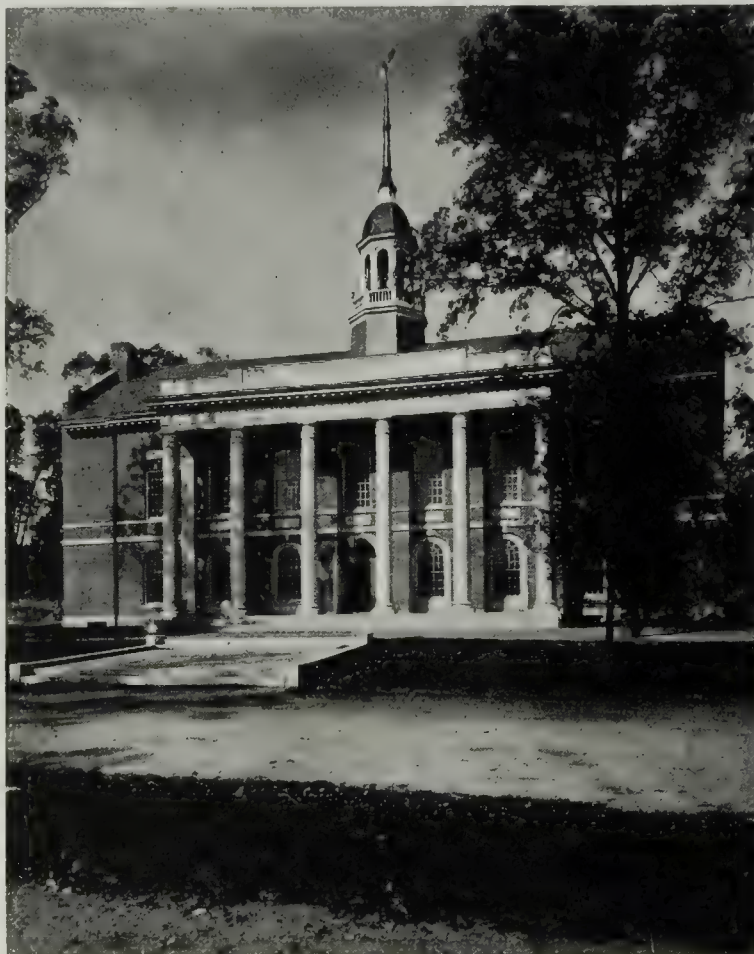
ington? A long time ago, I imagine.

In France it has long been common to house civic activities in historic buildings once privately owned, or in old buildings which if they had no particular historical significance were deemed worth preserving because of their architectural excellence. Here in this country this has not often been the case, but it has sometimes happened. The little suburban town of Rye, New York, has as its town hall the old tavern which used to be the finest night's stopping place on the post road to Boston out of New York. The building has no great architectural merit, but is a very pleasant Colonial building, and quite worth preserving: doubtless it would already have been torn down to make rooms for stores if the town had not very sensibly seen its fitness for a town hall, and adopted that means of preserving it. The old ball room on the second floor serves admirably as a council chamber, and the former tap room has become the county clerk's office, and the village is not repining because its town hall is of white painted shingles, two hundred years old, instead of the rock-faced granite so popular in the 1870's.

The architecture of the Colonial period was uniform in its loose adherence to Classic precedent less because of any conscious effort on the part of the architects of the time, than because they did not realize that it was possible to build in any other style. Today we still for the most part build in the Classic style from instinctive preference for it; not that the activities of the city officials could not be equally well displayed in a building of Gothic design (or Chinese, for that matter), but rather because we see something fitting in the Classic order to a public building. However, we know nowadays

many varieties of classic motives where our ancestors knew only the Georgian derivatives of Roman art, and our public buildings are perhaps not the gainers by our extended knowledge: certainly the best of our smaller public buildings have been designed in the style which we roughly call "Colonial," and while the city hall at Waterbury, Connecticut, is of a size which is somewhat beyond the scope of this article, it is such a masterpiece in design, so beautifully executed and so admirably adapted to its site and to the little New England city which it adorns that I cannot refrain from speaking of it as perfectly proving the value of Colonial motives in our smaller public

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Bigelow & Wadsworth, Architects

The Weston Town Hall, Weston, Mass.

they were built. In the little town of Trenton, Massachusetts, there is a very beautiful old town hall of the Colonial period, and among the illustrations of this article are two others of the small old public buildings, the quaintly dignified Court House at New London, Connecticut, and the Customs House at Stonington. The latter is of the early post-colonial period when Stonington, now a sleepy, lonely little place, was a busy if minute seaport with a real foreign trade. Why the United States still maintains there a Customs House with (I suppose) a collector of the port and other titled functionaries, I do not know, but it is still there; I wonder when the last ship from "foreign parts" put into Ston-



Architect Unknown

The Old Customs House, Stonington, Conn. Date about 1812



Tracy & Swartwout, Architects

An office in the Milford Town Hall, Milford, Conn.





Two views of the public library at Great Barrington, Mass.

Blanchard E. Barnes, Architect



Three views of the Community House at Watertown, N.Y.

Electus D. Litchfield, Architect



The Town Hall at Milford, Conn.

Tracy and Swartwout, Architects



An exterior and an interior from the Town House, Hempstead, L.I.

Stewart Wagner, Architect



# The Georgian Colonial for Country Homes

*Is This the Ultimate Country House Style?*

C. MATLACK PRICE

IT is true enough that architects go far in the direction of setting styles in architecture, especially in this country, but it is equally true that the unarchitectural people for whom they build exert a powerful collective influence of their own.

The Romanesque which Richardson developed so eloquently, and which contemporary critics hailed as the ultimate architectural expression in this country, is, in the realm of domestic architecture, as obsolete as Ruskinian Gothic, Eastlarkian vagary or the conscientious "Francis First," which was transiently fashion's favorite.

The era of our immediate architectural present was ushered in by the great Italian Renaissance revival of McKim, Mead and White, and brought with it a taste for Italian villas as country houses. The English type competed with the villa from the first, and with considerable success as it became more intelligently adapted to our scheme of country living. The French château, the choice of a rather sophisticated few, never made itself very strongly felt, and other types (not forgetting the Swiss chalets of the mournful '80's), contributed no seriously influencing part to the whole stylistic picture book that has long been called "American Architecture." Many of our versions of these several European styles were "Architecture," in the sense that they were well and intelligently done—but were any of them "American"?

There are radical differences between the actual technique of living in the country in Renaissance Italy or eighteenth century France and living in the country in the United States today—differences which any but the most successfully contrived versions of villas and châteaux fail to reconcile completely. It is true that Italian or Spanish types are naturally suitable to certain parts of this country, notably the Pacific coast, but it is a considerable question if any American countryside is quite sophisticated enough for the urbane and artificial French château.

There is so much greater similarity between the English idea of living in the country and ours that various English types of country houses are adapted here with conspicuous success and charm. The racial affinity, too, leaves far less of a variance to bridge, and were it not for one other distinct type, there is little doubt but that the English manner of designing country houses would ultimately become the basis as well as the outward expression of ours.

This other type is the one comprehensively known as "Georgian Colonial," and notwithstanding the historic interest, the charm and the varied associations of other types, there is a constant current of popular preference and demand setting toward Georgian Colonial. There is a constant reversion to this type, and at times, as now, this reversion seems to assume definitely significant proportions. Evidence is found in the continuous requests for Georgian Colonial houses even from architects who have attained their most conspicuous successes in the design of distinctly Italian or distinctly English houses.

The question immediately propounds itself: Is Georgian Colonial the best type for American domestic architecture because people are constantly reverting to it; or are people constantly reverting to it because it is the best type? The answer to both questions would



*The purity and dignity of Georgian Colonial architectural forms hold a beauty which is independent of transient popularity*

probably be "Yes," and for reasons in both cases germane and rational.

When all architectural theories have been thrashed out, there seems always to be left something which tells us that the great and enduring styles are those which were direct, logical, natural outgrowths of social, economic and other conditions of the periods during which they were evolved. We too often reproduce a style without reproducing the conditions which contributed to the creation of that style, or even taking these conditions into account.

It seems as though a constant and ever more forcefully recurrent demand for the Georgian Colonial style of architecture should be taken as an indication that the style means something to the people of this country today. It has an indigenous quality, it seems something that belongs peculiarly to us, and is therefore peculiarly worth keeping. And so the two questions answer each other.

The Georgian Colonial style, it is true, does

not designate exactly one kind of building, although there are points in common which make for essential unity. The differences between the great mansion of the Westover type and the little white house with the green blinds are not so great as their similarities. They were all in the same key: all painted with the same palette. For one thing, there was nothing *alien* about them—they belonged here, and will always belong here.

The Georgian Colonial style differed in many superficial respects as it ranged from the Southern states up to Maine, but this very variety affords the present-day builder the option to select a version of Georgian which is appropriate not only to the country in which he lives, but to the state, and sometimes even to the portion of the state in which he is to live. All are species of the same genus.

The Georgian Colonial style, typified monumentally by the Independence Hall group in Philadelphia, merged naturally into "Early American," which, with the ever-increasing trend toward extreme classicism, ended in "American Empire." And since "American Empire" there has been no pure American style beyond the adaptations and modern developments of types of building evolved prior to 1830 or thereabout.

To explain the direct connection between Georgian Colonial architecture and the conditions which produced it is to go over ground which has already been covered by many able critics and writers. Suffice it to say that the style was naturally based on the contemporary architecture of the England which the colonists had but so recently left, but that this English Georgian was radically modified by the relatively primitive means of execution at the colonists' disposal. Frequently a lack of tools, often much necessitous work to meet the rigors of life in the New World, and always a scarcity of skilled labor—here were factors which forced a distinctly American character upon the Georgian basis of style, and which evolved a style which is nothing less than our national heritage.

There has been, perhaps, too little education, beginning with the schools, too little education toward appreciating the real significance of Georgian Colonial architecture. It has been loosely called "Colonial," and has never been popularly explained. Some day there may be an elective course on Architecture in the High Schools of this country—and if this were to be so, thousands of men and women would go forth with some knowledge of the manner in which they had best build their homes. The present courses on Home Furnishing and Interior Decoration accomplish much, but Architecture is still as much a Dark Art as the forbidden Dark Arts of mediæval times. We know less about the buildings in which we live or work or pray or worship than we do about the stars, and far less than we know about anything else which has so many vital contacts.

Instinctively, however, there is today an unmistakable reversion to the Georgian Colonial type of architecture for modern American homes—even, in some directions, there is a

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*The great colonnaded "manor house" type of early American dwelling may be adapted, with greater or less insistence on modification*



*The direct simplicity of this kind of architectural detail is in accord with the modern American home*



*The interest in Georgian Colonial architecture is reflected in the popularity of the furniture of the period*



*The more primitive type of Colonial American home offers many suggestions for the unpretentious home of to-day*



*A pure type of early Georgian Colonial house, seen in a beautifully studied modern version at Valley Forge*



# Gardens Where Slippered Feet May Escape the Dew



*Through the garden of Mr. Beme Hopkins, Colorado Springs*

WE were long in using architectural features in our gardens. Celia Thaxter's massed blossoms on the Isle of Shoals, Mt. Vernon's box-hedged roses, were made entirely of what the seasons give, and in all the gardens of our great land a wall to confine it and an iron bench for the weary, were all the accessories seen. A thrill went through the hearts of women who owned gardens when sun-dials became matters of commerce, obtainable outside of English novels.

But once begun, the architectural feature took permanent place, and the mason is now as necessary to the making of a garden as the man with a hoe. Our pools no longer resemble puddles, with dubious edges, but are jewels in proper setting reflecting the changing colors, and inviting ladies' slippered feet to the very edge; the path of grass—than which no path is lovelier—is fitted with stepping stones against the dew; and as for the rest-house, it has developed into a luxurious temple of tea and talk, a house of oriental ventilation, open to entrancing views of flowers and pools. On the large estates which the land owner considers his paradise, such a house makes an agreeable change from the formality of the big mansion, especially on a bright morning when neighbors stop in for tennis, or on a fragrant afternoon when tea is served *al fresco*. Such an adjunct to country life requires, however, to be not too distant from its source of supplies, the pantry.



*In the garden of Mrs. A. M. Hoyt, at Southampton, L.I., is found a tea-house which is a veritable refuge for the lover of solitude*





*The ideal pool where the bather swims in the heart of the forest surrounded with vines and trees*



*Reminiscent of the Aldobrandini gardens at Frascati is this path descending to the pool*



*From the shelter of the bath-house is enjoyed a view of both pool and forest*

## The R. S. Brewster Swimming Pool at Mount Kisco, N. Y.

DELANO AND ALDRICH, ARCHITECTS



# A Revival of the Decorative Paintings of the Eighteenth Century

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

THE only extraordinary thing about the revival of decorative floral and game paintings is that they ever went out of fashion. The cause announces itself, however, in the unhappy tale of decadence, that blight which has killed so many noble fashions in art.

Oddly enough, however, it is the poorer examples of flower-painting that brought on the revival of their use. They became once more a requisite of the decorator, the decorator of homes of medium elegance.

It was then that the rare old pieces of the eighteenth century came forward and shone in beauteous detail and masterly composition. They stepped into the galleries on Fifth Avenue as the ladies of the French Kings stepped into the royal drawing-rooms, radiant with purposeful beauty, sophisticated, significant. And on beholding them we wonder why we tolerated the stiff and gloomy flower-pieces dragged from Italy or the Low Countries.

Not only of palaces do they speak, these finished canvases, but of gardens, those haunts of a romantic civilization which made of pleasure an artistic success. Each flower that grew in those gardens was encouraged into a perfection fit to offer to the silken ladies who walked among them. Within their formal plan grew loose-leafed peonies of prodigious size, hollyhocks trembling in pallor like a tropic flower of the night, sweet-pea blossoms which were but little below the orchid and far sweeter to crush against a face, and poppies whereat a poet might dream of silken skirts wide flung and heavy with elegance. And as for simple stuff, marigolds, daisies, morning-glory,

honeysuckle, these in the Eighteenth-Century gardens lost all rusticity and associated with the lily and the rose. And thus were they painted.

Paneled rooms gave place for them—even as the revival of paneling today demands them—to take the place of the heavy elegance of Louis XIV salons. They thrust their heads above a door or window, they crown a mirror, they give an aligresse to walls of monotone. In a word, they fill the purpose of the earliest painting—to decorate a wall, to remain a part of it, not to become an easel painting. And was that not the first use of paintings, and did not the frescoed wall antedate the picture which could be displaced at will?

Flower painting is not for every artist. He who chooses inanimate subjects such as this has previously chosen to give himself to nature. Notwithstanding the formality, the sophistication of some of the compositions—which were requisites of the times—the flowers are painted with a spiritual vision that only he can have who has dreamed through long hours of hot sunlight, and through fragrant twilights, when perfumes are released and petals crisp. Louis Tessier gave his life to garlands, Oudry supplemented them with animals, Le Riche, Sauvage, and the Northerners, Van der Myn and Van Spaendonck, painted with an abandon of beauty.

Late in the century Le Riche painted the decorative spirit of his time in a vase of flowers, which is as intellectual in arrangement as the bouquets of Japan. The three Japanese requisites are here, the in-



*Le Riche, the artist, composed this panel with the love of nature and a bow to classic convention*



*Van Spaendonck's aim was to put in the salon a basket of fresh flowers crisp with dew*



*Desporte gives us the exclusive elegance of still life penetrated by animal pets*

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*Sauvage and Van Spaendonck combined their art in a medallion of grisaille, entouré with grapes*



*On a background of pinkish gray brick is hung a companion medallion with quaintly decorous flowers*



*Van der Myn concerned himself with animals and portrayed the spirit of the well-bred dog*



*Van der Myn's clever use of sweeping curves is noticeable in hound and horn*

*When Fine Paintings are Purely Decorations*



# Dress—A Fine Art!

CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

## Prelude

THE dress designer who understands the intrinsic relation between the art of costume and the industrial arts is in a superior position to create productions in which the artistic factors are not submerged by Fashion. All of the arts of design form a spiritual nexus, finding an intuitive harmony in the mind of the artist who is more than a specialist. Such an artist interprets his specialty in the richer and profounder sources of those principles common to all the arts of design.

One type of dress designer understands fabrics, dressmaking, and perhaps the psychology of women. He is a fashion-mechanic; seldom an artist. The creative designer likewise knows these technical features, but he perceives the relationship of dress to the fine and applied arts; is not uncultured; follows the evolution of art, literature, and craftsmanship. His brain receives the multi-colored impressions of all that is beautiful in the productions of the past and present.

I must confess that this species of artist finds a better habitat in France than in this country; yet the impetus of the industrial arts in the United States is bringing us nearer to the cultivation of such a type, which will compare to the natural genius of France, as the marvelous plant creation of a Luther Burbank compares with the productions of nature.

In his prime Worth haunted the museums; Poiret is still a tireless student of the theatre and was one of the first to profit from the renovation of color revealed by Bakst and Anisfeld.

In this article I should like to trace in a concrete form the influence of the various crafts—ancient and modern—on dress. In the last few years there has been a keener perception of the relationship between jewelry and dress, and the possibility of the jeweler working in harmony with the costume designer. I recall a recent concert in the Metropolis at which a prima donna, robed in fabric heavy as damask, wore jewels of most evanescent tints. The disharmony was so painful that it seemed to detract even from the quality of her singing. And was it not Madame de Sevigny who remarked that good taste in dress was often determined by the kind of jewels worn with the gown?

THE jewel in its setting must harmonize with the figure, the line and the type of the gown. Age and physical characteristics should determine the selection of gems, as well as the occasion for which the jewels are worn. Manifestly, jewels appropriate for street costume would be out of place on an evening dress. Most important, however, is the selection of a jewel that in color harmonizes with the texture and color of the dress. Relatively opaque tints like turquoise can never harmonize with a light fluffy material such as chiffon. All this means that the jeweler and the style specialist have a common aim in the furtherance of good taste and should be familiar with the developments in their respective fields.

Let us consider the influence of another craft on costume. With the revival of the Batik process in recent years, a stimulus has been given in the direction of bold designs and vital color. Batik, as is well known, is a method of applying designs to fabrics by

I SHALL assume that which to some minds may seem Utopian. Imagine a large council hall, decorated, not in a period, but in good taste; with a minimum of simple furnishings, richly simple. Around a table are seated the representatives of the Arts of Design—of furniture and tapestry and decoration—of rare rugs, precious stones and artistic dress. These craftsmen-artists are gathered to accomplish by group effort that development of Applied Art without which all culture is spurious. There is a comity in attitude, thought and aspiration and from this free exchange of tolerant minds emerges the first coherent medium for synthetic expression. Is this a Utopia? Or is the present advance in American industrial art a happy augury that the day is not remote when not only will designers in the various crafts exchange inspiration, but join with business men of vision to make the Beautiful Real.

means of liquid bees-wax or other glutinous substance, in such a way as to form the design itself or a background for a design. The outstanding result of this revival has been to accentuate our color sense, which in this country has been suppressed for years through a false conception of simplicity.

I need not refer in more than a passing manner to the inspiration afforded dress designers by tapestry themes, the involution of rug designs, and decorative schemes. Nor should we ignore the influence of Greek drapery and sculpture in developing an American silhouette just in line and proportion. In following the lines of the natural figure—a practice initiated by Greek art—the costume designer will not go astray. It seems reasonable to assume that the Greek influence carries a more vital message to modern minds than Borneo excesses in tattooing; and it is to be regretted that in recent months French as well as American designers have preferred the influences of Moroccan primitive art to that modern art which is grounded in linear beauty.

## Line and Color

The movement initiated by the Russians to rescue our color sense from the shadow stage of the Victorian era had an invigorating influence on the color element in dress. Boris Anisfeld made his colors shout like a choir of trumpets in a super-orchestra—the colossal orchestra dreamed of by Beethoven for his unfinished Tenth Symphony. Bakst followed with a welding of scenery and costume, in a magic ensemble. Too often this revival of color has been accompanied by a sacrifice of architectural beauty, but in the best work of Bakst, his "Pappillons Ballet," for example, there is a happy blending of the decorative and the pictorial. The mid-Victorian costumes for this Schumann fantasy are a model for the dress designer. A healthy people loves color. Americans, with a sense of humor and love of life, have too often in the past repressed their natural desire for robust colors, lest they be charged with levity or bad taste. Only in her outdoor moods does the American girl reveal her buoyancy in dress of radiant color. In the cities we are too subdued. Matrons seek an asylum in deadly blacks, forgetting that there is no color like gray for maturing years. This restraint has had one compensation, however, since it has discouraged the crude and the vulgar.

TIME was when life was deemed a feast of self-torture for the ascetic, and gloomy artists painted pictures in severe blacks. To-

day, with the swifter tempi of existence and the Bergsonian "élan vital" encompassing us like a vast cinema, the artist seeks vivid effects, color-symphonies, and life-enhancing values.

There is a simple guide to the correct color scheme of your costume. There are no secrets in dress problems; there is either taste or lack of taste. Observe this fascinating natural fact: Seated on the lawn, the white gown and face of a woman will assume color values of reflected green. Nature often gives us clues where the designer gives us recipes.

For those not versed in the secrets of color mixing, harmonies of one color are safe and sane. It should be remembered that variety in one color may be obtained by the use of different materials.

In using or trying to secure harmonies of contrasting colors there should always be one dominant color in the dress, the subsidiary colors disposed in smaller quantities, thus giving the effect of emphasis. The supreme effect in costume is achieved by an intermingling of colors which fuse naturally. And if a fashion dictates discordant color combinations, that fashion can never become art. Good colors can be had in inexpensive materials as in the costliest fabrics, so that the choice resolves itself into a question of taste rather than of money.

## Josef Urban Discusses Color

The recent advent of Josef Urban into the ranks of costume designers for the stage, and his interpretation of American nuances in his paintings for the "Follies," suggested to me the advisability of getting his views on this subject. While an advocate of Light, he refuses to join it with Fury, and presents an interesting balance of the classical with the modern tendencies.

"Costume," he reminded me, "should never be a disturbing element on the stage." Nor, I added, should it be too conspicuous in the case of the individual.

Mr. Urban dresses the principals in a given scene in outstanding colors, which signal to the audience in a less crude manner than the old method of pushing the leading lady into the front, and herding the rest of the company around the ring.

He quoted a striking instance of revealing personality through costume in his work on "Faust." Under the old method, Marguerite, this lady more sinned against than sinning, was thrust by the stage manager into the limelight. Mr. Urban, by dressing her interpretatively, enables her to mingle with the entire chorus of the stage, yet she dominates that group and the audience is never at a loss to follow her.

He is not over optimistic as to the future of Batik, and will not follow the Futurists Rolla, Loeffler, Anisfeld, in their imaginative flights. He sticks to the story, libretto or score, and has a strongly developed feeling for line. His Wagnerian settings to be revealed this fall at the Metropolitan Opera House are architectural rather than decorative, and his distances have a mystical quality.

It is not his innovations that need concern us here, but his adherence to fundamental principles. These govern your costume, as they determine his work.



# French Designs Inspired by the American Silhouette

*Fantasies for the Fall from Bonwit Teller and Company*



*Boudoir gown based on batik design and Javanese suggestion*



*Home dinner gown and tea gown of silver and gold brocade inwoven with red silk*



*In this afternoon frock Lanvin has joined American chic to French charm*



*Dinner dress of lightest weight velvet adhering to the unchanging principles of line and simplicity*



# Themes of the English Sporting Print in Paint

*Gallery Notes*

EXHIBITIONS which closed a brilliant season of showings had about them an air of informality, and appealed with an intimacy which the small room bestows. A ten-minute stop on a promenade was all they asked, and thus appealed to large numbers. One-man shows they often were, and these alternated with gatherings under the head of subjects. At the Ackerman Gallery the walls were hung with those old paintings which were the fathers of the happy genera of sporting prints.

In these motoring days the London mail-coach, as painted by J. F. Herring, Sr., in 1841, is more than an object of art; it is a chapter in history. The coach as a means of quick transporting of men and post-bags is a curiosity. But Herring's painting contains things that are always in fashion, cool gray atmosphere enveloping the downs, a morning freshness, and a four-in-hand putting in their most vigorous work with strength and spirit. It is a byway to which the artist brings us, but one which makes the memory tingle with past excursions. He knew how to paint his

*(Continued on page 188)*



*"Coaching, the London and Edinburgh Mail," painted by J. F. Herring, Sr., in 1841*



*An old painting called "Hunting" by J. N. Sartorius, 1808*





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# From Dancing to Drama

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

**D**RAMA and dancing to the average man are things apart. And yet Terpsichore ranked with all the other Muses. Art, to the average man and the average woman, seems limited to painting, music, sculpture, poetry, and architecture. Drama? Oh, yes. It is a form of art. But dancing? Um! It is the hand-maiden of ball-rooms!

And yet the Greeks, who knew so many truths, set dancing in the forefront of the arts. Dancing and poetry were the beginning of tragedy—as music and dancing both expressed religion. When David “danced before the Ark” he may unconsciously have laid the foundations of grand opera. And the old bacchanalia were religious functions. Even the ballets of the opera stage are not mere toe-dancing. The dancers who distort their limbs so curiously are also actors. The chief figures in the conventional opera ballets of pre-Russian times have told and re-told the same old simple tale of love, pursuit, and courtship. The minor dancers have been choruses. Not in the noble way of ancient Greece. But still real choruses. All dancers of the stage are pantomimists.

The relationship between art and pirouettes is somewhat vague. *Au fond*, the ballerina is a contortionist. However, she must have grace, and, above all, she must have amazing strength. Some toe-dancers have witched the world. Cerrito, Taglioni, Vestris, their names still live. Such airy fairies are not known today. Their native charms eked out their wondrous skill and lent a gloss of art to acrobatics. But they all stood for a bad, futile, perverse thing, not very closely linked with genuine drama.

The Italians wrought a closer bond between drama and dancing, when they devised symbolical ballets of the “Excelsior” pattern. They gave more prominence, no doubt, to pantomime, which is dumb acting, good both for tragic and for comic purposes.

Then Isadora Duncan at last dawned on us, and dancing took on rare and gracious forms. It went back to the classic styles of Greece, styles set by nature and divine emotion. The expression of the soul by means of movement is Duncan’s definition of her

old-new art. It aims at making motion beautiful and expressive of all human moods and life.

And, at this point, it touches drama proper. For what is drama if it does not show the joy and grief and hate and pain and love of Man? Duncan insists on perfect harmony between soul and body. The movements of the dancer

danced weird somethings at the Metropolitan, replacing curves by angles and straight lines. To excuse herself she had evolved a theory, too cryptic and absurd to be recalled. She danced—or postured—and was seen no more. A few admired her. But the public smiled.

Duncan taught much to the great Russian dancers, among them Karsova and Pavlova.

The art of dancing grew still more dramatic. But the result was very incomplete. “Scheherazade,” “The Fire Bird,” and those other ballets of the Diaghelev type were compromises, welding old operatic modes and forms with symbolic-classic and expressive styles. In “The Faun” (“*L’Après-midi d’un Faune*”), that decadent, but gifted artist, Nijinsky, defied convention and put drama first. The “Faun” was frank, perhaps too frank at times, in its expression of a satyr’s unchecked moods. It told a story, without spoken words, in movement, and it was aided greatly by Debussy’s tones. It had not the severities of the chorus—dances and soli devised by Duncan for

her “Orpheus” and “Iphigenia.” It lacked the tragic beauty and austere simplicity of that wonderful creation in which, some years ago, Duncan suggested by a few most simple movements, at the Metropolitan, the awakening and release of chain-bound Russia. Not many, I dare say, who saw her then, caught more than a mere hint of what she did. The Russians understood, though perhaps they only really fathomed her.

“Interpretations,” “Idylls,” “dance poems”—the Duncan “dances” were all these in turn.

But they put drama into dancing, too. They proved the sistership of Terpsichore and Melpomene.

“Dancing,” said our American Isadora, in one of her essays, “is not only the art which allows the human soul to express itself through movement, it is also the basis of a whole conception of a more supple and harmonious, natural life. It is not, as some suppose, an arrangement of more or less arbitrary steps, resulting from mechanical combinations.”

Opinions differ as to the propriety or need of “interpreting” symphonies in dancing. Yet there was beauty and delightful eloquence in

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Andreas Pavley and Anna Ludmilla



Ruth St. Denis

must be eloquent. To some extent, at least, they should be spontaneous. They should not be harsh, abrupt, or angular. The art of Duncan is bound up with rhythm. Feeling and movement are in unison. And both reveal themselves in rhythmic lines. For that is nature’s way and always was. The boughs, the waves, the winds, all have their rhythms. Their lines are curves. Their curves are beautiful, and all of them obey the laws of nature. An eccentric woman, a few years ago, tried to persuade us to the contrary. She



Isadora Duncan





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# The Latest Developments of the Russian Stage

IVAN NARODNY

THE Russian drama before the Revolution reached such a high degree of development that it was universally considered as one of the foremost institutions of modern history. The achievements of the Moscow Art Theatre, of the Moscow Kamerny Theatre, of Zimin Opera, of the Kommissarzhevsky Theatre, and of the Theatre of Musical Drama in Petrograd, are considered in some places the most unusual artistic attempts on the stage. The question that interests everybody concerned with drama is whether the Russian stage can survive the great political upheaval or whether it will degenerate to insignificant platitude, as in France under the Terror?

It is undoubtedly true that art under any revolution suffers, for the mind of the masses, no matter how high the degree of their education, is unable to grasp æsthetic subtleties; it requires years or generations of specific training and learning. No art can flourish under the dictation of popular taste, despite the fact that it must be born of the soul of the people. Popular taste produces the heroines of magazine covers.

While the Soviet régime took over the old municipal and state theatres in all cities and towns, the private operas and playhouses were left to the care of the private companies. As before, the Soviet leaders seek to use the theatres as doctrinaire vehicles on a larger scale than ever before. Indeed, many of the foremost opera houses and theatres have been transformed into propagandist moving picture houses and show places of an inferior nature.

While the Soviet régime has recognized the importance of the drama and given it liberal support, yet it has failed to recognize the fact that art is and remains always aristocratic in its fundamentals. The so-called People's Kommissars of the Council of Education, who now have charge of the state theatres, like the American union leaders, are plain politicians, who do not realize the importance of drama in its classic sense, and thus have degraded the stage where the competition was less noticeable, as, for instance, in the provinces.

There were more than five or six hundred state or municipal theatres in Russia before the Revolution, and these all went under the control of the above-named Soviet of Education. Its first move was to abolish the guild-spirit and the rule of a recognized art authority as a director of the theatre and to place it under the bureaucratic rule of a specific Kommissar, who usually had to be a politician and emphasized Soviet propaganda and education. The actors and actresses remained, as they had been before, functionaries of the state, and received their pay from the national treasury. But those institutions soon deteriorated artistically, so that new art theatres, playhouses or operas have been formed on a co-operative basis by dissatisfied artists.

Most known abroad of the Russian playhouses is the Moscow Art Theatre. This is

now being run, as before, by Constantine Stanislavsky and Vladimir Nemirovich Danchenko, on a co-operative basis, with the staff of actors and artists and the patrons of the celebrated institute. Irrespective of the many drawbacks and difficulties that the Soviet system brought about, the Art Theatre closed its past season with the same moral and economic success that it had shown previously. It has always been so crowded that seats for plays had to be ordered weeks ahead. The secret of such an achievement lies in its high artistic traditions, in the fact that the stage is not considered a medium for producing amusement, but for giving true pictures of the human soul-life, besides its outspoken sincerity in dramatic realism. The realism of this institute is, however, not of the kind staged in New York, but a spiritual realism, a use of the realistic form as a means and not an end, a means to the more graphic interpretation of life.

Though it has been said that the Moscow Art Theatre is a typically Russian institution and nationalistic to its core, the fact remains that on the stage of no other theatre has there been performed so large a variety of plays of all nations. A great many plays of previous seasons are repeated and new ones added to the repertoire. Thus Tchekhoff's "Sea Gull" and "Uncle Vania," produced for the first time in 1898, continue to appear every season. The Art Theatre includes the plays of Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, Hauptman, Knut Hansun, and Maeterlinck in its extensive repertory. In fact, the policy of the Art Theatre grew out of Anton Tchekhoff's style. Before the existence of this institute it was considered impossible to produce the plays of Tchekhoff—their psychology seemed to frustrate the possibility of dramatic effect.

It must be emphasized on this occasion that all theatres in Russia have given and continue to give repertoire plays, and by this method hold the spontaneity of the players. The object of the Russian theatre has been not to present a play through the medium of the stage, but to represent it as an independent entity existing side by side with the observing audience. The subject of the play is considered as a picture of a definite world perfectly

complete in itself and needing only a faithful reproduction to become a living world. Of the two elements of the theatre, the stage and the audience, the second operates merely as a superfluous attachment, making itself felt only through the necessity of providing for it a huge window through which it gets a glimpse of the world enacted. The Art Theatre carries this illusion to its farthest limits.

Another peculiarity of the Russian stage has been its special tendency toward ensemble-acting and the abolition of the star-roles. This demands a centralization of all the directing powers in the hands of a stage-director, who is not a mere clerk or business man, but an artist himself.

While the Art Theatre of Moscow grew out of the realistic theory that "naturalness" is the utmost aim of the stage, there existed long ago in Russia a parallel movement which strived to deny psychologic realism and emphasize æsthetic symbolism. The argument of the leaders of this movement is that the stage should not be devoted solely to the spoken drama, but should include musical pantomime, ballet, and a combination of all these arts. The audience should not be made to feel reality, but frankly told that the reality is that which it can itself imagine; the stage giving only the symbolic suggestion of a drama. This is known as the Oriental school of symbolism.

The first men to take up this form of drama were Alexander Tairoff in Moscow and Meyerhold in Petrograd. While Tairoff started his operations in the Free Theatre of Moscow, which is now called the Kamerny Theatre, Meyerhold joined hands with the late Vera Kommissarzhevsky in Petrograd. He is now the director of Alexander Theatre and opened a theatre known as Kommissarzhevsky Theatre. These two Russian managers are inspired by the art of Maeterlinck and Sologub. They seek to reveal the inner mysteries of life by making the audience experience them as actual facts. Their ambition is to break down the barrier between the stage and the audience, and to make the performance a kind of religious service in which the individuality of the spectator merges into some sublime vision of his own inner world. The solution of this

problem gives great credit to their theatrical sagacity. They produced Maeterlinck, Sologub, and many Oriental dramas on one plane, reducing the depth of the stage to a narrow band at the footlights and setting the actors against flat decorative scenery. In this way they strangely dematerialized the stage.

Though the use of flat settings was known in the Orient, its application by Tairoff and Meyerhold combined it in a new way with the symbolic psychology of the play, and gave it a special significance through the application of the old principle to the modern thought and spirit of the drama. A special chanting dialogue was employed, diffused lights were increased



A scene from the play of the Moscow Free Theatre by Tairoff

(Continued on page 186)





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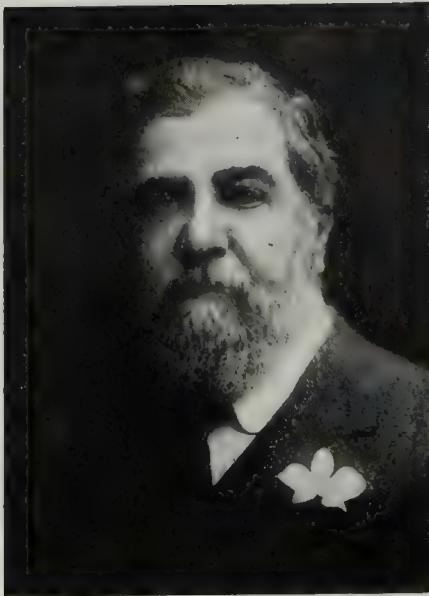
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## Art in American Industry

W. FRANK PURDY, *Editor Department of Industrial Art*

**O**PINIONS gathered from several representative American business men reveal not only general enthusiasm concerning the high standards of American industrial art but also determined efforts on the part of many of our industries to establish an independent and beautiful art in industry.

Expressions of opinion have been candid, and therefore all the more useful. Censure was not spared when the speaker saw fit to criticize. American business is keenly alive to the value of the art element, just as much so as the Board of Reconstruction of Great Britain which recently declared that "one of the most essential factors in regaining her pre-war status in the markets of the world is the introduction of a greater element of art in her manufactures." Never before have such intelligent and concrete efforts been made in America to utilize art as a selling force; and one is almost tempted to measure the time before American manufacturers take a leading position in the world's artistic production.

To quicken these efforts into vitalized reality has been the motivating force back of this department in ARTS & DECORATION.

The time is foreseen shortly by M. D. C. Crawford, one of the leaders in the textile field in America, when we shall export as well as import decorative fabrics. He says in his letter, published below, that within the past five years "we have developed a creative independence of a high order."

Mr. Louis C. Tiffany deplores the fact that many of our manufacturers are still too commercial. He warns against the practice of imitation. "But," he insists, "the evil is not in cheap but in inartistic reproduction. If a cheap reproduction is artistic a service has been rendered to the country. So long as production is compatible with artistic standards, the cheaper the better."

The constructive movement conducted by ARTS & DECORATION, leading toward a high-class industrial art for America, drew particular praise from John P. Adams, President of the Kensington Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of fine furniture, and Sidney Blumenthal, President of the Shelton Looms, manufacturers of artistic velvets and upholsteries, both of whom stressed the need for general education and inspiration of the kind presented in this department.

In calling attention to this need Mr. Blumenthal said, "The prevailing conception is a vague idea that art is something ethereal, and that to make it useful by associating it with industry is to lower it. . . . It has been

my experience that our most artistic products are the best sellers. . . . The idea is gradually vanishing that foreign goods are better. . . . The American manufacturer is conscientiously attempting to produce better things because he is becoming aware of the selling value of the art element."

Mr. Adams takes the stand that "There is wholly sympathetic relation between the fine arts and the industrial arts. . . . There is nothing incongruous in emphasizing this relationship by housing the treasures of both under one roof." Mr. Adams draws a distinction here between the "fine" and "industrial" arts which might arouse a contrary opinion from Ralph E. Erskine, President of the Erskine-Danforth Corporation, makers of decorative furniture, who says: "The greatest works of art were not made for museums. In Florence and old France the greatest artists worked for men who bought their products for homes or public buildings or churches. This condition makes for the greatest art, whether you call it industrial, fine or applied."

In calling attention to and commending the co-ordination of efforts between museums and business, Mr. Crawford, who has recently returned from abroad, writes in his letter that foreigners have become interested in the practical use we make of our museums. He speaks of the progress of our design schools, but warns that no "central organization can lay down arbitrary rules for the guidance of any particular industry. . . . Each industry must be induced to take up the problem in its own way and by its own means."

### *A Letter from M. D. C. Crawford, One of the Leaders in the Textile Field in America*

**T**HE last five years have witnessed a great advance in textile designing in America. It can be said with perfect candor that we have developed a creative independence of a high order, and that new ideas of frankly American origin are not only well received in this country, but until the scarcity of material and the European embargoes prevented it, our ideas were well received in Europe. There is no doubt in my mind that in the next few years we will export, as well as import, decorative fabrics.

I have recently returned from abroad, and was delighted to find that many individuals in France and England who are responsible for their fine fabrics were very much interested in certain phases of our work—that American

design stood well in their estimation and that in many instances they were beginning to lose the suspicion that they have always had of this market in regard to copying their ideas. They were particularly interested in the practical use we had made of museums and in the way all our efforts had been co-ordinated.

These results have been obtained by a practical co-operation between the industry, the artists and the museums. For the first time in the history of the industry our local designers have been given a fair chance, and given as well practical instruction in the mechanical limitations of the machine. For the first time both the stylers in the industry and the designers have had free access to certain museum collections. I mean by "free access" an opportunity to handle and examine and study documents with the same familiarity that has always been accorded to the scientist.

I do not wish to convey the idea that all museums have co-operated in this movement. There are, unfortunately, still many splendid institutions, the collections in which might be of the greatest use, that maintain a rather narrow viewpoint in regard to withholding their materials from designers or place impediments in the way of their fullest use, that while insignificant in themselves, are sufficient to discourage or annoy the artists.

Before this movement started there were few if any art schools in America who knew or at least taught their students even so simple a technical matter as the size of modern printing cylinders.

The museums, especially the American Museum of Natural History and the Brooklyn Institute Museum, have co-operated in this movement to an unprecedented degree. After carefully studying museum conditions both in America and in Europe, I feel justified in making the statement that no museum collections in the world are as accessible as are the wonderful collections of these two institutions.

In this way a familiarity with the arts of other ages has been brought about in a natural, normal way, that could never have occurred through merely seeing the documents on formal exhibition.

However, it seems to me an inevitable conclusion that the three main features are:

1. Sympathetic accord between the designer and the industry, coupled with a willingness to recognize the personal ability of the designer.
2. A thorough intimate association between the documents in our museums or private collections and the designer and the styler.

(Continued on page 196)



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### "The tinkle of tea things"

IT has always seemed to me the pleasantest and most restful spot of the day—this hour "between the dark and the daylight"—tea-time.

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# Negro Sculpture

*Here Are no Great Names to Scare Us into Dishonest Admiration*

CLIVE BELL

ALREADY the Chelsea show of African and Oceanian sculpture is sending the cultivated public to the ethnographical collections in the British Museum, just as, last autumn, the show organized in Paris by M. Paul Guillaume filled the Trocadero. Fine ladies, young painters and exquisite amateurs are now to be seen in those long, dreary rooms that once were abandoned to missionaries, anthropologists and colonial soldiers enhancing their prestige by pointing out to stay-at-home cousins the relics of a civilization they helped to destroy. For my part I like the change. I congratulate the galleries and admire the visitors, though the young painters, I cannot help thinking, have been a little slow.

Negro art was discovered—its real merit was first recognized, I mean—some fifteen years ago, in Paris, by the painters there. Picasso, Derain, Matisse and Vlaminck began picking up such pieces as they could find in old curiosity and pawn shops; while Guillaume Apollinaire, literary apostle, followed apostolically at their heels. Thus a demand was created which M. Paul Guillaume was there to meet, and stimulate. But, indeed, the part played by that enterprising dealer is highly commendable; for, the Trocadero collections being, unlike the British, mediocre both in quantity and quality, it was he who put the most sensitive public in Europe—a little cosmopolitan group of artists, critics and amateurs—in the way of seeing a number of first-rate things.

Because, in the past, negro art has been treated with absurd contempt, we are all inclined now to over-praise it; and because I mean to keep my head I shall doubtless by my best friends be called a fool. Judging from the available data—no great stock, by the way—I should say that negro art was entitled to a place amongst the great schools, but that it was no match for the greatest. With the greatest I would compare it; I would compare it with the art of the supreme Chinese periods (from Han to Sung), with archaic

Greek, with Byzantine, with Mahomedan, which, for archaeological purposes, begins under the Sassanians a hundred years and more before the birth of the prophet; I would compare it with Romanesque and early Italian (from Giotto to Raffael); but I would place it below all these. On the other hand, when I consider the whole corpus of black art known to us, and compare it with Assyrian, Roman, Indian, true Gothic (not

Romanesque, that is to say), or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the blacks have the best of it. And, on the whole, I should be inclined to place West and Central African art, at any rate, on a level with Egyptian. Such sweeping classifications, however, are not to be taken too seriously. All I want to say is that, though the capital achievements of the greatest schools do seem to me



Wooden masks

to have an absolute superiority over anything negro I have seen, yet the finest black sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them.

I write thinking mainly of sculpture, because it was an exhibition of sculpture that set me off. It should be remembered, however, that perhaps the most perfect achievements of these savages are to be found amongst their textiles and basket-work. Here, their exquisite taste and sense of quality and their unsurpassed gift for filling a space are seen to greatest advantage, while their shortcomings lie almost hid. But it is their sculpture which, at the moment, excites us most, and by it they may fairly be judged. Exquisiteness of quality is its most attractive characteristic. Touch one of these African figures and it will remind you of the rarest Chinese porcelain. What delicacy in the artist's sense of relief and modelling is here implied! What tireless industry and patience! Run your hand over a limb, or a torso, or, better still, over some wooden vessel: there is no flaw, no break in the continuity of the surface: the thing is alive from end to end. And this extraordinary sense of quality seems to be universal amongst them. I think I never saw a genuine nigger object that was vulgar—except, of course, things made quite recently under European direction. This is a delicious virtue, but it is a precarious one. It is precarious because it is not self-conscious; because it has

not been reached by the intelligent understanding of an artist, but springs from the instinctive taste of primitive people. I have seen an Oxfordshire laborer work himself beautifully a handle for his hoe, in the true spirit of a savage and an artist, admiring and envying all the time the lifeless machine-made article hanging, out of his reach, in the village shop. The savage gift is precarious because it is unconscious. Once let the black or the peasant become acquainted with the showy utensils of industrialism or with cheap, realistic painting and sculpture and, having no critical sense wherewith to protect himself, he will be bowled over for a certainty. He will admire: he will imitate: he will be undone.

At the root of this lack of artistic self-consciousness lies the defect which accounts for the essential inferiority of negro to the very greatest art. Savages lack self-consciousness and the critical sense because they lack intelligence. And because they lack intelligence they are incapable of profound conceptions. Beauty, taste, quality, and skill, all are here: but profundity of vision is not. And because they cannot grasp complicated ideas they fail generally to create organic wholes. One of the chief characteristics of the very greatest artists is this power of creating wholes which, as wholes, are of infinitely greater value than the sum of their parts. That, it seems to me, is what savage artists generally fail to do.

Also they lack originality. I do not forget that negro sculptors have had to work in a very strict convention. They have been making figures of tribal gods and fetiches, and have been obliged meticulously to respect the tradition. But were not European primitives and Buddhist artists similarly bound, and did they not contrive to circumvent their doctrinal limitations? That the African artists seem hardly to have attempted to conceive the figure afresh for themselves and realize in wood a personal vision does, I think, imply a definite want of creative imagination. Just how serious a defect you will hold this to be, will depend on the degree of importance you attach to complete self-expression. Savage artists seem to express themselves in details. You must seek their personality in the quality of their relief, their modulation of surface, their handling of material, and their choice of ornament. Seek, and you will be handsomely rewarded; in these things the niggers have never been surpassed. Only when you begin to look for that passionate affirmation of a personal vision, which we Europeans, at any rate, expect to find in the greatest art, will you run a risk of being disappointed. It will be then, if ever, that you will be tempted to think that these exquisitely gifted natives are perhaps as much like birds building their nests as men



Conventionalized figure



Wooden figure

(Continued on page 202)





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# The Nobuzane Scrolls

## A Series of Japanese Paintings with a Strange History

YONE NOGUCHI

**N**OBUZANE FUJIWARA, the greatest star in the artistic firmament of the Kamakura period, unites the fresh and direct expression of life; as a colorist he is master of strange new harmonies, rich and full, yet always of refined distinction. Mr. Masuda of Tokyo, it is reported, has a *Butsuga*, representing Fugen Bosatsu attended by the ten Rasetsu-jo, in which Nobuzane has achieved sumptuous effects of color which would be difficult to match even among other Japanese printings; but there can be little doubt, in Arthur Morrison's opinion, that the most splendid relic of Nobuzane left us is the ideal figure of Kobo Daishi as a child, which is in Mr. Maruyama's collection. Above and beyond all its technical beauties, which are exquisite, the picture is, as nearly all the western critics agree together, one of the noblest and loftiest and most beautiful efforts the world's art can show. Mr. Laurence Binyon's praise of this picture is in no way extravagant, Mr. Morrison says, and, as Mr. Binyon remarks, it is of a quality purely Japanese, alike apart from China and from Europe in its inward conception.

In some of Nobuzane's more loosely and freely handled work (as, for instance, in the large makimono Kitano Tenjin Engi which had been exhibited at the Japan-British Exhibition) an interesting technical method is observable, in which body color is used much as oil colors are used with the western artists. "Thus on a solidly painted thatched roof," Mr. Morrison writes, "appear patches of lichen and trails of climbing plants, laid directly over the color of the roof in freely painted *gouache* of green and red, with no aid of ink in outline or tendrils. The whole of the painting in this example was of the freest and boldest description, giving evidence of a rapid and almost careless ease of execution."

Some of the most undoubted works of Nobuzane existing are portraits of the famous thirty-six great Japanese poets; he would seem to have executed several sets of these which have become separated, some scattered and many lost in the course of the centuries. Certain sets in particular are on record as distinguished by the circumstance of the poets being seated on raised mats (*agedatami*). In many of his makimono pictures Nobuzane exhibits an easy, loose touch, but in these portraits, as in the figure of the child Kobo Daishi, we see proof of his variety of handling; he uses, according to the criticism of Arthur Morrison, a strict and fine but free and lively line and a restrained scheme of color, except in the case of the female poets, where the old court dress demands and receives the full and brilliant treatment to which the yemakimono accustom us. Mr. Morrison has the portrait of Minamoto no Shitago in his collection; he writes that the upper garment is in blue, laced at

the sleeves with a red cord, and the loose trouser-legs are in white pigment, decorated with conventionalized blossoms in silver, which has grown black from age and exposure. The lines of all the white drapery have been edged with a line of silver which is now black also, as is the silver decoration, of water and weed, on the binding of the mat. The body of the mat itself is green and the fan in the poet's hand is gold. Both blue and green have been laid on in rich body color, but much of this has flaked away, leaving only its tint behind it. The picture, which has less than a foot of superficies, Mr. Morrison thinks, is one of the very few fragments of early Tosa work which has left Japan for Europe.

The "Eshi no Soshi," or Pictorial Anec-

scrolls illustrating the life of the Priest Hohen, which are in the possession of the Chioin Temple; but the painter is decidedly of a later age than Nobuzane. We are inclined to assign the scroll to the close of the Kamakura period. This opinion in regard to the age of reproduction is based on the manners and costumes of the depicted figures. Furthermore, the style of architecture which appears in the last portion belongs to the period of transition from the *buke-zukuri* to the *shoin-zukuri*, from which point also the scroll is properly assignable to the later Kamakura period. As regards the calligraphy, the theory that both the paintings and the texts are by the same hand is chiefly based upon the last text, but this claim can hardly be accepted offhand. It is recognizable that there is a

certain resemblance between the brush stroke of the illustrations and that of the text; but, excepting the Government order in the first portion, which is written in a peculiar hand, we can only note that the rest was wholly done by a painter's brush in a serious manner. Thus, whether the painting and the writing are by the same author is open to question; and yet the claim hitherto put forward cannot be summarily rejected. Taken all in all, the present scroll, though not one of the first rank, is of great interest as exhibiting the manner of life of a painter in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries." And the editor discredits the general tradition that this scroll sets forth in picture form the life of its author, Nobuzane Fujiwara, because, he says, there are many points in the story as told in the scroll which do not coincide with the actual career of Nobuzane himself.

The scroll consists of three portions of texts and five accompanying illustrations. As far as the texts are concerned, it depicts the unhappy life of a certain poor painter; the first section of the text says: "A certain painter, who plays the leading part, received from the Court a written order graciously bestowing upon him certain estates. At this the artist's relatives were greatly delighted,

and calling his intimate friends to his house, he gave a banquet in celebration of the Government order." Then the illustrations follow, of which one shows the painter surrounded by his family and relatives, reading the order on his return from the Court; his house is minutely delineated in a miserably ruinous condition. In the other is shown the feast that he gives to his assembled relations; a man is seen dancing for joy, while others are drinking wine around the brazier. The following text is to this effect: "The painter immediately despatched a messenger to his new estates in the far distant province of Iyo. In due course of time the man returned with a letter in which it was stated that the land tax on the estate had already been fully exacted so that nothing now remained. On

(Continued on page 206)

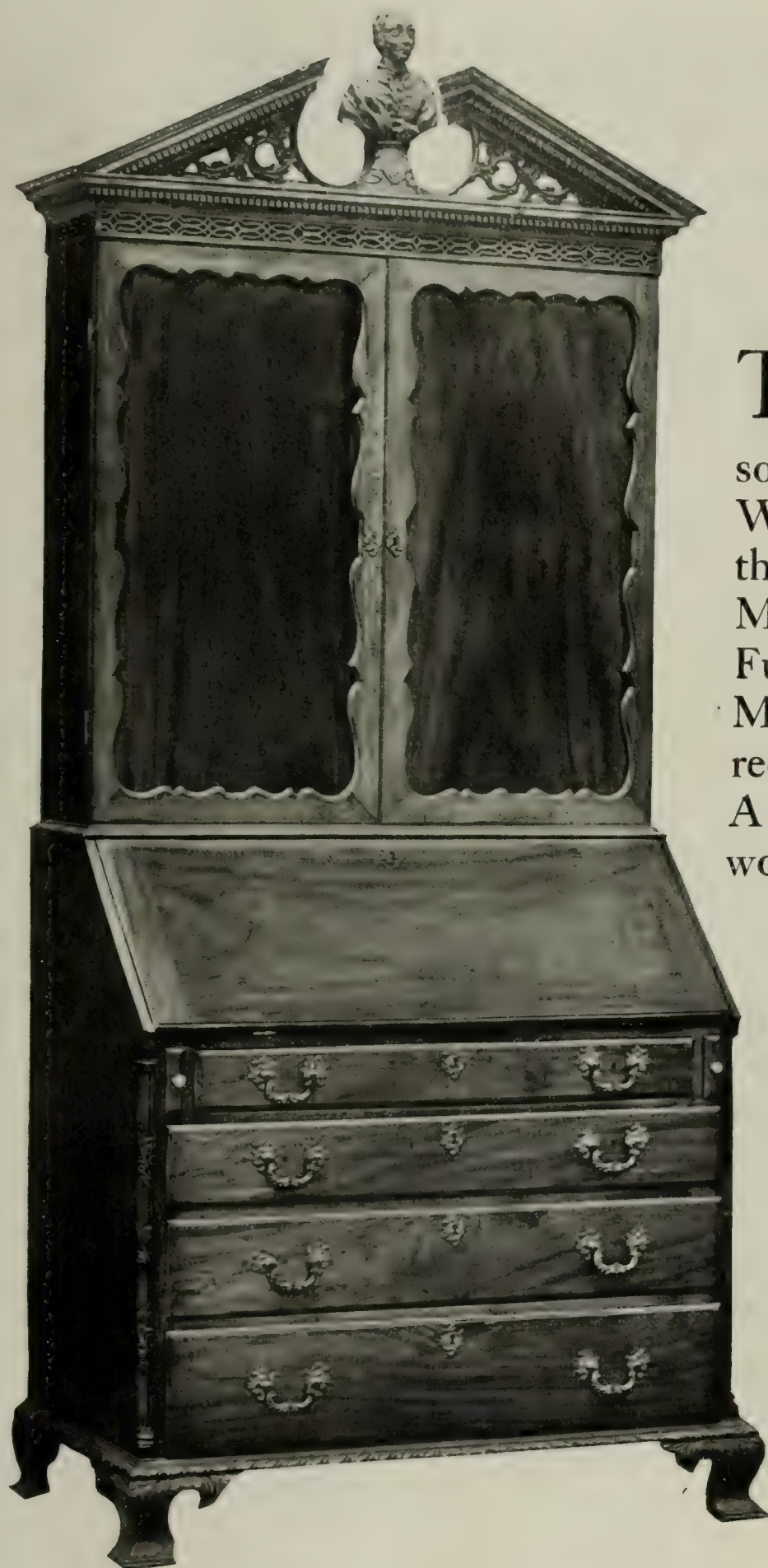


The poet Minamoto no Shitago, by Nobuzane Fujiwara

dote of a Painter, whose authorship was so often ascribed to Nobuzane Fujiwara since the second half of the eighteenth century, is sometimes reproduced in the Kokka; the editor of this famous Japanese periodical writes that the brush stroke throughout is characterized by easy and sedate qualities, though at times it is not wanting in vigor, giving the impression of no ordinary skill; while in general the painting is replete with humorous touches skilfully expressing the unsophisticated character of the artist. The coloring is in rather light tints, leaving the impression of sobriety.

The editor writes further: "As far as the pictorial style is concerned, the present scroll is more ancient, notwithstanding the slight resemblances between them, than the pictorial





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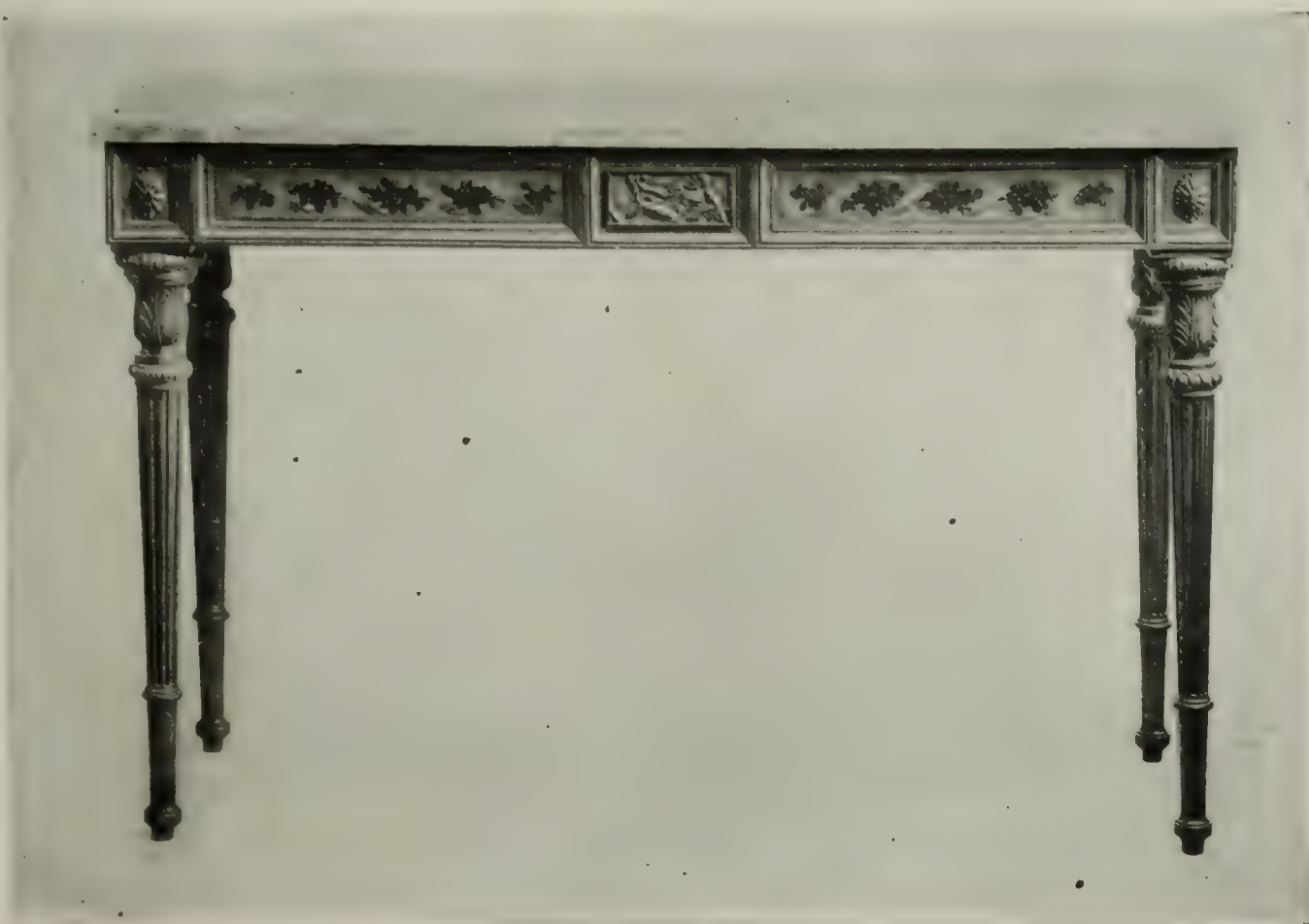
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## The Latest Developments of the Russian Stage

(Continued from page 174)

or dimmed, etc. One very interesting manifestation of this style is that the actor becomes the center of the action. The symbolism of the scenery and the closeness of the statuesque figure to the audience produces that peculiar impression which the Greek and Oriental altars do; they spiritualize a play and cause the onlookers to feel they face the boundary of a new world. This is what the Oriental plays, produced in America, never could create, as they were staged like every ordinary realistic play of the Occident. The actor in this setting becomes a magician and it is left up to him to enchant his audience.

**T**HE repertoires of the theatres that follow the symbolic school in Russia differ somewhat from the type of the Art Theatre. Thus we find that Tairoff and Meyerhold produced most successfully during the last season such plays as: "Sakuntala," by Kalidasa; "Life is a Drama," by Calderon; "The Carnival of Life," by Gourmont; "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Rostand; "Salome," by Wilde; "The Azure Carpet," by Stolitsa; "Rossignol," by Stravinsky; etc.

As the Russian theatres differ in their methods and policies, so they differ in their settings and scenic devices. A very interesting lighting system is being used by the Kommissarzhevsky Theatre in Moscow. The footlights are displaced by a bank of lights concealed in front of the proscenium top, thus avoiding bothersome shadows. The use of fine meshed gauze screens, stretched taut over the entire proscenium opening, gives the effect of a marvelous aloofness and pushes the entire scene far into the distance without making the figures smaller. Meyerhold and Tairoff apply the futurist style of scenery. The result is surprisingly satisfactory, even to the most academic minds.

Besides these two principal schools of the Russian stage, we find a number of other experimenters and modernists. A conspicuous figure among the rest is Nicholas Yevreinoff, who, after being a stage manager in the Kommissarzhevsky Theatre and in the Crooked Mirror Theatre, is now engaged with the establishment of a Theatre of the Future. Not only is Yevreinoff an excellent musician and playwright himself, but he is the propounder of a new dra-

matic theory, which he terms "Monodrama." Yevreinoff has written a large number of symbolic plays, compositions, ballets, and essays on the drama. He believes that his Monodrama will ultimately become the most important of all. He maintains that the play on the stage is in actuality only an echo of the play within ourselves. It is therefore not the actor but the onlooker who lives through the acts that he sees presented. Both the hero and the villain have to be followed at one and the same time. As a consequence, the attention of the spectator is continually drawn in opposite directions and so naturally he becomes ultimately an outsider. Now if the whole plot was staged as viewed by the principal character, the other characters acting only in a pantomime, the environment would change in their appearance with the change of his sentiment and attitude. This would ultimately introduce a unity into the play and help to bridge the stage and the audience. The speaking character would conduct the spectator through all his vicissitudes as his double and the illusion of reality would be therefore raised to the highest pitch.

**T**HESE briefly present the main features of the contemporary Russian dramatic tendencies as against the Soviet effort to nationalize all art. The latter will never be realized. The Soviet theatres, though they pick their spaces, are only limitations of the above-mentioned individual undertakings. At many places the Soviets have come to the conclusion that neither the stage nor the church ever could be nationalized, as the spirit of these institutions is so vital and dynamic that the political pressure, no matter in what form, will never be able to manipulate them for its specific aims. The revolutionary waves have retarded, perhaps for a few years, the more rapid development of the Russian stage, yet they have given also that spirit of resistance and sincerity which marked the development of the early Christian martyrs. When under war and revolution Russia gave up one aspect after another of her normal life, she kept her theatre to the last. And even if she has to give up a large number of her municipal and state theatres, she will cling to the end to her most inspiring dramatic institutions.

## The Westchester Floralia

**T**HE Westchester Floralia, which, with its wonderful flower display and sculpture exhibit, was held so successfully at Hartsdale, N.Y., last September, will be repeated in 1921. The executive committee of the Flo-

ralia have decided that it should be held alternately in the autumn and the spring, thereby obtaining the garden results of both seasons. The date of the next Floralia has been set for some time in June, 1921.





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Charles, son of C. H. Morse, Jr., Chicago, painted by Charles Sneed Williams

## Themes of the English Sporting Print in Paint

(Continued from page 170)

horses, to put intelligence into their beautiful strength, this artist of long ago.

Another painter, J. N. Sartorius, still earlier, in 1808, shows his love of animals in a canvas called *Hunting*. A different style of horse is here, light-stepping as a deer, and surrounded by a pack of eager dogs nervously happy, intelligently alert. It is the absorbing moment when the scent is sure to the young and inexperienced hounds, but to the wiser dogs there are possibilities still of a delay to prevent a false lead. The artistic goal of the painter is reached by a setting of uncommon beauty. Rugged trees of ancient growth throw their plumes against

the sky in softened masses, and their boles make mazes in which the farthest horses are lost.

Portraits of Charles Sneed Williams invite one into a smallish room where a pleasant company is gathered. The young girl is there, the human flower, and the maturer woman with developed character well expressed. Also one lingers before two portraits of men, one in the enviable time of life, the other a man nearly a centenarian, but painted with a skill that shows his enviable sagacity and mellow alertness. A few children enliven the group, one of the most engaging of which is that of Charles, son of C. H. Morse, Jr., Esq., of Chicago.

## Hall-Marks of Musical Snobs

(Continued from page 156)

tion that not only new works be published in this way, but also those which have stood the test of public performance, as revealed by the programs of the more daring organizations. In America the Flonzaley and Letz Quartets, the New York Symphony, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit and Chicago Orchestras could doubtless name a dozen pieces worthy of such preservation. Our own Society for the Publication of American Music is doing valuable work in making our better chamber music available, and may later ex-

tend its activities to orchestral music. But organizations can, after all, only to a certain extent form and lead public taste; they cannot create it; above all they cannot effectively oppose it. It is only when more liberal and cultivated views than the entertainment-luxury-snobism view of music get widely disseminated among the people, as they have done in recent years in England for example, that native music emerges from the shadow of foreign domination, and begins to flourish and wax great.





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## From Dancing to Drama

*AContinued from page 172)*

Duncan's danced commentary on the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. Unhappily, the critics of New York made the mistake of supposing that the dancer wished to illuminate the soul and moods of Beethoven. The truth is that she had a different object. She was expressing the emotions roused in her soul by the music of the composer. And that is why her dancing was dramatic.

Ruth St. Denis, who for a time was popular, did much in her Egyptian and Hindu "interpretations" to poetize and, incidentally, to dramatize the dance. She had, in certain cases, been anticipated by the Italian, Teresa Cerutti, who, in the austere recesses of the Louvre, had revived dances of the high priestesses of Isis. The general tendency of Duncan, Cerutti, and Ruth St. Denis was to give less and less importance to mere movements of the feet and hands and more to pantomime, to expression, and to rhythm. Their so-called dances were made up of lovely posturings and poetic gestures, to harmonious swayings and inflections of the body, inspired by emotions of the soul. There is a gulf between such operatic ballets as "Coppelia" and "Sylvia," and the "Yogi" of Ruth St. Denis, the "Orpheus" of Duncan, and the "Isis" or "Salome" of Cerutti.

Poetry and sensuousness—not to say sensuality—joined hands with drama in Maude Allan's "Vision of Salome," which for two seasons thrilled the Londoners so deeply. Much that was best in Allan's art was learned from Duncan, whom she had watched and studied, most assiduously, before she gave up the piano for the dance. And, like Duncan, this Maude Allan was subjective, not objective, in her art. More cerebral, perhaps, than her rare teacher. Less beautiful, her "Vision of Salome" appealed partly to the mind of the spectator, but chiefly to the lurking, sensual feeling of the average man. In her two efforts to suggest the play of Wilde (one to the accompaniment of music by Pierre, the other to a setting by Florent Schmitt), our own Loie Fuller was more certainly dramatic. She really postured and expressed herself in gesture, not by rhythms. "La Loie" as they called her then in Paris, never "danced." Her feet were nearly always motionless. Her body swayed. Her arms were freely used. Her face did something also to help drama.

And this reminds one that the dancers of the East are equally reticent as to the use of feet in what they know as dancing. The Ouled Nails, of whom we read in Robert Hichens' charming "Garden of Allah," are sensuous posturers. So are the Burmese dancers and the Hindu Nautch girls. So are the Almees, of the Arab school. Once, wishing to pique Gallic curiosity, a manager of the

Folies-Bergère in Paris, imported some real Almees. They fell quite flat. The spoiled Parisian world rejected them. Then, very wisely, the same manager replaced them by mock-Almees, from Montmartre and the Boulevards. They danced according to the style long thought by Frenchmen to be truly Oriental—the style to which their opera had accustomed them. And, with their shams, they scored a great success.

What would you do? We are all the slaves of habit. I dare say you, who read of them, would not thrill if you could see the Ouled Nails. Not half as much, in any case, as you do now when you look on at the gymnastics of the ballet in "Aïda," "Samson and Dalila," or "Herodiade." You long for agility, for toe-dancing with dramatic dancing. Those twirling feet, the contortions of those arms, to you say more, I fear, than "the expression of the soul" by means of movement.

The Roman mimes, who could draw tears from cruel eyes, by the strange eloquence with which they set forth a tragedy, or an elegy, attained their ends by movements of the feet, by facial gesture. They accompanied themselves on simple instruments. The poetic Greeks, in singing and dancing choruses, commented on and prepared one for the tragedies devised by men of genius. But they were fortunate in having as their audiences those thousands upon thousands of spectators trained to love beauty, to respond to art, to collaborate with the actors and the singers.

I am entirely in accord with that admirable rival of Pavlova and Karsovin, who vows that dancing is, in many ways, superior to opera; both as an art in itself and as a means of interpreting music. But I think the Russian should have added drama. Its field is not so wide as that of drama—that, all know. Yet, in its field, it can accomplish marvels.

The immediate links between drama and the dance are music and pantomime. No words are needed to express emotion, if, in their place, we have those other arts. We had them both when, in the long ago, that delicate artist, Pilar-Morin, appeared here as Pierrot, in "L'Enfant Prodigue." We had them, more or less, in the charming character sketches and mimed dance plays of Genée. We had them in the exquisite "Dying Swan," and other *divertissements* of Pavlova, and in the performances of Pilar-Morin.

The time may come when, as has more than once been prophesied by Duncan, a high priestess of the dance, some great artist will be born into the world who, in himself, will be a Wagner, a Nijinsky, and a poet. Then we may witness the unfolding of a new, rare art, combining dancing with drama, drama with poetry.



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*Faunting flowers and glowing fruit inspire Le Riche in this group*

## A Revival of the Decorative Paintings of the Eighteenth Century

(Continued from page 166)

dication of man in the middle plane, the shadow of earth beneath, and the aspiration heavenward in the upreaching curves. The quality of seriousness is present, of sapience subtly conveyed, of thought sheathed in beauty, and an almost monastic repression. The low key of rich color, the necessarily varied palette with purpling shadows, all give a sense of finish. It was an inspiration to place such a vase of flowers within the shelter of a simulated niche and to drape above a garland of laurel. To none but a sensitive painter would such a thought occur.

Van Spaendonck's aim was to put in the salon a basket of fresh flowers crisp with the bath of dew. And lest one forget the purlieus from whence came these aristocrats, he sets them on a marble standard of the garden beside a marble vase. The composition glows with nobility and grace, the flowers fall with a mock dependence against the marble, showing a perfection of painting that tempts one to press the sap from a succulent hyacinth bloom, a perfection that makes one wonder over the method of today.

Sauvage set his work with Van Spaendonck's to produce two paintings of distinctive charm. All trace of the sensuous, voluptuous spirit seen in the earlier canvas is absent in this pair. Sauvage has painted in grisaille an oval medallion of amorini at play which hark

back to those of Giulio Romano in intent. It remained for Van Spaendonck to hang this low relief upon a wall of warm gray brick splashed with pink shadings, and to frame it with garlands. In one case it is set in flowers sweetly rigid as a country maid at church. The prim perfection aims at a conventionality that shall not shock by contrast the adamant of the sculptured medallion. The second bas-relief is hung with grapes, the green-white grapes of France, which offer themselves in liquid bunches to the thirsty voyager, or in rich red clusters to the wine-vat. And all blended with these, the sprays of blackberries that grow so madly plentiful in all the byways of Brittany.

Decorative paintings of dogs must have dead game in them to please the Eighteenth Century convention. Oudry, *filis*, made most of the dogs, and by the tricks that painters know, directs the eye at the alert and sympathetic animals. Could he have been making a plea most effectually camouflaged for the abandonment of the practice of shooting the trembling hare, or the bird of no defense? Contrast the nervous intelligence of the dogs with the sad abandon of the lifeless game, and the painter's intent seems plain. Oudry's dogs make lines of beauty, lines of decoration, with the fine, open curve of the hound's long back combining with the circle of a huntsman's horn.

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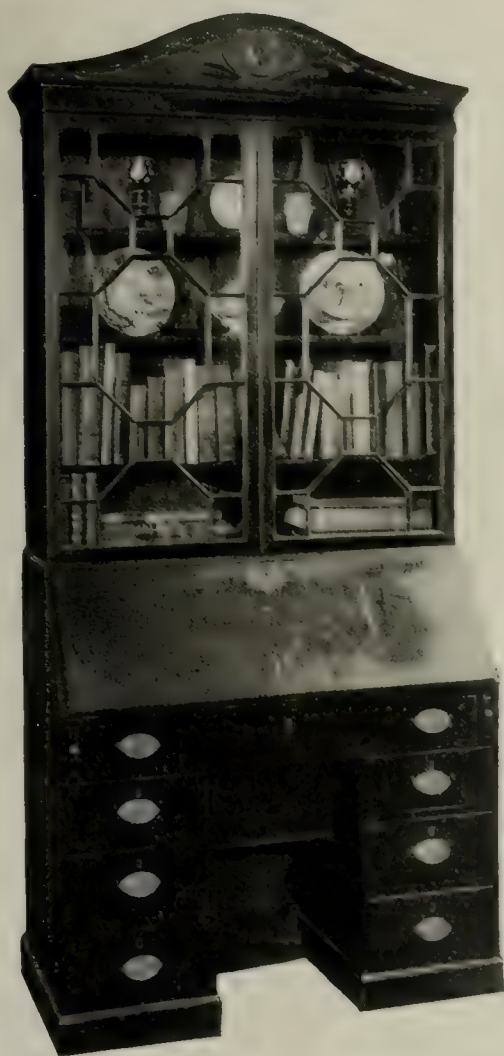
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## Art in American Industry

(Continued from page 176)

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I do not think any central organization can lay down arbitrary rules for the guidance of a particular industry, and I emphasize the thought again that each industry must be induced to take up the problem in its own way and by its own means. But if an industry, as important as that of textiles, and in many ways as backward before this period in art matters, can achieve success by a combination of the forces I have mentioned, their plan of operation is at least worthy of consideration by any other industry anxious to advance its standard of industrial art.

### *Quotation from Julius Rosenwald*

**JULIUS ROSENWALD**, head of Sears, Roebuck & Co., says: "The most striking thing we have learned about human beings is that the American standard of living is the highest in the world. The American people has the best taste of any people in the world. And it has the greatest buying power of any nation on the globe. We Americans wear better clothes, live in more artistic homes, and have more comforts, conveniences and luxuries than anybody else on God's earth."

### *An Expression from Louis C. Tiffany*

**DECLARING** that the average American would rather bring back poor and thoroughly inartistic work from abroad than purchase domestic art in his own country, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany recently expressed several opinions, which are of unusual interest at this time to American industrial art:

One of the greatest detriments to the success of industrial art in this country is that with a few notable exceptions our manufacturers are entirely too commercial. We imitate rather than originate, and as a result the country is flooded with inartistic reproductions of the few original creations which have been accepted by connoisseurs. This free circulation of cheap and inartistic imitations must be overcome before a sound American national art can be developed.

The evil lies not in the fact of imitation, nor even in producing imitations cheap in price, but in inartistic imitations. There is no quarrel with quantity production, providing it is really good. On the contrary, if the cheap reproduction is artistic a service has been rendered to the country. We should produce as cheaply as possible, so long as the production is compatible with artistic standards; the cheaper the better. It is even possible to make our five and ten cent articles artistic. The price of an article never makes a work

of art; fabulous prices have been paid for rubbish.

We must employ artists in factories, and we must educate the public to a more genuine appreciation. A business man should have an artist to supervise his production; colors must be properly mixed and blended, parts properly matched, designs appropriately made. If the business man trusts only to his practical judgment, his product is likely to be grotesque and inartistic. The artist must become as much a part of the business as the efficiency expert.

Once given a chance and a start, the American gets further with the things he undertakes than anyone else. Considering the beginnings of our history, our frontier existence, and our struggles with the elements—which left no time for cultural occupations—we have made wonderful progress and have arrived at a most satisfactory stage of artistic development and appreciation; but we are still far from the desired goal.

Concerning the creation of designs, I think that our own are about the same in kind and quality as the foreign, but that labor circumstances have made a vast difference in their development. The artistic sense in the European worker was cultivated as a result of the apprenticeship system, whereby the worker received no remuneration for his work until he had made good. In consequence, he was conscientious and eager to be creative as soon as possible. Another thing which tends to develop the artistic sense in the foreigner is the fact that most of his spare time is spent in the museums, at the opera or concert. On the other hand, our own workmen usually find their enjoyment in the moving picture palace, the dance hall, and other such places of amusement.

### *Sidney Blumenthal, President Shelton Looms*

**THE** most useful thing for industrial art in America is general education of the kind presented in ARTS & DECORATION. That portion of the public which does not know must become acquainted with what art really means. The prevailing conception is a vague idea that art is something ethereal, and that to make it useful by associating it with industry is to lower it. It has been my experience that our most artistic products are the best sellers.

The company maintains its own staff of designers, who keep in constant touch with the leading thoughts and works of the master artists. Mr. Blumenthal voices the need for a large practical design school for New York. The existing schools, he thinks, turn out scholars more than practical designers; and he pledged active interest to such a large practical school.



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Mr. Blumenthal also feels that the idea is quickly vanishing that foreign goods are better. The American manufacturer is conscientiously attempting to produce better things; and already many of his regular commercial products have found their way to the finest art museums.

The production and demand for fine articles are both cause and effect of one another. Louis XIV style is not for longshoremens, but the ideas are available for his wife and daughter. With their appreciation, cultivated and aroused by contact with more beauty in everyday articles of manufacture, they will commence to be critical of other articles which are not artistically made. The process is a long one, to be sure. It is one of those "circles" which are not vicious.

"Our artistic sense is still in its infancy," he said. "ARTS & DECORATION is performing a real service. It is the proper medium to carry this new message to Garcia, and will in time accomplish much good both for the public and for industry."

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FURNITURE design has behind it a classic heritage in almost the same degree as has architecture. Just as no modern architecture, other than our skyscrapers, has been successful unless inspired very largely by work of the past, so the furniture designer has also failed whenever he has cut away from the old traditions and attempted to carve out an original path. There is and should be the closest relationship between furniture and its background, the house. And until we have a wholly distinct style in architecture, we shall have no wholly distinct new style in furniture design. . . .

The fundamental problem upon which all else hinges is the matter of public education. We already have designers as clever as any age has seen and some craftsmen as capable as any craftsmen of the past. I have not the slightest doubt that we have the designers and craftsmen available to increase the output of industrial art objects, in which America can take great pride not less than one hundred per cent. Nor have I the slightest doubt that, within a reasonable time, the business men engaged in these industries would find the means to increase the output a thousand per cent more. We need first, however, the cultivation of our national good taste, which can be stimulated by well-directed propaganda. We need, second, a greater national pride in the products of America, which, too, can be stimulated in the same manner.

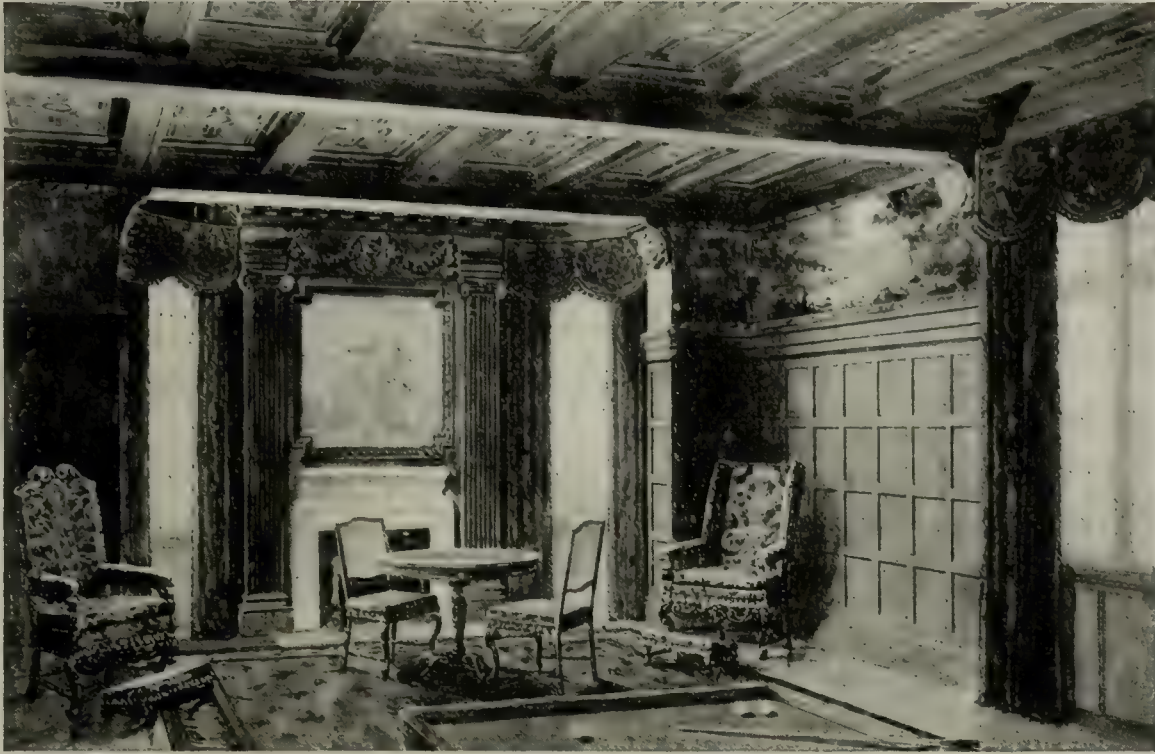
As to the form this educational movement should take, I think first that our museums should be brought to appreciate the vital importance of the industrial arts in the cultural development of our people. There is a wholly sympathetic relation between the fine arts and the industrial arts, which had its fullest realization in the Golden Age of the Renaissance, and which it should be our greatest effort to restore. There is nothing incongruous in emphasizing this relationship by housing the treasures of both under one roof; in fact, the art quality of both can be appreciated to the fullest only by intelligent assembly of one with the other. We should take the position that the function of a museum is not merely to be a place of public amusement, but an institute of instruction through which can be opened up high roads to the unending source of pleasure which only an appreciation of beauty holds.

Ralph E. Erskine, President, Erskine-Danforth Corporation

EVERY civilization, I believe, can be diagnosed by an examination of the products it makes and consumes. Whatever we buy and use is a direct reflection on or of our personalities. The greatest works of art were not made for museums. The ethereal, garret idea of art is all wrong. In Florence and old France the greatest artists worked for men who bought their products for homes or public buildings or churches. And this condition makes for the greatest art, whether you call it industrial, fine, or applied. The greatest problem confronting every factory today is to produce fine things on a quantity basis which will support the business. Generally speaking, individuality and volume are incompatible. The solution to the problem lies in cultivating the artistic or creative impulses in labor.

Originally, our people came from lands where beauty was used. After overcoming the hardships of the new continent, the settlers began using beautiful objects. These were, for the most part, brought over from Europe. The invention of steam revolutionized mankind. Men and women became far more interested in building great ships and railroads and the financial machinery to make possible the great industries for which our days are famous. We lost interest in beauty and form as compared with accomplishment. Now we come to the time when the grandchildren of the founders of these great industries have the leisure to indulge their tastes for beauty of form, line and color. We face a new condition in America. We are no longer pioneering, as when steam invention came. We are in the midst of a great American Renaissance of Art.





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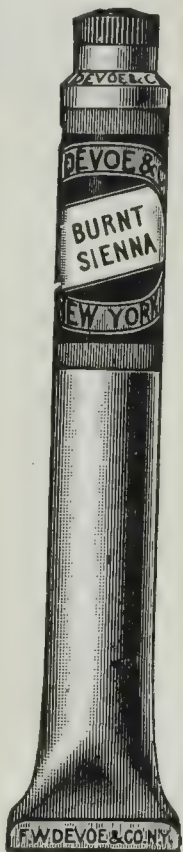
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## D'Indy

(Continued from page 157)

procedure would explain the curious shape of "Istar," the orchestral variations on a theme that makes its appearance only at the close of the variations. The complexities of the B-flat major symphony seem, oftentimes, purely arbitrary; there is a good deal of unnecessary rhythmical change; the effect of the theme in 3/2 time is not entirely happy; the sequence of notes is too often precisely the one which one is not led to expect. Throughout the work one is made to feel that d'Indy had conceived the idea that symphonic music must develop in complexity, and had set out deliberately to make it do so. Moreover, the chief themes of the work have a distinctly literary significance. Are they not the result of reflexion on the chief themes of Franck's symphony? To be sure, d'Indy's command of the technique of composition is prodigious; he has a virtuosic ability to deform thematic material, to create counterpoint, to conceal dull passages with deft writing. But, on the whole, his music reveals its origin, and smells strongly of the lamp.

It is precisely for the reason that d'Indy is so little the liberated and co-ordinated man that one would like every artist to be, that one regrets the character of the sort of young American composer who has lately come into being. For this new hopeful of music has invariably just returned from Paris, where he has had a few lessons at the Scola Cantorum, and he stops you to inform you that there is no living musical messiah but Vincent d'Indy, and that César Franck was his baptist. Now, artistic chapels of all sorts, without exception, whether they are the centers of worship of a d'Indy or a Debussy, a Cézanne or a Renoir, are symptoms of spiritual ill health. The well-functioning artistic com-

munity, it seems, is an aggregation of freethinkers, and the existence in the American mind of a pantheon, prepared for the housing of an endless succession of new gods, is one of the chief signs of its calowness. Nevertheless, one cannot help regarding the installation of d'Indy, despite his veritable achievements, despite the nobility of certain of his compositions, as particularly disquieting. It is from the very spiritual defects which cause so many of d'Indy's works to see the light as half-living organisms that the young American artist suffers most. Much of our intellectual immaturity, as Van Wyck Brooks has so often pointed out, is due to a weakness of instinct, a fear of individual and passionate utterance, heritages of pioneer civilization. And while devotions offered at the shrine of a Moussorgsky, a Debussy, or any other artistic radical, might be forgiven, men chained as Americans are chained, might even be construed as symptoms of one of those disorders of the body through which a new and larger well-being is achieved; devotions offered artists of the stamp of d'Indy, on the contrary, prove that the malady continues, and that it continually finds new methods of entrenching itself. It is as such a fortification of the American tabus that the cult for d'Indy presents itself to our eyes. It is his own incompleteness that the young American is admiring in the form of the French composer; his own bonds that he is binding more firmly in the act of accepting the man as his model. The arrival of an American musical expression, though it may not have been retarded, has certainly not been greatly expedited by the musicians in Boston and New York responsible for the rapid spread of the new cult.

## Georgian Colonial for Country Houses

(Continued from page 162)

slight indication of future uses of the style in other types of building. It is strange that Stanford White's keen appreciation of the old buildings of Harvard University, resulting in the beautiful Colony Club and the Harvard Club in New York City, did not bear further fruit among other architects. Certain banks, a few small office buildings, some school buildings, civic buildings and libraries in the style have been uniformly successful and satisfying.

So liable are critics to the charge of dogmatism and the *idée fixe*, that the writer feels impelled to submit a little corroborative evidence in support of this thesis on the present reversion to the Georgian type.

In the realm of furniture, the "four-poster" bed was never more popular—and with it there is a

vigorous demand for highboys, lowboys, and all manner of William and Mary and Queen Anne pieces. These, of course, are not, chronologically, Georgian, but, immediately preceding the Georgian period, they are found in many a Georgian house. The furniture of the Brothers Adam, of Heppelwhite, Sheraton and Chippendale are so much a part of the Georgian house that our acceptance of them (once the great Renaissance of American Taste had set in) was never questioned. These things, it seemed, belonged to us from the first, and since the supply of pedigreed antiques in the homes of the "first families" was all too inadequate in quantity, the furniture manufacturers were quick to fashion reproductions and adaptations of pieces which they knew would find ready and continuous acceptance.





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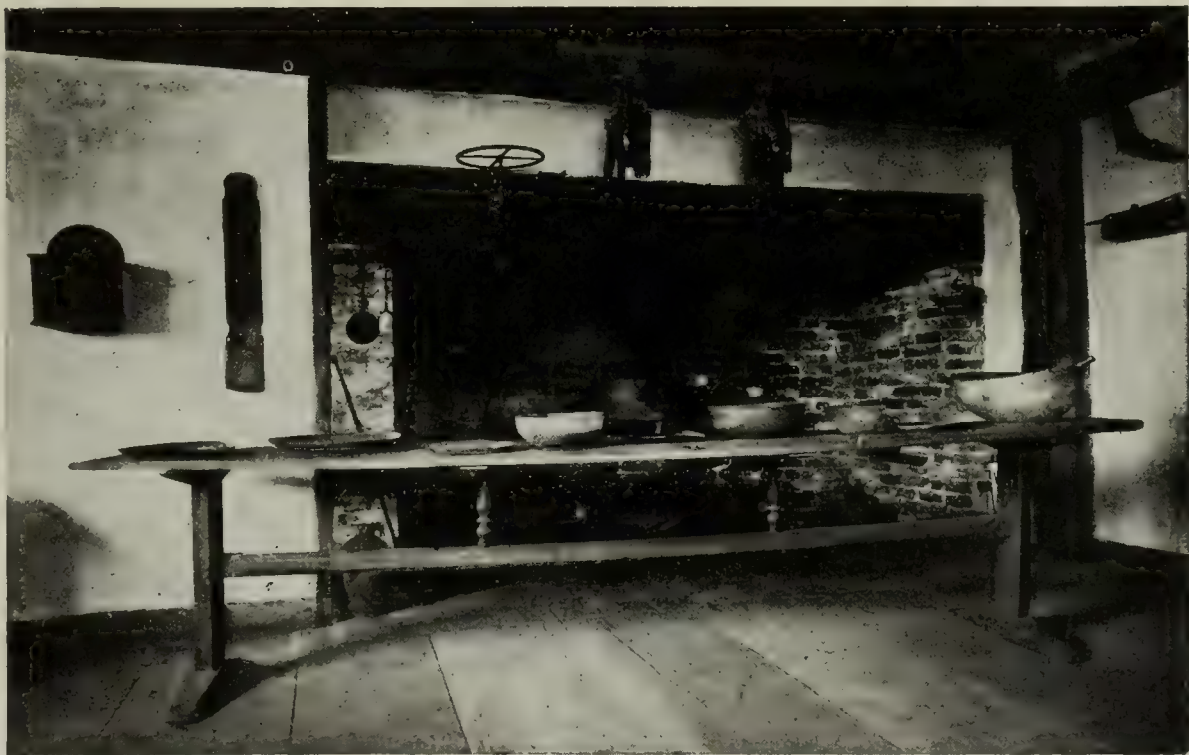
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## Negro Sculpture

(Continued from page 178)

expressing their profoundest emotions.

And now come the inevitable questions—where were these things made and when? At different times and in different places would be the safe and sensible reply. About the provenance of any particular piece it is generally possible to say something vague: about dates we know next to nothing. At least I do: and when I consider that we have no records and no trustworthy criteria, and that so learned and brilliant an archæologist as Mr. Joyce professes ignorance, I am not much disposed to believe that anyone knows more. I am aware that certain amateurs think to enhance the value of their collections by conferring dates on their choicer specimens; I can understand why dealers encourage them in this vanity; and, seeing that they go to the collectors and dealers for their information, I suppose one ought not to be surprised when journalists come out with their astounding attributions. The facts are as follows.

WE know that Portuguese adventurers had a considerable influence on African art in the sixteenth and even in the fifteenth century. There begins our certain knowledge. Of work so influenced a small quantity exists. Of earlier periods we know nothing precise. There are oral traditions of migrations, empires and dynasties: often there is evidence of past invasions and the supersession of one culture by another: and that is all. The discoveries of explorers have so far thrown little light on archæology; and, in most parts of West and Central Africa, it would be impossible even for trained archæologists to establish a chronological sequence such as can be formed where objects are found buried in the sand one above the other. But, in fact, it is to vague traders and missionaries rather than to trained archæologists that we owe most of our fine pieces, which, as often as not, have been passed from hand to hand till, after many wanderings, they reached the coast. Add to all this the fact that most African sculpture is in wood (except, of course, those famous products of early European influence, the bronze castings from Benin), that this wood is exposed to a devastating climate—hot and damp—to say nothing of the still more deadly white ants, and you will probably agree that the dealer or amateur who betickets his prizes with such little tags as "Gabun,

10th century," evinces a perhaps exaggerated confidence in our gullibility.

Whenever these artists may have flourished, it seems they flourish no more. The production of idols and fetiches continues, but the production of fine art is apparently at an end. The tradition is moribund, a misfortune one is tempted to attribute, along with most that have lately afflicted that unhappy continent, to the whites. To do so, however, would not be altogether just. Such evidence as we possess—and pretty slight it is—goes to show that even in the uninvaded parts of West Central Africa the arts are decadent: wherever the modern white has been busy they are, of course, extinct. According to experts, negro art, already in the eighteenth century, was falling into a decline from some obscure, internal cause. Be that as it may, it was doomed in any case. Before the bagman with his Brummagem goods an art of this sort was bound to go the way that in Europe our applied arts, the art of the potter, the weaver, the builder and the joiner, the arts that in some sort resembled it, have gone. No purely instinctive art can stand against the machine. And thus it comes about that, at the present moment, we have in Europe the extraordinary spectacle of a grand efflorescence of the highly self-conscious, self-critical, intellectual, individualistic art of painting amongst the ruins of the instinctive, uncritical, communal, and easily impressed arts of utility. Industrialism which, with its vulgar finish and superabundant ornament, has destroyed not only popular art but popular taste, has merely isolated the self-conscious artist and the critical appreciator; and the nineteenth century (from Stephenson to Mr. Ford), which ruined the crafts in painting (from Ingres to Picasso), rivals the fifteenth.

MEANWHILE, the scholarly activities of dealers and journalists notwithstanding, there is no such thing as nigger archæology; for which let us be thankful. Here, at any rate, are no great names to scare us into dishonest admiration. Here is no question of dates and schools to give the lecturer his chance of spoiling our pleasure. Here is nothing to distract our attention from the one thing that matters—æsthetic significance. Here is nigger sculpture: you may like it or dislike it, but at any rate you have no inducement to judge it on anything but its merits.

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THE editors of ARTS & DECORATION invite correspondence from any of their readers who may be in doubt concerning matters of furnishing and decoration. Little doubts as to color, fabrics and furniture often arise which our experts would be glad to discuss, if the matter is laid before them through correspondence.





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## Architectural Impressions

(Continued from page 160)

While the majority of the build-  
ings illustrated in this article are  
of brick with white trim and are  
derived pretty directly from Co-  
lonial or Georgian motives, it must  
not be thought that our only suc-  
cessful small public buildings have  
been in these materials or in this  
type of design.

Certainly for New England, and  
indeed the entire eastern part of  
the United States, the Colonial  
precedent naturally suggests itself  
for public work with a force that  
does not apply to the middle west  
(where there is no historic prece-  
dent), or to the far west, where  
the historic old buildings are of  
the Spanish Colonial, or so-called  
mission type. I have not been able  
to secure any photographs of at-  
tractive small public buildings in  
the Spanish style, but I am told  
that several of the smaller cities or  
towns in southern California and  
in Arizona and New Mexico have  
public buildings of great excellence  
both practically and artistically in  
which the native style has been  
used. Certainly where there is a  
style which is historic to a com-  
munity the community building  
should be designed in accordance  
with it, and where an old example  
exists it should be carefully pre-  
served, as is the case in New Or-  
leans, where the famous old "Ca-  
bildo" of Spanish times still serves  
the city fathers.

The modern buildings I have  
used to illustrate this article were  
designed for three different pur-  
poses: town halls, libraries, and  
one community house, that latest  
and most interesting development  
of modern life.

Of the town halls, that at Hunt-  
ington, Long Island, designed by  
Peabody, Wilson and Brown, is  
the oldest, and by virtue of its ex-  
ample has influenced many other  
communities for good. It is set on  
a rather small triangular lot in  
the fork of a "Y" between two  
main traveled roads, not directly  
in the center of the town but ad-  
jacent thereto, which accounts for  
its rather unusual plan with the  
wings at an angle to the front. The  
architects thoughtfully made a vir-  
tue of what many of us would have  
regarded as a handicap, and have  
developed a plan which is as prac-  
tical and logical as the façade is  
beautiful. The materials are sim-  
ple and the ornamentation rather  
sparse, but the beautiful proportion  
of the order which forms the cen-  
tral motive is accentuated by the  
simplicity of the other portion.

Not dissimilar in character, al-  
though entirely different in plan  
and in its location, is the Town  
Hall at Milford, Connecticut, de-  
signed by Tracy and Swartwout.  
This is the fourth of the town halls  
of Milford which has been erected  
on the same site, the three earlier  
ones having been destroyed by fire,  
and the site, with the entrance  
façade facing the principal street  
of a town which has preserved

much of its Colonial air, very prop-  
erly emphasizes the simple classic  
portico, which was the whole archi-  
tectural stock in trade of Colonial  
builders, and of which an infinite  
series of variations seem to be pos-  
sible. The rear of the building  
could no more be neglected than  
the front, since it looked out upon  
a pleasant little lake; and the  
architects went to infinite pains to  
make this façade one of nobility  
without detracting from the im-  
portance of the entrance side. It  
was a most successful solution of  
a simple yet difficult problem.

The newest of the town halls is  
that at Hempstead, Long Island,  
Stewart Wagner, architect, and it  
is indeed so new that the surround-  
ings have not yet been completed,  
and it was with difficulty that the  
architect was persuaded to permit  
its publication in its present condi-  
tion. Perhaps it suffers by lack  
of proper planting of trees and so  
forth, but it is of a degree of ex-  
cellence so great that I could not  
refrain from including it among  
the illustrations of what I think  
the best work we have in the East.  
Like all the other town halls illus-  
trated, it is of brick and wood, a  
combination which our better archi-  
tects handle with most felicitous  
results, and which is neither too  
monumental for the country, nor  
unworthy of a public building.  
The order is of regular excellence,  
and the whole disposition of the  
masses of the building and of the  
openings in those masses is one  
which needs no comment of mine  
to compel admiration.

The Weston Town Hall,  
Messrs. Bigelow & Wadsworth,  
architects, is a Massachusetts ex-  
ample which shows the prevalence  
of the type in the East, and by a  
comparison of it with the others  
one can learn how flexible the style  
is and how readily the same simple  
motives can be varied to meet dif-  
ferent conditions and to produce  
new and delightful effects. It is  
impossible to say which of them is  
the best; each is beautiful and in  
the same way, but each has its own  
peculiar quality of charm which  
renders it deserving of attention.

The Community house at Water-  
town, of which Electus D. Litch-  
field was the architect, is interest-  
ing from several different points of  
view. The Community house is,  
as above said, a comparatively new  
development of our country life,  
and one which seems destined to  
become daily more vital and impor-  
tant in our country life, taking, at  
least to some extent, the place of  
the church in Colonial days as a  
center in social affairs, as well as  
affording an opportunity for lec-  
tures and the like educational en-  
terprises. This particular example  
is a combination of shops with a  
hall and offices, tending not only to  
raise the standard of the "village  
store" building but also to help pay  
the expenses of the community ac-  
tivities. The shop fronts them-



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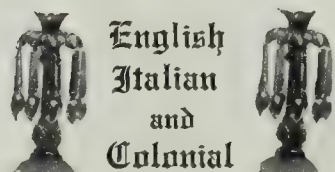


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selves are especially worth attention, because they combine a thoroughly practical type of shop front with a truly quaint and picturesque exterior. The entrance to the hall is placed at one side, with fire exits in the rear, and offices below, an unusual and interesting scheme and one which appears to have excellent financial possibilities aside from the delightful exterior from all points of view. We will unquestionably see many more Community buildings during the next few years, but doubt if we see many more charming and more practical than this.

The third type of public building illustrated in this article is the library. It is unfortunate that the architectural tone of the great number of libraries erected by the late Mr. Carnegie did not attain a high standard of architectural merit in accord with their practical excellence, and the two illustrated were erected from other funds, and with architects who designed the buildings to be object lessons in themselves as well as mere containers of books. Both are doubtless familiar to everyone who is at all interested in the art of architecture, for both have been very fully illustrated in the architectural papers, and have figured prominently in the architectural illustrations. The library at Great Barrington, designed by Blanchard and Barnes, is smaller than the Ferguson Memorial Library at Stamford, Connecticut (Tracy and Swartwout, architects), but does not yield place to its greater brother in exquisite conception or perfection of execution. They are both most admirable structures, so good that nothing can be said which they do not themselves say better.

Fortunately those shown do not exhaust even the limited list with which I am familiar, and it is a

matter of congratulation to many another American town, Naugatuck, Goshen and Nutley, to mention only three, that they have honestly striven for an ideal and accomplished it. Here in the United States we have accomplished enormously in the few generations since the settlement, and the common tendency seems to be to pat ourselves on the back for having built so many miles of road, installed so many telephones and built so many automobiles, with an amount of labor far inferior to that of any European nations over this same term of years, and to fatuously regard art as a frill, a fad, or an unnecessary adornment to be added if it didn't cost too much, but looked at somewhat askance as savoring of European decadence. Good architecture is far from being a frill or embroidery on the solid fabric of our buildings, but should be as definitely a part of it as good plumbing or adequate ventilation: our ancestors were far less able to pay for useless ornament than are we, and did not; but they got, even without insisting on it, good architecture. Their buildings are in consequence preserved, where our modern structures of commercial type are ruthlessly replaced by bigger (if not better) ones when the conditions indicate a better investment, and there we lose annually enormous sums of money unnecessarily through wastage of what might be useful if it were more beautiful. Our ancestors got good design unconsciously, automatically: today we must take thought to secure it, and until we are as a nation accustomed to demand that good design be thrown in with the practical and sensible planning of every one of our structures our country will never attain the uniform high standard of a hundred years ago.

## The Nobuzane Scrolls

(Continued from page 180)

hearing this report, all the hangers-on at the painter's house quickly deserted him and his family, and his affairs became more and more deplorable. The painter lost no time in complaining to the official in charge of the state of the land tax on his domain, but, as ill fortune would have it, the domain itself, according to the statement of the official, was found to have been privately transferred to a certain temple. Thereupon the artist was very much disheartened and went back to his home. He then took the matter to a superior official, who immediately told the Emperor the particulars of the painter's straitened circumstances. The Emperor was greatly moved, and was graciously pleased to bestow upon him the province where his estates were to have been. The painter now implored that his domain might be changed, as the province was too far from his home. Upon this the Court decided to take the matter into consideration. He waited

and waited, but no further report reached him. His family stood face to face with ruin.

But the most interesting thing with this scroll is its strange story; it was formerly preserved in Kyoto, though the original possessor of it still remains unknown; but on February 23, 1848, Ryoban Kohitsu, a well-known connoisseur of pictures and calligraphs, who became its owner in course of time, presented it to the Shogunate. When the Emperor Meiji was pleased to visit Prince Tokugawa at his mansion on October 31, 1887, the family presented to His Majesty an old sword and this famous scroll. The general public, however, still believed that the scroll had been burnt at the time of the downfall of Yedo. On the demise of the Emperor Meiji, on the 30th of July, 1902, the Imperial treasures were examined, and among them this scroll, together with the famous scroll, "Invasion of the Moguls," was found at last.

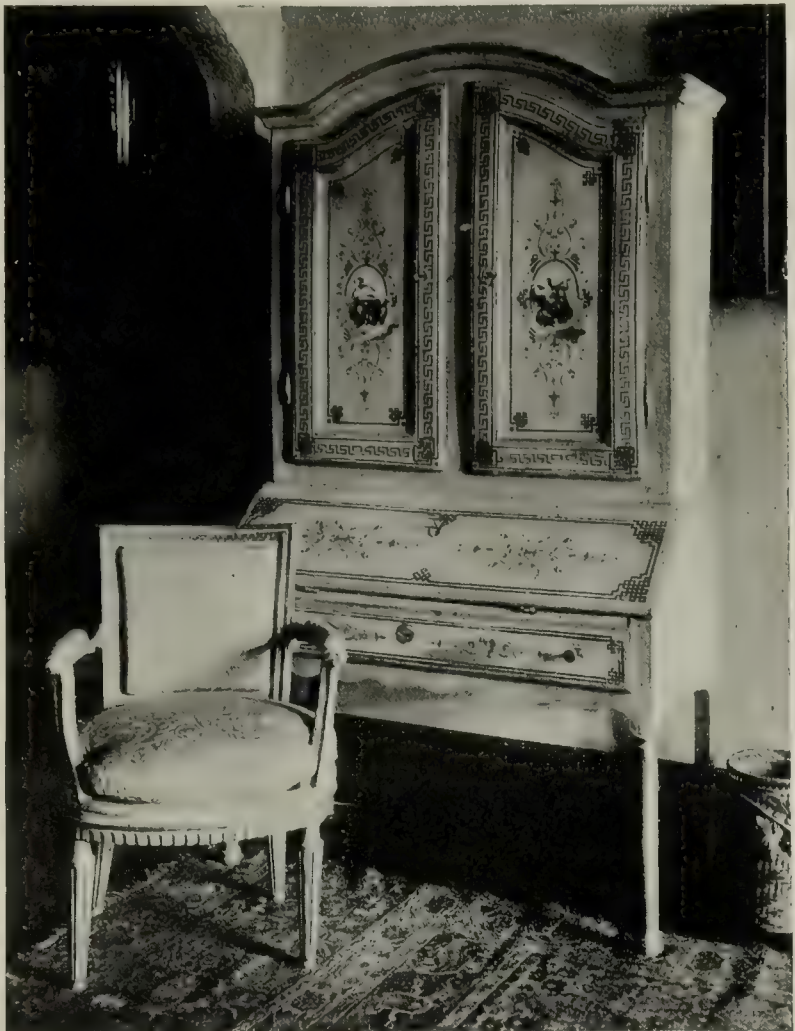


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## The Recent Convention of the American Federation of Arts

WITH a record attendance, the American Federation of Arts held its eleventh annual convention at the Metropolitan Museum, just recently. Suiting its text to the occasion of the Metropolitan's semi-centennial, the Federation devoted its sessions this year primarily to museums as factors in the growth of American culture.

A good sign of progress in our land is the concrete evidence of the work of this live, hard-working art organization. For eleven years this national society, consisting of 225 affiliated chapters in forty states, besides thousands of individual members, has been building up a reputation for solid service along lines of great value to the American people.

In all, forty-four exhibitions, covering painting, sculpture, textiles, wall paper, etc., etc., were circulated during the season now closing, these having reached ninety-seven different communities, each a separate city or town. Last year there were only thirty exhibitions circulated, these reaching only sixty-eight communities. And this success during 1919-1920 was achieved in the face of the hardest transportation conditions the country has ever faced, with strikes and embargoes without number. In addition there have been the untold obstacles of influenza epidemics and other causes to cancel listings.

Several addresses at this convention were of special interest.

**WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR.**, Curator of the Metropolitan Museum, spoke of illustrated papers and magazines. For many years on the editorial staff of various leading publications, both literary and illustrated, Mr. Ivins was especially well fitted to speak on the cultural value of illustrated magazines. As Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan he is particularly anxious to encourage popular appreciation not only of rare etchings, but also of the cheapest form of printed thing made, namely, the newspaper illustration. "The illustrations and typographical decoration of current newspapers and magazines," said Mr. Ivins, "are prints, to be selected for preservation, classified and used just as etchings and engravings are. Their greatest use in the art museums is possibly to the student of design in the arts and crafts, for whom they contain much valuable information not otherwise to be had."

An interesting reference was made by Mr. Ivins to the comic cartoon, his criticism of which was not as dark as that of artists generally is. He declared that prints must have three guiding qualities—design, drawing, human interest—and that unless they have human interest they are not real.

For this reason the series cartoon of the daily papers appeals to the people. It always has human interest, even though this quality may be overdone or underdone, as the case may be. He said that he, as a curator of prints, looked forward to the cartoon in his morning paper. The speaker, above all, made clear that the cheapest illustration, namely, that in a two-cent newspaper, was as much a print as a Rembrandt and had its own educational value. It was not the cost of reproduction that counted so much as the individual character of the print.

**ROBERT AITKEN**, the well-known sculptor, sharply criticized the methods of exhibiting the works of famous sculptors in modern museums. The criticism was meted out without stint to even our leading institutions, like the Metropolitan Museum of Art, while the Louvre in Paris was given similar treatment. He quoted Rodin to the effect that "shadows in sculpture are nests of beauty," and explained how poor lighting destroyed the works of the masters and ruined marbles as well as casts for either appreciation or study. He was particularly critical of the placing and lighting of the famous Venus de Milo statue in the Louvre, saying that it has for all these years been exhibited under conditions entirely different from those which the sculptor chose.

Mr. Aitken especially praised the efforts of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to place before the public, as is now done, collections of the works of modern American sculptors.

**RICHARD F. BACH**, Associate in Industrial Arts at the Metropolitan Museum, spoke of "Museums and the Industrial World," bringing into his address the result of his experience in connection with manufacturers and designers in their use of the collections in building up American design in industrial arts. Mr. Bach's major premise was that museums are educational institutions, and that no modern museum in the art or science field could be established or maintained without due regard for a well-developed educational machinery as part of its fabric. Museums consist of collections in a physical sense only; in practical working they consist in equal degree of exploitation of those collections. As instruments of public service in the broadest sense, museums of art must reach as many classes of the public as possible. In many instances they have already established themselves as agencies for school children, as well as for adults, in some cases even reaching the blind and deaf.

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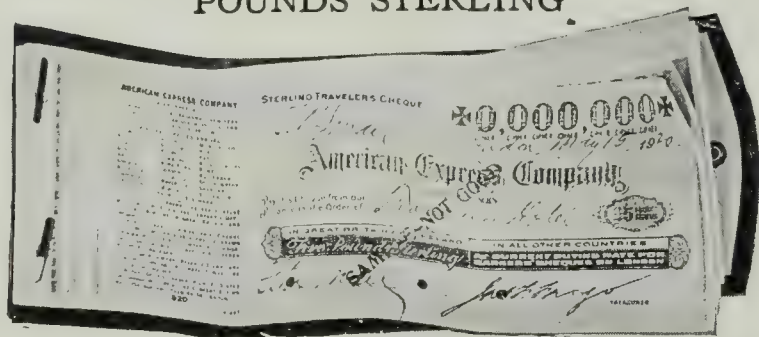
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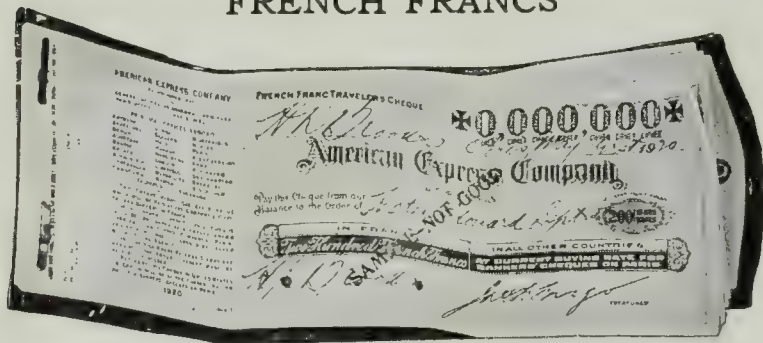
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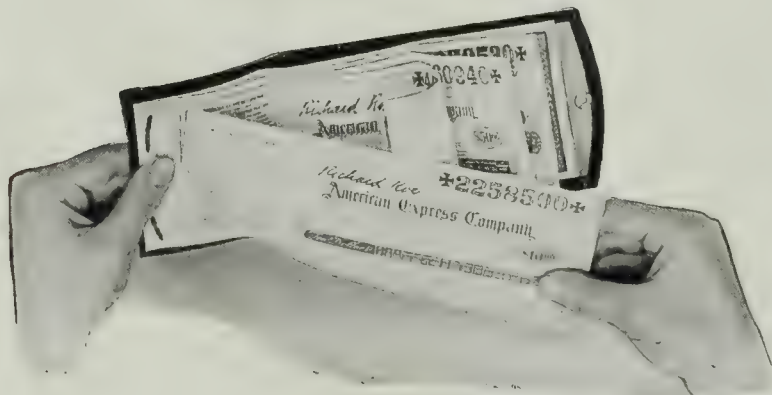
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## An Interesting Musical Development in Rhode Island

A LITTLE more than a year ago a trio of prominent musicians then living in New York left the metropolis and settled in a small Rhode Island village, Harrisville by name. They had responded to the call of Austin T. Levy, treasurer of the Stillwater Worsted Mills, who believed in the value of fine musical activity and decided that Harrisville should have the opportunity to hear and to study music of the highest quality, something that the life of the average small community lacks conspicuously even in the year 1920.

In the thirteen months which have passed since the formation of the Rhode Island trio a great deal of interesting work has been accomplished. For the men whom Mr. Levy brought to Harrisville were all three of them sterling musicians, whose work individually and together has been on a high plane. Wassily Besekirsky, the violinist, is the son of a distinguished Russian musician of the same name, who played an important part in the development of musical Europe during the fifty years preceding the Great War.

NATIONALITIES vary in this ensemble, Jacques Renard, the 'cellist of the trio, being a Hollander by birth. His early training he received in Amsterdam, and was solo 'cellist at the age of seventeen at the Royal Opera. When the New Symphony Orchestra, now the National Symphony, was formed under Bodansky last spring, Mr. Renard was invited to become its solo 'cellist; but the opportunity to work in the chamber music field proved too alluring and he declined, so that he might become a member of the Rhode Island Trio.

The pianist of the trio is an American, Alexander Rihm, who both as a performer and as a composer is known here and in Europe. He completed his musical education abroad. Mr. Rihm's playing is of the chamber music type, so seldom heard these days when the heroics of the piano has been developed to the nth power. He is a close student, whose seriousness has not prevented his playing from being brilliant; his art appeals to those who love the finest. Many of his songs have been recently published, and sung by prominent singers.

SO much for the personnel. What has been done? Each day the three artists devote part of their time to practice, preparing repertoire, gaining an ensemble by living so close together that could not be obtained were conditions otherwise. They teach a class of more than fifty students—the population of the village proper is only 2,500!—and they have given a series of concerts, some of them in small villages, others in larger cities, and everywhere they have found a hearty response, have found their audiences hungry for good music. Among their students progress is being made and a few cases of marked talent have been discovered.

Mr. Rihm organized in December, 1919, the Harrisville Glee Club, composed of sixty mixed voices, and presented it in its first concert last month with splendid success. For the coming season plans are under way, with every indication of a steadily increasing interest in music in a Rhode Island village, which has become a far better place through the coming of the gentlemen who comprise the Rhode Island Trio.



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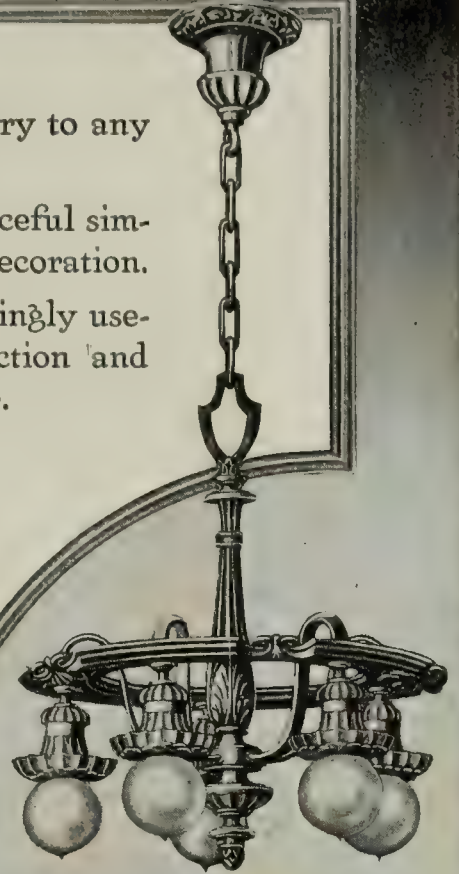
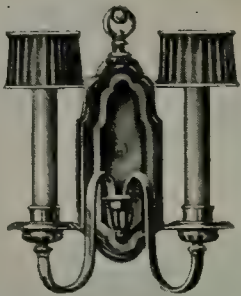
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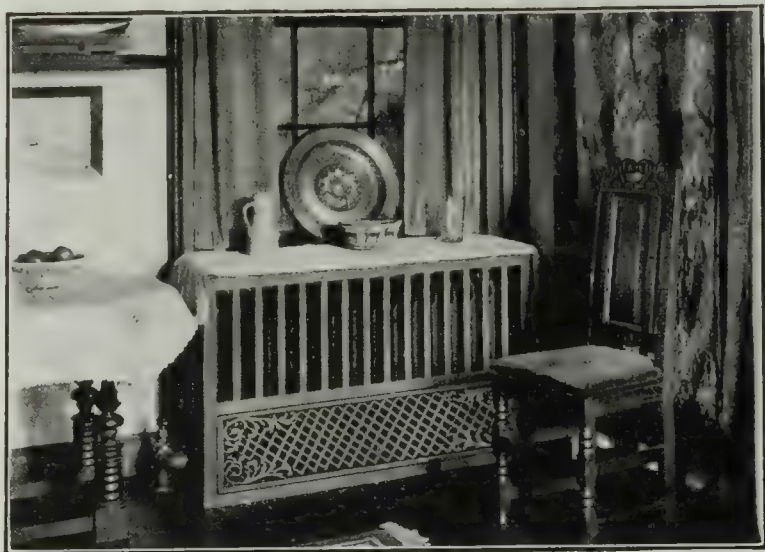


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## Willem Mengelberg and the National Symphony Orchestra

WILLEM MENGELBERG, who next season will be one of the conductors of the National Symphony Orchestra, was a born musician, although not an "infant prodigy." One of his earliest feats was the composition of a Christmas song when he was eight years old. This he presented to his parents, and so pleasing did they find the melody that the song has remained a favorite in the family until the present day.

When Willem—he was born in 1871—was six years old, he showed such a fondness for music that his musical instruction was begun. When he was eight he made it a practice to play the piano by ear several hours a day and when he was ten he was sent to the Cathedral School in Utrecht. There he devoted much time to the study and singing of old music. Later came practice on the organ, the study of the theory of music and the deciphering and playing of old scores.

When seventeen years old, Mengelberg was sent to Cologne to study in the Conservatoire, of which Dr. Franz Wullner was principal. There he gave special attention to the piano under Isidor Seiss and Jensen and also perfected himself in accompanying and in ensemble and opera work. Three years later he was graduated with honors for the piano, conducting and composing; a fourth year he spent in Cologne, appearing at times in the Gurzenich.

In 1892 Mengelberg vanquished some eighty other candidates and became director of music in the municipality of Lucerne, Switzerland. There he conducted male choirs, a church choir, municipal concerts and the school for solo and choir singing. This he found excellent post-graduate education. Meantime he continued composition and several of his works were sung by male choirs. The climax of his career then came at Whitsuntide, 1895, when a mass for choir, soloists, orchestra and organ which he had composed was played in the High Church.

In June of that year Mengelberg was appointed director of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam, Holland, a position which he still holds. His first appearance there was as solo pianist with the Orchestra on October 24. On the following Sunday, October 27, he took up the baton. About the same time he was made director of the Toonkunst choir, and with these two bodies he gave nine concerts in May of this year, at which all the works of the late Gustave Mahler were played. Two other great festivals have been features of his term in Amsterdam, festivals of Dutch music, held ten years apart, in 1902 and 1912.

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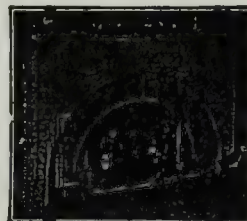
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# The American Art Exhibition in Venice

(Continued from page 153)

tyranny. And the result too often is mere lurid unhappiness or the pigment torturings of a Mancini. Having the great masters before his eyes every minute, he has lost the flavor of them and slips into the byways of bad taste.

The unofficial painter, on the other hand, takes more direct and even more frantic ways of escaping from the domination of the past—futurism, cubism, internationalism. Or, like the Americans, he turns to France, and it is to this group especially that the best modern Italians belong. But before attempting to explain the impression which the American paintings made on the officials and the quite other impression which it made on the non-officials or intellectuals, it might be well to glance through the galleries of American paintings.

Robert Chanler's giraffes, which hung for some time in the Brooklyn Museum, one of his best decorations and by far the best decoration in the entire International, faces the spectator on entering the pavilion and interests him immediately. Original in conception and consistently carried out, it is entirely different in one frequently overlooked particular from the official clap-trap which passes as decoration among our little group of painter-politicians to whom most of our public buildings have been given for profit to themselves alone. The difference is that instead of merely covering the wall, like a Blashfield, it actually decorates it. On the other walls of the same gallery will be found two typical Glackens, *Girl in Blue* and *Columbus Day in Washington Square*, Eugene Speicher's *Golden Shawl* and his *Young Girl's Portrait*, which mark the highest point of his achievement. A very representative portrait by George Luks, the *Dance of the Spirits* by Maurice Sterne, a group of Navajo Indians by Paul Burlin, Abbot Thayer's *Mount Monadnock*, a characteristically American landscape by Redfield, George Bellows' *Easter Morning*, and a perfectly clever mechanical Paul Dougherty offer, together with Robert Henri's brilliantly executed if not too sound portrait of Fay Baynter, give to the interested foreigner a fairly varied glimpse of certain tendencies which affect American art.

In other rooms there are very representative canvases by Weir, Twachtman, Robinson, Lawson, and Hassam, as well as by Thomas Eakins and Alfred Collins, Albert Ryder and Arthur B. Davies, Guy Pène du Bois, Henry Lee McFee, Allen Tucker, and Howard Cushing. This does not complete the list, but it is sufficient to indicate to the American reader how much

A  
Detail



Residence of Franklin Murphy, Mendham, N. J.

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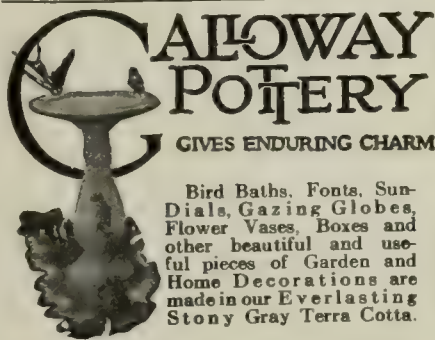
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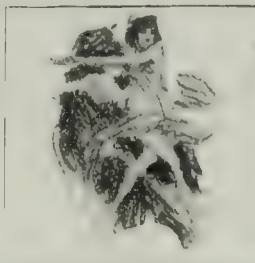




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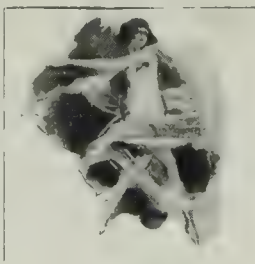
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there is in the exhibition that is new to Italians who only know Sargent and Whistler and a handful of the Americans in Paris.

The exhibition may be a little limited on what is called the modern side. Yet Burlin, McFee, Sterne, Tucker, Glackens and Davies make a strong group. The Impressionists who preceded them are the best that we have from Robinson to Lawson. Sargentism is not illustrated, doubtless both because it has already been so widely seen in Europe that it has created in European minds the predisposition to believe that American painters are primarily clever and imitative; and also because it is a dead issue today. Nor is the innocuous school of near-Vermeers represented nor at the other extreme the Cubists and their relatives. But considering the size of the American exhibition, it is quite remarkable how fully it represents us. With very rare exceptions it brings out clearly the fact that the keynote of American art is refinement. Almost none of the flagrant exhibitionism which screams from the walls of most large exhibitions is to be found in the American pavilion. Refinement and good taste and real understanding of the quality of the medium of oil paint marks this exhibition. It is sane and agreeable. But enough of what an American thinks of these pictures. Let us follow through the galleries a good official Italian, than whom there is nothing more official, and an intellectual than whom there is none more devoted to the latest fashions in independence.

**T**HE official finds few pictures which quite fit his predisposed ideas of American art. He asks if there is not a Sargent or a Whistler. He looks at Maurice Sterne and is grieved to find that even in America such things are done. He looks at Glackens and dismisses him as too Renoiresque, at Robinson, Twachtman and the others of this group and murmurs Monet. He says that Paul Burlin is not American, that Henry Lee McFee is over-cerebral, and he does not look particularly happy until he comes to Mr. Henri's canvases. Here is that cleverness he has been looking for. Here is something close enough to Sargent to be safely called American. He likes Bellows' landscape and Luks and Sloan; and Ryder is far enough away from modern cross-currents to come within his ken. Indeed, the beautiful little Ryder, Mending the Harness, lent by Adolph Lewisohn, delighted more artists of opposing viewpoints than perhaps any other single painting.

The non-official more or less agreed with the official in finding something to admire in Ryder, John Sloan, du Bois, and one or two others. But the painting which he liked most was the Dance of the Spirits, by Maurice Sterne, and after these in order came Henry Lee McFee, Paul

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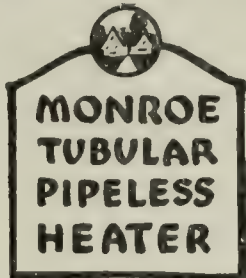




Burlin, Allen Tucker and William Glackens. He allowed the two latter to escape from the suave dismissal which he handed to Robinson, Twachtman, Weir and Haslam. It is the fashion now to dismiss Impressionists, and the non-official Italian is nothing if not fashionable. His reply to the official who was delighted to find that there were no Cubist pictures was that the exhibition was too old-fashioned and that a dozen or more experiments in the abstract would have added greatly to its interest. However much the officials and non-officials agreed or disagreed, on one point they were in accord. "This is a very nice exhibition," they seemed to say, "but it causes us neither a shock of pain nor a shock of delight."

THE official found us much too imitative of the French. Beneath the French exterior of so many of these paintings he could not see to the American heart of them. The non-official thought that our most "modern" pictures were trailing in the wake of the modern movement rather than directing the head of the procession. American reputations do not count with Europeans. They were not in the least impressed, for example, by the reputation of Arthur B. Davies, whom they admired patronizingly as if to say: for an entirely unknown artist this is a very promising young man. They said that Eugene Speicher was able, but too affected by French influences. All of these remarks are remarks made to me personally by one foreigner or another. The question is, do these criticisms amount to anything? I think they should be discounted by two considerations: first, that the European has pre-disposed ideas about American art which it is hard for him to shake off because he does not know American art intimately enough to see into it. The slightest trace of French influence blinds him to the intrinsically American quality of many of our painters.

But it might be worth while also to remember that although the European cannot be expected to form a very knowing or sympathetic opinion of American painting until he is more familiar with it, his insistence on our tendency to imitate France too much ought not to be overlooked. Is he right, after all? Our art derives from France and we showed good taste in the selection of our masters, since France is the fountain-head of modern art, or at least has been; but has the Italian, sympathetic or otherwise, hit upon the truth or is he just repeating an oft-repeated idea? He says we are clever imitators of the French. Are we still just a little too subservient to our masters, a little too sentimental and timid about French opinion? I know several Italians who think so.



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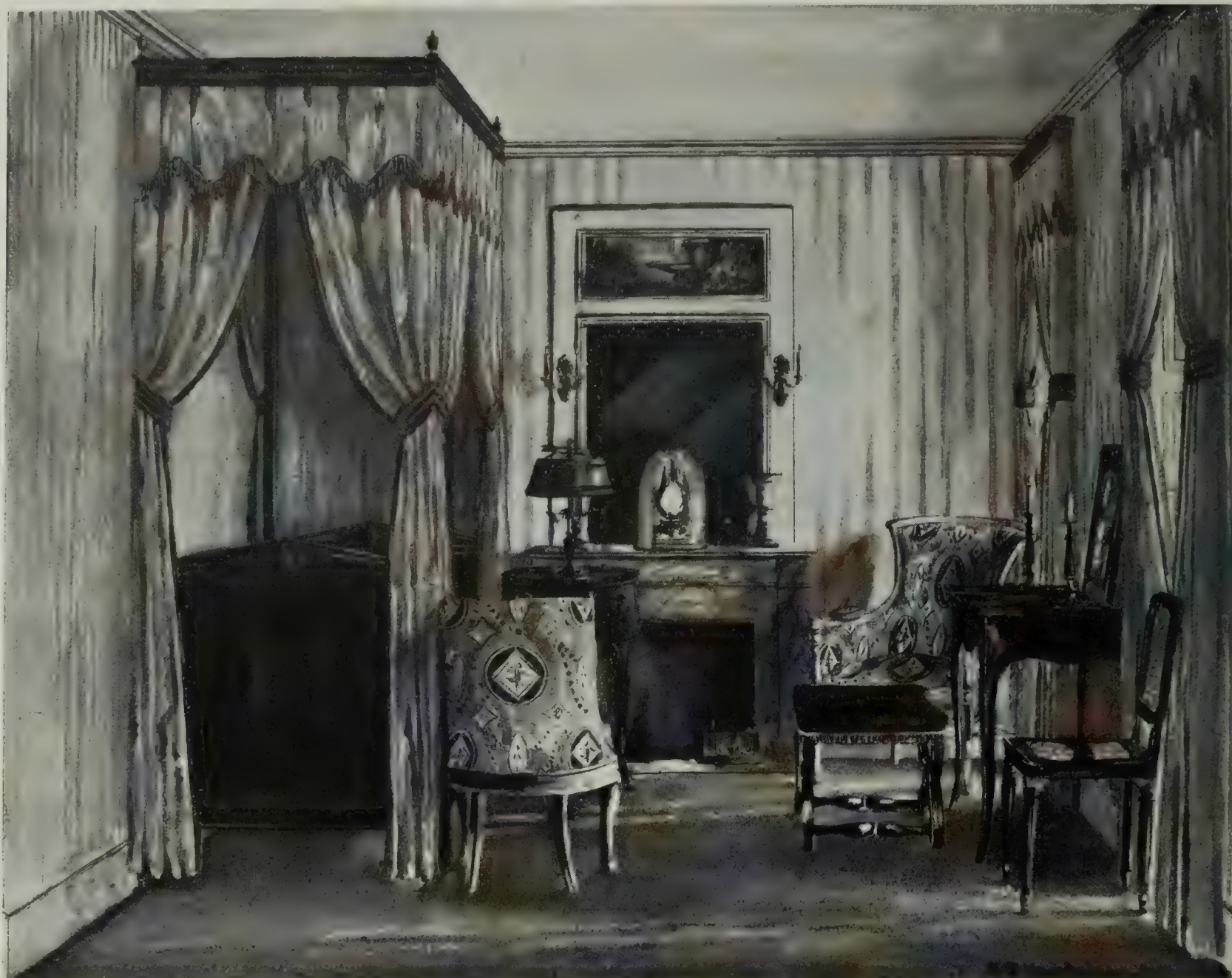
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LOANED by Mr. Henry Goldman to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition, this portrait is one of those characteristic Hals' that have so long been the cause of despair among those painters whose brushes wanted nimbleness and authority. It has a directness and simplicity which explains the firm hold that the painting of the Dutch master has taken upon objective Americans. It has been said of Hals that he saw with his eyes only. Like Manet, but in another camp, he has been called the greatest painter—this in the craftsman sense—that ever lived. Mr. Goldman's picture shows the reason for both those contentions.



# ARTS & DECORATION

*A Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts*

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING  
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XIII



NUMBER 4

*September, 1920*

## The Machine as an Art Medium

THE EDITOR

WITH the arrival of instantaneous photography a great many false prophets, posing as connoisseurs, gave voice to the conclusion that the end of painting, or of graphic art as it was then understood, had come, that a machine was to supplant the hand or the eye of man. Those connoisseurs were undoubtedly of that pseudo-variety who believed that art reached its summit in the meticulous fidelity of a Meissonier, a Bouguereau or a Barye. That idea anyway was received generally with considerable credence for it was in accordance with the tactics of the most popular art of the day.

Twenty or thirty years ago, however, the defence of art was built on a technical basis, on the basis that what you said counted tremendously less than how you said it. We heard that the camera could not supplant painting because it could in no way duplicate the brushwork or the pyrotechnics of painting. We were in a simpler age. Sargent with the acrobatic brush of a true virtuoso ruled the world's painting. Liszt had stunned it musically into the most abashed of humble admirations. Victor Hugo was a king of literature because he commanded the greatest variety of words and of ways of marshalling them. We were more interested in mediums of expression than in expression. "Art for Art's sake" was a too often repeated and certainly ambiguous slogan. Ambiguous because to say art for art's sake, as it was meant then, is really to say art for technique's sake.

SOMETHING like this has prevailed in all those industrial arts in which the hand of man has been, in the form of machinery, supplanted by the mind of man. For man instead of mastering his machine has been mastered by the machine, mastered by it with the help of the tremendous force of traditional opinion which insists that a work of art must be the work of the hand of man, must be touched intimately by him. Thus wherever the machine has supplanted man's fingers in those factories which produce objects of industrial art an attempt is made or has been made to imitate man's fingers. And the characteristics or the virtues of the medium are hidden.

There is no better example of that which is meant here than the one given even up to this day by "artistic" photographers. When the preposterous claims, mentioned at the beginning of this writing, were made for the

camera a great many deluded photographers took them seriously. They began by believing that their machine was the ultimate graphic art medium. But while they could believe that it was the ultimate graphic art medium they could not believe that it could, untouched by the hand of man, untampered with, produce art. They had more faith in the old tradition than in the new machine. Thus we find them believing that the camera will supplant painting while sedulously attempting to make photographs resemble paintings.

IN the last few years a new consciousness has come to artists—the consciousness of their material or of their medium, of its virtues and limitations. Thus we shall find that the water colorists Marin and Demuth are admired, even by those who can admire nothing else in them, because they hold to the limpidity, clarity, lightness of their medium, and never, like so many members of our two official water color societies, imitate with water color the texture of oil paint. Thus Paulanship, who is admired for so many good workman qualities, for a very great conscientiousness, is derided because he gives to a marble bust an exquisiteness which more readily belongs to ivory, to a less weighty, less solid, more malleable material. And the technicians again looking upon the sea of modern painting will jump with a certain malicious joy upon the works of Henri Matisse, those in paint, because they have no apparent oil in them, no fat but rather the textural translucence of water color—because they are lean textural puritans when they might better be corpulent orientals. Of course the complaints in the field of etching are numberless, are really so many that it would be unfair to take an isolated example and make a scapegoat of him. A man is or is not an etcher with the connoisseurs of that field who know the rules and will not allow any infringement.

Now there can be no reason why this consciousness of material and of medium should stop short at the machine—why it should be asked of the machine that its products resemble those of the hand-working artisan nor why his designs, which belong to the traditions of his hand work, should be reproduced by the machine. They were not originally made for the machine, they own little or nothing in common with it. Indeed it is time for man to fear his machine less or, which may

be truer, to approach his machine with less superstitious dread of overriding the traditions of art. If he must be true to all his other mediums of expression he must also be true to this one—this one which in every sense is the product of his own age, and, as it must become, the best medium for the expression of his every day experience, of his choice—though it be, artistically, subconscious—and of his philosophy. Whether the ideal of efficiency is due to the machine or the machine succeeds the ideal matters very little in this argument. It is enough that the ideal exists. It is enough that a process which produces things in thousands has supplanted one which produced them singly—for with the new vision thrown before the eyes by this process there must be born a new philosophy. And this philosophy, as it grows, must feel more and more antipathy toward waste, go more and more toward the counting of units in masses and neglect of the individual.

IT is the strength of the dead, of those dead whom academic thought persists in keeping alive, that has put machinery at the ungrateful task of imitating hand work—but it cannot and will not keep it there. We shall have a machine-made industrial art which deriving its character from the virtues and the limitations of its medium, of machinery, will derive its character from the temper of its epoch. It will be a precise and economic and democratic art. And it will come when man, rid of his artistic superstitions, will cease to be ashamed of the artistic capabilities of his machine. There are signs now of its coming and there is more than one singer who, like the painter, Marcel Duchamp, can devote praise to the machine itself. The examples of the progress made in the publishing of books and in the manufacture of shoes show that man has begun to understand, to better appreciate the qualities of machinery as an art medium. He will go still further when he is able to rid himself of the hand-made fetish. He has done something very like that in his republican form of government which, at least theoretically, is a government not by individual vagary, but by mass or by majority opinion.

Indeed, the condemnation of machinery, as it applies to machine-made furniture, for an example, is one of those misapprehensions which come with the continuance of an idea beyond the period of its usefulness, or until

*(Continued on page 275)*



# Prince, Bourgeois and Bolshevik

## *The Coming of a New Rule in Art*

By FORBES WATSON

IT is now part of the historical records that Prince Udine, representing the King of Italy himself, officially opened this summer's Venice Art Exhibition. Slender, graceful, self-contained, he did his duty like a prince—a twentieth-century prince, that is to say, a being almost pathetically forbearing. In the first place, Prince Udine allowed several of the King's subjects to torture him and a number of other subjects of the King with official vociferations on art, yet he did not order the execution of the vociferators. To such a low estate has royalty fallen in these days of ideal plumbing, that even princes must listen to official vociferations on any old subject if the bourgeois who support them so decree.

Princes no longer lead armies into battle on white steeds. Less hazardous and picturesque functions demand them. One of these is to save the royal heads of their families from attending more popular gatherings than a single royal mortal could possibly live through. If King must pin a decoration on the public's favorite aviator, Prince takes his place at the ladies' guild for the prevention of cruelty to bank presidents. If King is booked to confer knighthoods on the officers of the profiteers' union, Prince must open the horse show or the art show, must occupy the royal box at the opera or attend the national orange growers' banquet. For though kings like crowns, common people love dragging the royal ones to their unroyal celebrations, and in return for supporting royalty the bourgeoisie exact whatever quaint decoration royalty can confer on bourgeois meetings. Difficult as we may find rising to the heights of princes at least, now that no coat of arms is safe without a bolshevist rampant, it is not, as in olden times, very difficult to drag princes down to our own everyday level.

AFTER those terrible official speeches, the Prince, unprotesting, smiling, even, though not exuberantly, permitted himself to be rushed through the entire exhibition, acres of art, gallery after gallery, pavilion after pavilion. An excellent walker, he easily broke all artistic walking records. Coming up the sloping garden path which leads to the French pavilion his royal highness' body guard of officials was puffing and red-faced with the heat, but the Prince walked coolly and briskly, keeping without effort to his schedule of about four miles of art per hour. It requires royal blood to see four miles of art per hour without color coming into the cheek, or a wild, uncontrolled look coming into the eyes. The Prince did the French pavilion in about five minutes, the American in something under seven and a half, the Polish in a similar period, and finally the royal party was wafted away in gondolas of state toward Venice and a well-earned lunch.

Gracious compliments had been scattered through the various pavilions of the different nations with perfect impartiality. A very innocuous American painter, whose name I have forgotten, who once sold a very innocuous little picture to the King, received a special little tribute for himself. His ethereal pictures, ever since the King bought one, float past the jury onto the walls of the international section (not into the American pavilion fortunately) and are regularly noted in the journals. These harmless small paintings have no other claim

to fame than the fact that one of them belongs to the King. In all this we have perhaps a symbol of what royalty means to art to-day. It means a prince, polite, but human enough to be bored, opening a vast bourgeois exhibition, and the occasional purchase of a mild picture against which bourgeois visitors to the King's apartments could not possibly take offense.

Kings and queens, princes and princelings finished with art about a hundred and fifty years ago, when the English duchess could be painted as she wished to look, and at the same time acquire a pleasing decoration for a Georgian room, and the French countess could have *fêtes Champêtres* in her gardens, and paintings of them on her boudoir walls. To be sure, in England, in Germany and in Italy, vast blocks of stone and unending rolls of canvas have been transformed into representations of Victor Emanuel (indeed there must be somewhere a Victor Emanuel factory for flamboyant equestrian statues) or the Emperor that was, or Victoria and Edward and George; but these Germanic labors, for somehow most later nineteenth century likenesses have a Germanic quality, seldom if ever come within the scope of art. They are mostly fat, lifeless advertisements, efforts to impress vulgar voters of the budget, screens thrown up to hide from the bourgeois the deadly fact that royalty has fallen to dowdiness on its way to oblivion.

THE king and the prince, the queen and the princess are no longer art patrons or art factors. They may deter the advance of independence in art, or be a foil for it; or they may be merely ornamental functionaries at official art gatherings. Otherwise they do not matter artistically. At the best they make some portrait painters supreme in the eyes of brewers' daughters. We may dismiss them and pass onward to the bourgeoisie, the middle class, the untitled, who have supported art haphazardly for the past century.

But since the Prince has graciously opened the Venice Art Exhibition, which is essentially a middle-class affair, as are all great official art exhibitions today, and since he has given his royal sanction that all is well within the gates, and pleased the voters by his decorative presence, let us go in and look about a bit. Is all well within? On the contrary; underneath the placid exterior of this famous international exhibition the delicate ear can hear the steady ticking of a little mine of artistic bolshevism well-timed for effective explosion.

The expressions of the officials, so peaceful and settled heretofore, like the expressions of men who have finished with violent struggle, and accommodated their needs to bureaucratic remunerations have become suddenly anxious. Their movements are less restful. A sharp word occasionally cuts through formalities. Nervousness is in the air, to be seen or felt by those who could register it. For even while the Prince was gliding to lunch, conscious of a dull task well done, letters were continuing to be sent in bundles to Rome and terrifying echoes of them were resounding in Venice. Roughly what some of these protesting letters said was: "down with the bourgeois! down with the officials! give us modern art! the Italian pavilion does not represent Italy, nor anything else, except the will to manufacture

salable exhibition pictures, the desire to keep out the more enlightened modern, and to feed bonbons to the ignorant, which they call art." In a word, these letters proclaimed that the strike habit, which prevails in Italy in almost all circles, has also threatened the sanctuary of art. They were addressed to the minister of fine arts, and so numerous, so ardent, not to say violent, were they, that the minister's artistic knees shook in his artistic trousers, and orders were despatched to Venice commanding the unused Hungarian pavilion to be placed at the disposal of the modern artists, the very modern modernist bolsheviks, abstractionists, internationalists, cubists, futurists, sphericalists, dadaists, etc., etc., etc. The minister himself thought that this was pouring oil upon troubled waters, but lesser officials thought that the oil was boiling. They began to run up and down and back and forth as if the floors of the galleries had become overheated.

Doubtless the letters protesting against the insistent middle-class quality of the Italian section of the Exhibition were far from unprejudiced, and contained many unfair statements, but in spite of its size that section is almost devoid of modern pictures. Ferruccio Ferrazzi's two canvases, showing that this clever young painter has not looked in vain upon the work of Henri Rousseau, and one or two other paintings, such as Guido Cadorni's Venetian Girls, are the nearest approach to the modern, yet even these are hardly what the confirmed modernists consider modern. With the exception of these few canvases the numerous rooms in the Italian section are essentially but a smaller Salon and eminently official. For all trace of modern work we must look in the pavilions and galleries of other nations, whose exhibitions, for the most part, are less subject to official control. The commotion raised by the artistic bolsheviks or the fashionable intellectuals is such that although the bourgeois official still controls the Venice International Art Exhibition, even as he controls the Royal Academy, and our own ingenious National Academy, and all other official art exhibitions the world over, he has begun to tremble for his three meals a day.

SINCE time passes and changes occur, it may be that now, about a hundred years or more after the exit of the Prince as a factor in art patronage, we are witnessing the beginning of the end of bourgeois patronage. The period coming to a close, if not already closed, has been an amazingly rich, productive period; but artists were ever anarchists, and they have long been bored by the slow, delinquent appreciation of their bourgeois clients. They have produced, not so much because of the bourgeois as in spite of him, and, while working in a bourgeois period, they themselves remained, for the most part, either aristocrats or bolsheviks. For more than a hundred years they have carried on a continuous fight against the bourgeois's insistent dogma that all ideas could be brought under the rule of a majority. And on this rock the bourgeois rule is breaking. The middle-class majority has had its Salon for more than a century, and Bougureau ever was, still is, and ever will be the ideal of this Salon. The bourgeois himself has come to see that the official organization which he has built up might



dispense medals of gold, but not medals of immortality, and finding at last that neither the size, majority, nor political power of an art organization could assure him of making a financially sound collection, he has put himself into the hands of the dealer and the subsidized expert. These wise people have found a way out of the dilemma by encouraging the belief which belonged to the past, the past of thirty years ago, or the past of seven centuries ago, or the past of seventeen years ago—in any case, a movable past depending on how long it requires the experts and the dealers in any particular instance to spread the ideas of the minority, until at last they become in turn the ideas of the majority. That is where the bourgeois stands today—hopelessly behind the expression of his own time, or involved in admiring the imitator who paints down to his level.

Just such an artist was perhaps the most popular sensation of the Venice Exhibition, an artist who will exhibit next year in America—Beltran Masses, a Parisian Spaniard. Employing the properties of Zuloaga, he has softened them, placed them under theatrical, starry, blue skies, made them at once sweet and unhealthy. They are just what a profiteer would select as being artistic, a profiteer who had not yet taken shelter under the wings of a dealer and expert, and been duly warned against the perfidious changes that artistic reputations undergo. If these pictures are successful west and northwest of Fifty-ninth street, at least they will fail utterly south of Eighth street as far as Grand. They were, or rather looked as if they were made to strike the eye in the big exhibition, and catch the fancy of the "amorous stockbroker" bent on making a present to his lady of a portrait that would throb many a bulging shirt front at many a dim-lit part.

Between this sort of theatricalism and the safer and saner speculations in old masters, the bourgeois lets the genuine contemporary artist slip through his fingers and is losing control of the situation. As the Prince made his exit a century and a half ago, similarly it is not fantastic to imagine that the bourgeois is making as inevitable an exit, if a slower and less graceful one, from the patronage of living art.

The popular success of Beltran Masses was nothing compared with the unpopular success of Alexander Archipenko, another painter, who will exhibit next winter in New York in a new gallery of so-called modern art which is expected to appear on the horizon under the auspices of Miss Katherine Dreier, according to the announcement of the artist himself. You could find an intellectual raving over the painting, painting-sculptures and sculpture of Mr. Archipenko, and reading carefully the little booklet which the artist had on hand to explain his work; for the energetic young Russian is distinctly fashionable and determined to be talked about. It appears that this artist's work was selected for the Russian pavilion on the strength of some clever academic drawings which consciously were redeemed from academic completeness by a grasp of the latest international fashion in such drawing. But Mr. Archipenko's sculptures and painting-sculptures (that is the name he gives them) brought tears and moans to the officials, and beatific seriousness to those

who like to call themselves intellectuals. Mr. Archipenko claims to have passed out of the antique school of cubism. He has mounted to the higher realms of the pan-rhythmic. Color and form and line all play at rhythm together simultaneously, and the fully initiated claim a perfect understanding of the result. This artist is one of the busiest exhibitors in the world. He carries his works of art and the explanatory notes, claiming the invention of a new expression, to all countries, and his fame is wide-spread, for he certainly does not believe in being more than five or ten minutes, at the most, behind the latest fashion. He is one of the many artists first introduced to America at the historic Armory show, who is now coming to have a show of his own.

He might be called an artistic bolshevist. In any case, the intellectuals, the out-and-outers, and the parlor bolshevist flocked round

well he must be free to enjoy his own vision of the world. Must he paint à la bolshevist or be excommunicated? Proportionately, there are just as many dull ones in the modernist academy as in the National academy.

Nowhere is the current of creative art running stronger today than in America. But this current is not so powerful that it cannot be stopped. It can be stopped by a public too timid to encourage its own artists, a public afraid of its own spiritual life, a public which, if always content to hear itself referred to as being commercial and material, is likely to end by thinking of itself as being merely that. It can be enormously strengthened, moreover, by that interchange of ideas between nations which exists only when each nation intellectually respects the nation with which it is exchanging ideas. In this respect nations are like individuals.

However, it is not necessary to cry any longer. The tide is turning. Several significant events have taken place. The ill-fated Luxembourg exhibition, so badly mismanaged by Léonce Bénédite, as he himself ingenuously explained in an article on the exhibition, was none the less an event of a sort. Since then Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, at the invitation of the directors of the Venice International Exhibition of Art, has taken upon herself the difficulties and hazards of sending to Venice a selection of fifty-odd American paintings, which at present occupy a pavilion at the International.

The main point is that another rule is coming, political life and economic relations are changing—in other words, social truisms are being shaken up once more and put down in a changed order of importance. Such changes bring corresponding changes in art. They look very big when we are face to face with them and pass into the general order of history as time separates them from us. We can simply point to the fact that the bolsheviks, or whatever you wish to call them, upset the middle class equanimity of the Venice international, and that the trend of art is especially worth watching,

I like everything else today. I believe that the bourgeois has had his day in art matters, as surely as the princes and duchesses had theirs, and the church its day before them, and that, while no period ends one minute to be succeeded by a new period the next, we can at least see the end of the bourgeois reign. Certain "isms" will pass and leave no ripples, while others will contribute elements that will amalgamate with the long tradition. The word bolshevism is growing up, becoming a little stale with over-use, but whatever the label of the new order, the artist will continue to be an artist only so long as he is himself, and to have a soviet master dictating rules to him will be just as futile as having bourgeois paying for academies in Rome or elsewhere. The most modern painters today are not "ists," though some of them are called "ists." They are men and women of sufficiently ebullient spirits to take their own line of expression, regardless of the latest fashion, and equally regardless of academic dogma. Artists are independents today, and only the long vista of time dims for us the clear fact that the artist was always an independent spirit of strong contemporary leanings.



"Hospitality," a silk batik wall hanging designed and executed by Arthur Crisp for Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney

This hanging, which is placed in Mrs. Whitney's studio in Eighth Street, measures approximately about nine feet by seven. The central upper panel shows Mrs. Whitney entertaining Robert W. Chanler, who recently completed the decoration of her studio. The remainder of the panels may be left to the interpretation of imaginative spectators. They are the chapters of a story known only to its designer and capable of a multiplicity of interpretations. The design is of especial interest as an example of that trend toward story telling which is being displayed here and there among those modern painters who feel that the formality of the conventional literary picture could be broken a little by touches of informal or merely human wit. It is probably because Mr. Crisp has English antecedents—he was born in Canada—that he dressed his romance in ancient garments. That one is a way of removing romance from the familiarity of the commonplace.

his exhibition like bees round their own hive, and at these meetings you could hear all about officials and ministers and bourgeois art. There were sneers for everything but the latest thing. One had to be dead or of the last cry to be redeemed. Of course the bourgeois simply chortled or cursed, taking the whole thing too, too seriously and returned to his enjoyment of maladive Franco-hispanic theatricalism. He treated this bolshevist art very much as the ordinary secretary of state treats the Russian problem. But we must go back a little. The Prince, as we have seen, has become a fading ornament, the bourgeois a purveyor in popular exhibitionist pictures, or a speculator in dealers' old masters, both spurious and guaranteed, the ideal bolshevist a seeker after new channels of expression which shall cut his mind away from czars and bureaucrats, while finally the alleged intellectual chases the butterflies of artistic fashion and mental dissipation.

But the artist remains just an artist. He may be either a traditionalist in politics and a bolshevist in art or vice versa. The thing to do is not to judge his art by his politics or his politics by his art. The artist has had a hard fight to escape from the heavy domination of bourgeois majority rule. To produce



# The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

## American Influence on Foreign Sculpture

By GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

WE are the descendents of men who fought for their independence. In order to throw off the tyranny of other lands, these men came to what was then a foreign land, made it their own, stamped it with their individuality, and on its shores carried out their ideals. Years ago they took to the open road, content and strong. "Allons! to that which is endless."

It had been a physical, mental and moral yoke which galled them, and in their response to the call of freedom they gave up their homes, fought and died that we might inherit independence.

Nothing develops patriotism like struggle. With our success came the disintegration of our united strength. Each war and each big crisis through which we passed called to life again our patriotic feelings. Before the Great War we lived apart, each working for himself, for his own ambitions and aims. Again in 1917 came the "call to arms," and with it the re-awakening of our patriotism. We are more closely knit together now than we have been in years. By reason of the difficulties through which we have passed, our joint suffering, the necessity for accepting the same cause and for standing on the same platform and adopting the same ideals, we are growing all the time closer together. Out of this unity must come a corresponding expression of our unity of feeling, or, in other words, a national and independent art. From patriotism comes a renewal of independence, and in our independence is our inspiration; in our apprenticeship our facility; in our war our spiritual hope.

The ingredient which we do not put to use in developing the art of America is that of courage, and unless we have courage, our art cannot attain the fullness of its growth. The spirit of all America's force and strength, the spirit of a new land—if only that spirit could exist in art as it does in other forms of activity! Surely that spirit would move the mountain to Mahomet.

Art springs directly from a want—from patriotism, religion, fear or love, and to touch

"OUR day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1837)

us must have for its ancestors besides technique, imagination and passion. There are two things necessary for a picture to be a work of art. The man who paints it must have something to say, and he must be able to say it. Painting is not a game without rules, as the Independents would have us think. In the great artist there is a humble attitude towards his work, and a love and reverence for his trade. No matter how beautiful my thoughts may be, if I cannot speak correctly

lish themselves, and in the America of those days no encouragement was to be found for a new art. All the more to Copley's and Stuart's credit that they should have surpassed their contemporaries. The Puritan idea was in full power; hell fires and the tyrannical anger of the Almighty hung menacingly over a fearful people. The nude was indecent and wicked, happiness immoral, the stage demoralizing. It took a big impetus to push art from the conventional portrait into the field even of landscape painting.

In their day, Vanderlyn, Washington Allston, Jarvis and Sully all occupied important positions. They painted just like every one else in England, and this satisfied our people. They were part of their time, but not of their country; they applied the formulas of the day, but the workings of their minds were neither the result of a great conviction nor of their own particular feelings; and so their place in the development of the art of painting is not of great importance. The same, however, cannot be said of Copley. Copley is still an important figure because his technique is something so closely connected with his own sentiments that it will live for all time.

Though the painters of "The Hudson River School" may not have excelled either in painting or in refinement of expression, one thing is pre-eminently to their credit, they had imagination and were distinctly American in character. The absence of any outstanding names in the movement is significant.

Two influences began to manifest themselves after this school emerged. The German influence, known as the Düsseldorf School, which influence was slight, Leutze, Chase and Duveneck being its only prominent followers, and the French, which found a very much more sympathetic foothold in America. William Morris Hunt brought it here, just as his brother introduced French and Italian architecture.

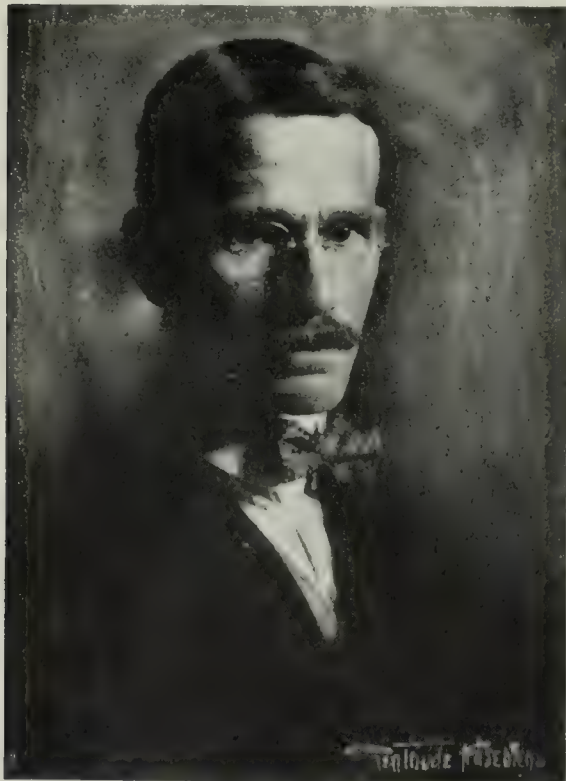
In the early days the English exclusively moulded our taste. The pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary painters were without any



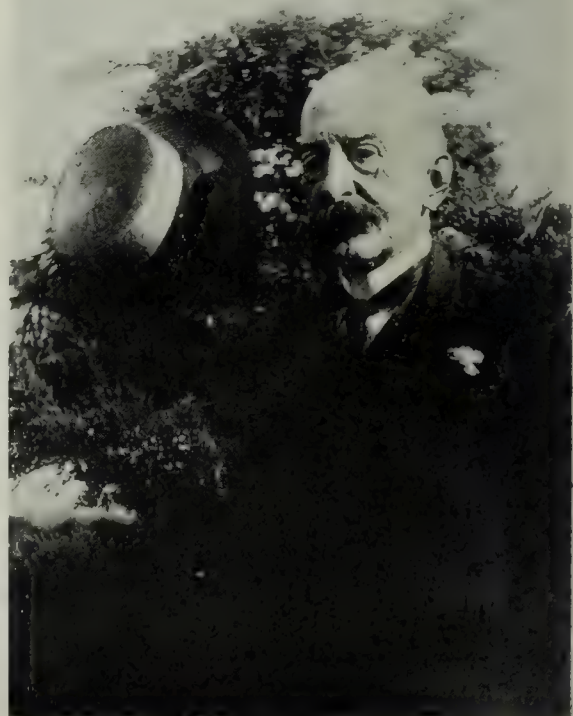
James A. McNeill Whistler

and clearly, I cannot express them to you. I must learn the grammar of the language in which I wish to speak.

It was not until the "Hudson River School" appeared that anything nationally American could be said to exist in the art of painting. Smibert, West and Peale had lived. Copley, a truly vital factor in our art, and Gilbert Stuart, were equal to the best in contemporaneous work, for Stuart not only knew how to paint, but he saw through his own eyes, and therefore added his vision to the creation of the day. But the pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary painters had taken their inspiration, as well as their technique, from the existing English school. They were almost Eng-



Arthur B. Davies



Winslow Homer





Alexander H. Wyant

sign of French influence. They were Anglo-Saxon in spirit and mode. Our romance and our history up to that time were intimately connected with England. Later it was France where they took part in French training and French life. Some of them returned with an excellent knowledge of the language of their art, but not possessing any character themselves, had nothing to say. Others developed their own personalities and used the language as a point of departure from which to start an individual and national art.

Of the many excellent artists that were now to come to the front I have space unfortunately only to mention a few.

George Inness stands out as a dauntless adventurer. He had the courage to change his style. He, A. H. Wyant and Homer Martin are called the "fathers" of American landscape painting.

There is a noble quality in Fuller's pictures. A fine character and a clear vision of nature contributing to bring his great talent to a point of high excellence.

An unusual circumstance was responsible for La Farge being both a scientist and a painter, and which may account for his very extraordinary career. An artist acquires from some source a certain technique to which he adds his personality, and by so doing re-creates the art to his own special uses. No one has done this more thoroughly than La Farge. He studied with Gérôme and Couture, learning what the French had to teach. There are differences of texture in paintings which are often the cause of the artist's individuality. In La Farge we find the innumerable memories of past painters combined with his own memories and supplemented by his particular texture. The art of glass had been allowed to fade out of existence. In its revival by this great man we may justly say he gave back to the world a lost joy. But the most important fact about La Farge was that he combined intellectualism with emotion.

Mr. Cortissoz says: "Emotion was, with him, saturated with intellect." And again "he drank of civilization as one drinks from a bubbling spring."

His versatility was a part not only of his work but of his life. He was complex, he was constructive, he was courageous. Above all,

he was "a man whose feelings for the past never for a moment detached him from the current of modern life."

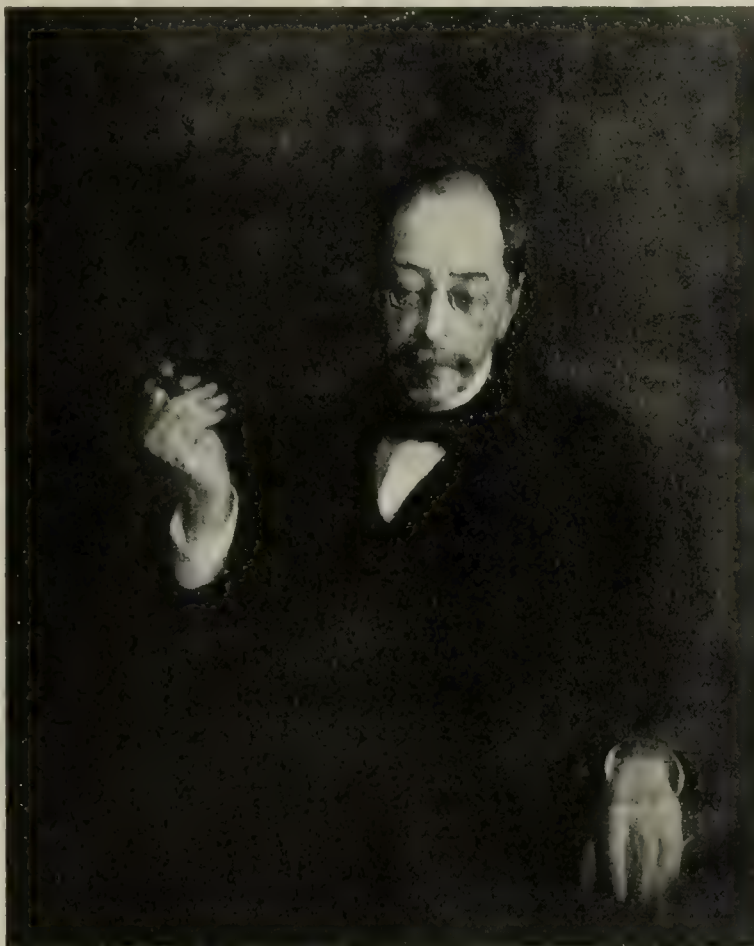
The art of decoration had up to a short time ago little opportunity to exist in America. It is an art which comes into being only after a country has attained a high degree of civilization. Walls we must have, but why decorate them when you can buy excellent wall paper at twenty cents a yard? That is the attitude of a nation.

La Farge was the first man to give an opportunity in decoration. He "invaded" this art as completely as he did the art of easel painting and stained glass.

Then Blashfield, Flinn, Cox, Mowbray and others made decorations for a number of public buildings. They searched in the annals of old Italian art and found old Italian art. Another phase, which took its cue from the English story-telling school was typified in Millet and Abbé.

It was not until Cushing and Chanler appeared that a distinct mark was made on the decoration of today. Cushing loved the Orient, but was born in New England. In his portraits as well as in his decorations the Orient is always felt. His sense of rhythm, his reserve, his love of color and his understanding of its scientific significance are what make his decorations so intensely vibrant.

In no country has there been any work which dimly approaches Chanler's. He inspires himself from the Gothic, the Renaissance; we feel he is in sympathy with the grotesque, that he has loved many gods. But the



John La Farge

all-important fact is that he himself has endless things to say and it is his own personality which always overshadows his traditions. He has depths to his surfaces, mystic significance to his compositions; his fanciful, allegorical themes are always varied in their expression. He is one of the few people unafraid of his imagination. His virility fused with his sense of composition make him a power in American art.

Eakins was a remarkable character in that



George Inness

he reflected solely his epoch. So easily did he discard the regulations of his French training that we forget his early masters. He was exact, he was inevitable, he embodied America's Puritanism and its intolerance towards evil. Had he lived in other times he would have been considered a reformer or a saint. He could face nature with a meticulous conscience and make a broad report of its fundamentals.

Nothing could be more different than the work of Ryder. He has often been compared to Puvis, but though they have points of resemblance, they are utterly different. They had towards life fundamentally the same feeling, but here the similarity ends, for one was a Frenchman, the other a fearless American.

Perhaps the greatest achievement in the history of American painting was the work of Winslow Homer. His work assumes the "grand style" from the very outset of his career. He worked out his own individuality regardless of the influences about him. But he was complete master of his language. That he was original and impressive was always apparent. He added to the painter's art, and his power was as national as that of Saint Gaudens, and its appeal as direct, possessing too the greatest of techniques—that which is unobserved. Almost all his life he lived here, painted here and was inspired here. Having worked in the Civil War, he evidently never forgot its lessons; having gone through the experiences of a war, he could not for a long time interest himself in the ordinary matters of human existence. He devoted himself to his work, inspired either by the war or, later, by the Gloucester fishermen, but always he portrayed America. His genius is probably best shown in his water colors. The rugged strength which characterizes his work is an entirely native product. His painting

is not based on the imitation of work already produced, but on his personal experience, which experience is derived directly from life. He would stand waist deep in a rushing stream to get the feel as well as the vision of it.

What artist is there in any country who has surpassed this colossal power? Courbet, a French genius whose realism was not as great as Homer's and whose vision was less new, was worshiped by his compatriots. How many of us know or care about Winslow

(Continued on page 284)





## Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II  
Editor Department of Architecture

### *Some Unusual Shop Windows*

IT has been very gratifying to see the steady advance which has been made in the United States in the treatment of shop windows during the past five or six years; and to find that shopkeepers, especially of the better class, are coming to regard an artistic treatment of the shop front as an index to the quality of the goods sold within.

The shop fronts illustrated on this page are all from small smart London shops, and while we generally associate "smartness" in shops with ladies and lingerie, one at least has little feminine appeal, for it is the shop of Loewe & Company, known to every pipe smoker for the excellence of their pipes. Incidentally, the sign over their door advertises them as purveyors of snuff to the royal family.

While in New York we can show few or no shop fronts so old as these, we can exhibit many new ones which can compare favorably with these London shops in dignity and design, although but a very few are so reticent as these English examples.

The development of the show window has been both natural and interesting; the earliest existing shops are probably the mediæval ones still in common use in Brittany and Normandy, and occasionally found in England, where the whole ground story of the building is open to the street, and is closed up at night

by wooden shutters. Such fronts afford excellent display places for goods, and in a mild climate are quite practical, although it is



very surprising to find the Breton shopkeeper muffled to his ears trading with a similarly clad customer in the cold penetrating drizzle that is the usual winter weather in Brittany. Even fine linens, silks and velvets are thus displayed and sold under conditions which seem unendurable, and the French seem to prefer to trade in this casual outdoor way.

Such conditions are, however, nearly impossible in severer climates, and as large panes of glass were not to be had a hundred years or so ago, the earlier American and enclosed English shops differed very little from living rooms with shelves and counters. The small windows gave room to display but a few articles, and as most shops catered to a local trade entirely, there was little need for display, since all or almost all possible customers were familiar with the contents and their quality. Occasionally showcases were built against the outside walls of the shops, or around the window, to attract the passerby, but it was not until plate glass was manufactured that the great show windows of today were possible.

The majority of people prefer progress, and regard the man who introduces a novelty as being progressive, so that we can easily imagine the sensation that was created by the first plate glass show window in New York. People must have stopped to stare at that

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## A Page of London Doorways Which Show a Great Similarity to Our Own Colonial Styles

IT is the habit to regard our Colonial architecture as a thing quite apart from any European precedent; as of native development. This is in a measure true, but that our local work was not closely allied with Europe is far from being the fact. Our work was probably the latest and most remote variant or derivative from the revival of Classic architecture which began in Italy, and spread slowly over the whole territory occupied by people of European races.

From our Colonial to the fifteenth century Italian is a far cry, but the intermediate stages are clearly to be traced, and are both racial and periodic. In other words, all Italian or all English work has a family resemblance, regardless of the time when it was executed, and likewise all European work of the sixteenth century exhibits common characteristics, differentiated by racial qualities. Thus the European architecture of the late eighteenth century is not entirely dissimilar from Colonial, whether we take Italian, French or English as a standard of comparison.

Every art, or rather every "style" or every "development" of every art seems to pass



through a fixed cycle; its rise, its apogee and its decline. The great Greek architecture passed through a cycle substantially similar to that of Colonial; each at the beginning was marked by uncertain handling of unfamiliar motives, and a vigor and daring in combination of forms, perhaps due as much to lack of precedents as to originality of mind on the part of the designers—then followed a period when forms were fairly settled, and the attention of the designers was focussed upon the selection and assemblage of the best forms rather than upon further development of the forms themselves. And last, during the decline of the styles, subtlety of decoration, grace and attenuated purity of line were the characteristics of both styles. Not only did Colonial architecture, but the whole art of Architecture during the Renaissance pass through these phases, although they were not precisely contemporaneous, but, as the movement had begun in Italy, so Italy led in all phases, the others lagging behind as they were distant from Italy, although as communication became more easy between the various coun-

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*The garden, looking toward the house. Here may be seen the graceful handling of grades, and the perfect adequacy of the informal planting, which has all the accidental charm of great age*

## The Garden of Charles H. Sabin at Southampton, L. I.

*Photographs by Mattie Edwards Hewitt*



*The garden, looking out to sea—a view which shows its admirable axial planning, as well as the delightful sense of unity and seclusion attained by the use of walls*





*A bit of garden design worthy of Maxfield Parrish. The unusual arches terminating the seat in this exedra are antique fragments used with delightful ingenuity and effect*

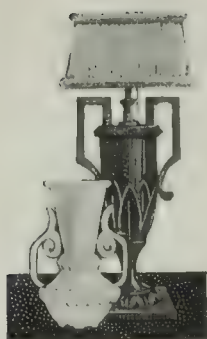


*Above the coping of the garden wall, a flower-strewn meadow stretches away, while the secluded wooden bench, with its quaint attendant figures, invites a quiet escape with a book*



*Beautiful proportions, perfect simplicity, and a graceful handling of the grades make of this fountain detail a charming example of garden architecture, and an absolutely happy setting for informal planting. And garden architecture of this kind only takes on added charm with age*





Reception Room of Mrs. Willard D. Straight's residence  
showing a painting by Zuloaga inset in a wall-panel

## The Architect and the Decorator in Harmony

### *They Should Be Co-operators, Not Rivals*

*Photographs from Tebbs Architectural Photo Co.*

**A**PITY it is that war should ever show itself in place of amity between architect and decorator. Perhaps war is too strong a word, and for it might be substituted the more insidious one, jealousy.

The architect, being first on the field, has a natural feeling of proprietorship which is affronted by the appearance of another worker whom the client has invested with authority. And thus trouble arises.

The client—innocent man—becomes aware of this only through the scattered and puzzling evidence of alterations—an indulgence on which he never counted, but which looms large in the bill.

When the house—cot or castle—is to be erected on the only lot in the vicinity which really embraces every advantage, the architect is regarded as the medium through whom dreams are to crystalize. His is the intelligent pencil which sketches in quick strokes the ideas which mother has matured—mothers al-

ways knowing how a house should be built. His is the knowledge of the market price of brick and labor; his is the keen bargaining with contractors which will procure marble for the price of cement. In short, he enters into the vital personal matter of a new home with the fidelity and sagacity of a true friend, and such a friend he becomes.

A sketch of the exterior of the house is one of the first sweets with which he spreads his table. Because the style is well adapted to modern American living and prevails as a model of conservative taste over so large a part of our country, let us assume the style chosen to be the Georgian.

Fitting the client's plan for room arrangement into this exterior is the architect's own peculiar trial, which he will work out with the sweat of his brow and the oil of midnight. But all professions have their agonizing hours when the ideal and the practical refuse fusion, so away with sympathy and look at results.

This accomplished, the next work at the drawing table is to reproduce the fine old lines of original Georgian interiors as they pertain to doors and windows and to the circulation system, which is the beautiful stair, not forgetting the possibilities of mantels.

It is a fascinating work to plan the end of a Georgian room, making a continuous composition, as did the olden architects. Happy is he who can place therein a fireplace flanked by doors, or by two "beaufats" which serve as bookshelves. (Why should we have anglicised the descriptive *beau-fait* into beaufat?)

The front door viewed from the inside, the architect loves to play with. He centers it in the space accorded, he sets peep-windows at its sides, he flanks it with pilasters and panels, making it altogether so gracious an affair that it speeds the parting guest with the suggestion that he come again to fall under its spell.

There are floors to be considered all over



In the dining-room of Mrs. Willard Straight. The furniture, of Hanoverian inspiration, accords with the Georgian setting



The reception-room of Mrs. Willard Straight's house looks upon the park, and takes on the simple informality of the country house





*The furniture of Duncan Phyffe suits the gentle formality in the house of W. T. Grant at Pelham, N.Y.*



*American styles of about 1800 give happy results in landscape paper and formal furnishings*

the house, and the simpler wood-trim that is wont to trail around the room to unite the walls and floor. And there is the matter of marking wall-spaces off into sketchy panels, which yet are appropriate and drawn in style.

All these things will have cost the architect much pains, which means that they come at last to occupy a place in his affection. Add to this the crowning satisfaction that the client is pleased.

All is well to this point. Up the sleeve of his kimona, the client has concealed a decorator, who is now produced. Why not before? Because in some subtle way the client knows that he is introducing a rival, an element which might, if used earlier in the game, "cramp the style" of the enthusiastic architect.

Sometimes all goes well, in spite of this timorous vicious method. But, again, the decorator—man or woman—is a person of talent and erudition and has strong as well as correct views as to how a situation should be handled. Moreover, he is able to carry with him the enthusiastic approval of the client, who is pleased past expressing at the beautiful possibilities which his house is now shown to possess.

Thus it may be that this beautiful house of fine Georgian feeling is forced to develop a living-room after the manner of the Italians in the Sixteenth Century; and a library in the paneled oak of Tudor Gothic. The decorator

makes of these rooms the perfect haven, a delight to look upon, a joy to live in. Comfort and convenience meet therein with good taste beyond criticism.

But the architect who sees such anachronisms spoiling the harmony of his plan, withdraws with a bitter heart. The decorator's plight is endurable, for as his work is limited to the rooms apportioned him, the general responsibility is not his. He may feel pride over the perfect rooms he has furnished with the approval of the client, and it is not his fault if the architect failed to make an exterior which bears any relation to the period of art they express.

This is, then, the logical result if architect and decorator are rivals: that harmony cannot prevail. It is not the result if architect and decorator are engaged at the same time, and the two work in absolute agreement on the style or "feeling" which the house is to bear when complete.

The man who builds his home is at a disadvantage if any other course is pursued; his money is wasted, and delays result from work done twice over under different directors.

There is no lack of harmony between architect and decorator if both are invited by the client to confer and to co-operate. But it is the place of the client to engage these two professionals and to bring them together, the perfect home for which all nest-builders yearn,

attracting strangers with its finely studied exterior and welcoming friends into its sanctum of home-like beauty.

The architect is known to step into the arena of the decorator and to insist on buying furniture appropriate to his interiors which he has marked with a definite style. This is done in no feeling of usurpation, as some insist, but is a natural self-protection against having his work spoiled by conflicting furnishings. But such a procedure should not be, for the sake of the profession of the decorator.

The ideal is the triune harmony of client, architect and decorator all working together from the start. The accompanying illustrations are chosen as examples of homes which were constructed under the influence of this sort of harmony. The town house of Mrs. Willard Straight is of Georgian type and looks upon Central Park. That of William Beard reaches back to the Directoire and that, too, has the advantage of trees before it.

It is of interest to note that the town house of Mrs. Willard Straight is one of the few American houses wherein the work of a contemporary painter is built into the wall. This work, a full length bullfighter by Ignacio Zuloaga, while magnificently decorative, is essentially an easel picture. Something like this was done at Arden with J. E. Fraser's bas-relief of the late E. H. Harriman.



*Correctness of the Directoire period sets the note, followed by the furnishings, in the dining-room of William Beard in New York*



*In this room is a delightful harmony of architectural detail and furnishings, all inspired by the Adams*





*Terracotta Group, Nymph and Satyr, by Clodion. Collection of Mortimer L. Schiff*



*Madame de Pompadour, marble bust by Jean Pigalle. Collection of Jules S. Bache*

## Pigalle and Clodion at the Metropolitan

### *Two Loans in the Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition*

**A**MONG the loans to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on its fiftieth anniversary is the marble bust of Madame de Pompadour. It was finished in 1751 by Jean Baptiste Pigalle. In the dominating presence of the bust, which possesses the power of life itself to charm and interest, perhaps the artist is forgotten. It is of La Pompadour herself that one dreams in studying the cold forceful face, marked with sophistication while rounded and dimpled with youth. Pigalle has chiseled a beautiful woman, one who piques with her charm, and repels by her insolence.

She was but twenty-six when the bust was commenced, in the full strength of her position, and the portrait carries the conviction of fidelity to likeness, both physical and psychic. The fashion of the day is suggested, rather than followed, in the well-coiffed head of close-curved and platted hair, and in the almost insolent lack of jewels. That she should be the most profligate spender in France and show nothing of riches in her toilette for the portrait was a clever stroke.

The history of this marble bust is full of incident. It was ordered by the Director-General. The quaint complaining of the artist in securing sittings from the capricious and autocratic favorite is written in his own words in documents connected with the affair. He must needs catch the likeness in clay while the Marquise was flitting from place to place in the constant restlessness of one who sought

amusement. It was in 1748 that the first modeling was done, La Pompadour being at that time already an influence in the world of art, which she stimulated by the importance of her commands.

Carrara hitherto had furnished marble for similar works, as it continues to do up to the present day. But it seemed desirable to find a quarry within France itself which would supply the needs of her sculptors. Tarlé, the controller-general of marbles, found in the south of France, near the Pyrenees, the stone sought, a marble of satisfying whiteness. From this quarry Pigalle received the block from which the bust was cut.

But the newly discovered stone was of such excessive hardness that Pigalle found his powers taxed to cut the subtly modeled portrait. Again we hear his plaint, half humorous, about difficulties, this time not the indifference of his sitter, but the obduracy of the stone, which put obstacles in the way of cutting the fine lace which drapes the exquisite neck, and the tiny rosebuds which ornament the hair. Two years were spent on conquering the difficult marble, and in March, 1751, the portrait of Madame de Pompadour was entirely finished. Someone has been so tactlessly explicit as to record that La Pompadour's bill to Pigalle was not entirely paid until 1760.

The bust belonged to the lady herself, a fit addition to her marvelous collection of objets d'art. It is supposed to have occupied

with her her favorite châteaux, notably that of Menars, and was in Versailles on her death in 1764. Many are the records of its ownership since then, including its safe conduct through the perilous times of the Revolution. It has come at last to rest in a country of ever-increasing appreciation in art, and is included in the collection of Jules S. Bache, Esq., by whose favor it is on public view.

In an utterly different mood from that which inspired Pigalle in his hauntingly puissant bust of La Pompadour, is modeled the exquisite small sculpture in *terre cuite* by Clodion, a group of Nymph and Satyr. The unbounded talent of France in the Eighteenth Century almost universally expressed the life of a frivolous Court, of a pleasure-seeking aristocracy. Art was prone to depict the Fête Gallante, and the amours of light ladies and their cavaliers. But Clodion went to Nature, and mixing with its moods a haunting memory of the classics, he produced such enchanting loveliness as that of the Nymph and Satyr. Many generations of critics have noted its skillful composition, and artists have been inspired by its spirited beauty. It is left for us only to admire and enjoy, and to rejoice that this gem of an earlier time is accessible for our pleasure. Mortimer L. Schiff, Esq., allows it to rest among the loans on view at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which, though of equal interest and importance, are not of the same character.





*Willem Mengelberg*

**WILLEM MENGELBERG**, the National Symphony Orchestra's coming guest conductor, who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, has just retired from the directorship of the Frankfurter Museum Gessellschaft and the Cascilien-Verein of Frankfort, after thirteen years of service. His retirement was made a municipal occasion with a final concert and later a dinner at which the Mayor of Frankfort presented to him a silver plaque as "a token of particular esteem for the man."



*Lambert Murphy*

**THE** exchange of compliments by the allied nations in these times of comparative peace has taken the form of an effort to reach a better understanding by the introduction of the national arts and artists. For this reason the New York Symphony Orchestra played abroad and exhibitions of pictures were sent to Paris and to Venice. There has been some doubt expressed regarding the cordiality with which the so much discussed Luxembourg exhibition was received. There was absolutely none in the reception given in London to that group of American singers, of which Mr. Lambert Murphy was an important figure.



*Alice Duer Miller*

**MRS. MILLER** as the author of "The Charm School" now being produced in New York City makes her initial bow as a playwright. She is well-known in society and as the author of "The Modern Obstacle," "Calderon's Prisoner," "Less Than Kin," "Blue Arch" and "Are Women People?"



*Charles Cary Rumsey*

**MR. RUMSEY** is probably the only sculptor in America with a reputation as an athlete. He is one of the American polo players now practicing for the approaching international match. He at one time held the amateur boxing championship of Paris. His most important official work in sculpture adorns the Manhattan Bridge.



*Arthur Crisp*

**A** NY younger man adventuring into the field of mural painting in this country must be prepared to combat the traditions set down by a group of men who could prefer, and did in many instances, Baudry to Puvis. Mr. Crisp has had considerable official recognition as a mural painter. He is of those able to make the very ancient modern subjects conform to academic laws and while his designs always contain something of the coldness that is inevitable in formal art they are rarely without something of the wit demanded by the world-weary modern. He was born at Hamilton, Canada, in 1881.

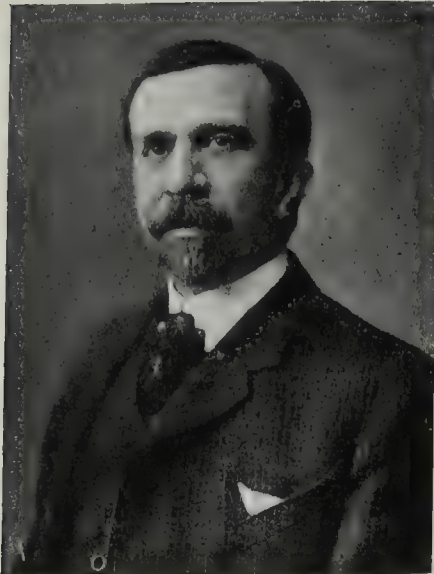


*Reinald Werrenrath*

**MR. WERRENATH** has probably more friends on the press than any other tenor in existence. He has recently returned from a flying trip abroad having sung two concerts in Queen's Hall, London, and one in Paris at the home of Mr. Schoelkopf, Secretary of the American Embassy. He has been re-engaged for a third year with the Metropolitan Opera Company. His series of New York recitals will be given in Carnegie Hall. He is quoted as saying upon his return from the other side: "I was born a Yank, and, by George, I'm going to stay a Yank through and through all the rest of my life."

## In the Field of Art





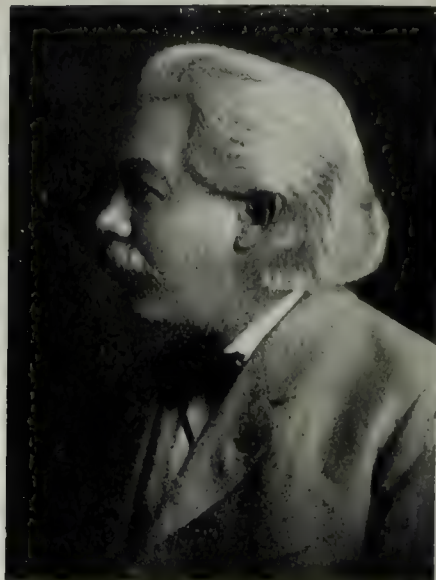
George H. Wilcox



Frank A. Wallace



Emil W. Kohn



Julius Wodiska

## More About Art in American Industry

### *Expressions From the Trade Point of View by Men Prominent in the Ceramic, Jewelry and Silverware Trades*

By W. FRANK PURDY, *Editor Department Industrial Art*

THESE further expressions of opinion and thought on the part of busy American business men in the art industries of our country give additional power to the views expressed by their confreres in other fields of endeavor published in our August issue. They emphasize and amplify to a remarkable degree the point of view already expressed in favor of the rich promise to American industry, and to the American people, through the development of some form of a national school of industrial design. Further, they give additional proof of the fact that industrial art in any country never had a more fertile field, nor were the possibilities for its most perfect development so varied, so extensive, and so live. Through lack of space, only a portion of the wealth of material secured as a result of our survey has been published, and we are still in daily receipt of similar expressions from every part of the country, and every phase of our industrial art.

As we have said before, repeatedly, America is now at the threshold of her great art opportunity. Hitherto her attainments have been pre-eminently along material lines. The art element has been lacking. She has become a great industrial nation without a national industrial art; her industrial art she obtained from abroad, while her own talent was neglected. The pause in industry caused by the shock of war has brought this home, together with the realization that if we are not only to hold our commercial success, but meet the coming intensified world competition in trade, we must add, develop, and emphasize the art element. This strengthening of the art element in our industrial production is essential; it is not only a great industrial and commercial necessity, but one of our most valuable national assets.

Close study, careful analysis, demonstrates very clearly that the claims of industrial art for any nation are two-fold: (1) that the art element introduced into manufactured products can increase their value indefinitely, and is, therefore, a possible boundless source of material wealth, thus aiding the economic progress of a country; and (2) that through industrial art the artistic energy and creative talent of a country is developed and directed

into useful channels, and as a result public taste is cultivated, the fine art is more universally appreciated, a nation grows in culture and refinement, and its spiritual side is strengthened.

A national school of industrial art for America means, then, material wealth, economic progress, and cultural advancement. Through it art in its truest sense will come to form a part of the daily life of our people, and the way will be opened for America to her great art opportunity. In any campaign for furthering a national indus-arto development there are three factors to be considered: (1) educational, as represented by our schools and educators; (2) industrial, as represented by our various manufacturing and trade interests; and (3) the public or consumer. To bring about the successful establishment of a national industrial art for America, these three interests must co-operate, and must in turn be supported by our national government.

ARTS & DECORATION has pledged itself to the support of such a movement, will spare no effort in furthering it, and its pages are open as a medium for the expression of the best thought on the subject. We feel that no publication could have a nobler nor more patriotic purpose.

*James McIntosh, Vice-President Ovington Brothers*

THE increased interest taken in homes is seen by James McIntosh, Vice-President of Ovington Bros., as the principal cause for the present great vogue for pottery.

"Now that people are taking more interest than ever in country homes," said Mr. McIntosh, "pottery is increasingly in demand. Artistic pottery is appropriate for table decorations, fruit bowls, candlesticks, sweets comports, vases for different purposes, and now even ash trays."

In speaking of the artistic preferences of the American public, Mr. McIntosh declared that the American people are as a whole more artistic in their tastes than any foreign nation. That is to say, he specified, a larger percentage of the people, due to the fact that we have more money here to spend for beauty and

education in the fine and applied arts.

American manufacturers are more practical in the making of useful things. They understand better than any others how to combine utility with beauty. The American manufacturer is probably more conscientious in studying his home markets, whereas the European producer attempts to cater to the world. The result is that while the American business man may be accused of greater provincialism, he is nevertheless more successful in achieving happy results for his own country.

Turning to the subject of porcelains and chinaware, Mr. McIntosh stated emphatically that there was no good reason why the domestic industry should not be developed to a higher plane—to a level with our pottery making, which deserves highest praise. It might be recalled that our two big factories (Lenox and Onondaga) have been far behind in their orders for the last three years, and this activity may have taken attention away from new development. However, the need for new development is clearly understood, and there is now no good reason for domestic porcelain manufacture remaining behind the high standards set by some of our other industries.

Commenting further on this situation, Mr. McIntosh said: "American manufacturers in this field have not yet developed a sufficient group or self-consciousness. As soon as they meet with one another and hold exhibits a great advance will be made. With the rush of business in the past three years they have not given sufficient care for the future. There is no question in my mind but that these manufacturers are sufficiently enlightened to care for art. And there is no doubt about public appreciation.

"Other countries have had the advantage of first-hand study of past master-works. We have been a bit isolated here. The better influences of past art have been nearer at hand in Europe; and this is a factor in influencing the people—both manufacturers and the public. Because what the people want will be manufactured.

"The current vogue in pottery is for plain lustre colors. Solid colors rather than highly decorative designs, and simplicity rather than ornate lines are popular. The American pub-



lic is more interested in artistic novelty pieces than foreigners. Our taste is less orthodox than that of other countries. New ideas are always welcomed here. We are more enthusiastic about new things, and this presents wonderful opportunities to business. New styles of dishes, bowls and table ornaments, if artistically made, will find a ready sale, a condition which should make for a wonderful pottery and porcelain manufacture in America."

*Frank A. Wallace, President R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co.*

WE have abundant evidence that the taste of the American people is improved as witness the appreciation of the beautiful in furniture, pottery and textiles; so in silverware, designers are encouraged to produce wares of artistic character in accord with the evident desire for perfection in the domestic appointments.

The architectural productions of the recent years have undoubtedly stimulated the industrial arts, and we doubt not that we are slowly settling down to a standard of taste which will, by steadily growing, lead to a national art in industry, even though it be nothing more than an Americanization of the styles of art of the older countries.

We have probably emerged from the period of "fads" in art styles—our increased contact in recent years with the European peoples, with the more general opportunities for closer acquaintance with their possessions, is bound to have a great influence upon American industrial arts.

*Mr. Henry J. Fisher, Rich and Fisher*

AMERICA has been making artistic pottery for quite some time, both in design and texture; and outside of high-grade porcelains our pottery need acknowledge no superior.

In regard to fine china, our development has been neglected, although we have the talent available to set us far ahead of Europe. But little has been done in this field in America. We need more enterprise. Enterprise to build more factories, employ more artists, try more new ideas. We have the artists and the designers, but capital must be interested so that we can compete commercially with Europe.

Industrial art cannot thrive independent of capital. It has always been so since the rich men of the Middle Ages encouraged the great artists of their time. The practical element in the present situation is this: The clay for fine china must be imported. The proper clay is not indigenous to our soil. Then labor is so much higher here that the prices of fine domestic ware are likely to be higher. If we had a universal labor wage scale, such as some economists declare is an eventual necessity, we could compete on even terms in this and every other line of manufacture.

I am not the least bit worried about the artistic end. Once capital has found that it is worth its while to engage in this field as a purely profitable business venture, we need not worry about art in the ceramics industry.

Artistic pottery and porcelains are always salable. Pottery, in this discussion, is to be distinguished from porcelains and china. Mostly all the fine pottery sold here is made in America. Domestic pottery is in most respects the equal of foreign, and in some re-

spects superior. Glazing is understood better here than abroad. American pottery is more salable on Fifth Avenue, with the result that very little pottery is now imported.

Europe still makes better porcelains and china. However, high class wares have been made here equal to any fine English china; but we could not begin to cope with the demands of the country for finer goods because of the lack of facilities to which I already referred. More enterprise and more ideas is the answer to this problem. We have some very fine factories which are showing us the way—concerns doing fine new work with American designs. The principal need of the ceramics industry in America is a quantitative one—more production to establish commercial independence. Art will come hand in hand with commercial expansion because our manufacturers are aware that art in pottery is essential.

*Joseph D. Little, Manager The Gorham Co.*

SOME fifteen or twenty years ago the public taste seemed to drop down to a low level, and I regret to say that silversmiths, instead of trying to raise the public taste, also dropped to meet the public taste, and for awhile, in my judgment, we were working on a low level; but, fortunately, I think that has changed, and today our designs are better and the public is demanding a better grade of silver, of better design, and a great deal more attention is paid to Period Decoration than formerly, so that today we are called on frequently to carry out in silver the Period Decoration of the dining-room and also the dressing-table. Furthermore, the demand for *hand-made silver* is increasing, and that is a very hopeful sign, and would seem to indicate that the public was being educated along artistic lines.

*George H. Wilcox, President International Silver Co.*

DURING the past five years, roughly speaking, there has been a noticeable reac-

higher quality and more artistic designs is welcomed by the makers, whose hearts are in their task.

Today the silversmith is producing and selling ware that five or six years ago would have gathered dust on his own or the jeweler's shelves. We believe it is a hopeful sign. The wider distribution of quality goods cannot but breed a higher appreciation of good silverware, and with the demand for high grade ware comes a greater discrimination in the matter of design.

That there is a real need for the training of artists and craftsmen we believe cannot be gainsaid. There should be a better linking up of the artistic and theoretical with the practical details and requirements of commercial art in some of the institutions that are devoted to that work if we are to have what we should have, an adequate and satisfactory corps of native-born craftsmen and designers. The revival of interest on the part of the buying public and of appreciation of what is good in the silversmith's art will, no doubt, help to increase the number of native-born designers and artists.

*From Mr. Emil W. Kohn, President Retail Jewelers' Association of Greater New York*

THE turn of the tide, from inartistic jewelry production to artistic, came at the very beginning of this century. It is not so many years back since the commercial idea predominated. Staple articles were made and sold in quantities. But the beginning of this century saw the turn of the tide. The Paris Exposition of 1900 accomplished an artistic revelation which promised a wonderful revival of art in industry. Nor were the promises unfulfilled. The Exposition had a tremendous influence on American industry. Up to that time art in industry was decadent—in America we had practically none at all.

We have in New York a public which, I am often inclined to believe, is in advance of the dealers in matters of taste and appreciation. While there is a great need for more general art education, I am conscious of the fact that dealers and manufacturers need this education even more than the public. The public is discriminating, and while not always well informed in artistic matters, nevertheless has keen perception of beauty in design and appreciation of the best technique.

We should encourage young men and women in art education. It is high time that provision be made for the future of industrial art in this country. Artisans must be trained. The present condition should compel the attention of every serious-minded producer. Most young Americans want to be financiers in Wall Street. Very few have the necessary qualifications for that sort of career. Now, we know that there is a great field for young people in the industrial

arts. We also have a public that can be successfully appealed to, for, as I said before, artistically the public is often more advanced than the merchant. And, above all, there is a substantial need for this kind of activity. The artistic side of industry should be attractively presented to the growing generation, with every assurance that real talent will be amply rewarded.

Since 1900 American jewelers have given thought and time to individual pieces, all of

(Continued on page 275)



*D. C. Crawford*

*A leader in the textile field in the United States*



*John P. Adams*

*President Kensington Manufacturing Co., makers of furniture*

tion on the part of the buying public toward a higher quality of silverware, both sterling and plated ware. Twenty years ago such a demand existed, but gradually gave way before a laxer standard on the part of the consumer.

The makers of silverware, like the producers of all merchandise, must meet the demand as it exists, if they are to stay at the forefront of the manufacturing procession, and the supply has to conform to the public's dictates. The gradual return of the consumer to the



# The Juilliard Five Millions for Music

## A Constructive Proposal for Its Spending

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

A RECENT announcement that the interest on the five million dollars bequeathed by the late A. D. Juilliard to the art of music would soon be available for use will doubtless bring out a new crop of suggestions as to how this princely gift should be spent. Everyone will have a word of sage advice for the trustees, and there will be a goodly pile of axes stacked up for the grinding. I hesitate to add another to the pile; and as I am a composer, I can never be certain that a plea for composition is as disinterested as I hope it is; but, none the less, composition seems to me to be by so far the most vital of all our musical activities that I cannot bear to see it neglected, or patronized in conventional and dubiously valuable ways, for want of a little plain speaking from those who, in Thoreau's phrase, have been "in at the life." I therefore crave the patience of the music-loving public, and of any long-suffering trustees of the Juilliard Fund whose eyes these lines may meet, for the following considerations.

### *The Problem of Composition*

The sincere lover of music is inclined to resent all discussion of the art in economic terms, all suggestion that the higher functions of it, such as composition, can be facilitated or retarded by financial conditions, all treatment of it as a business as well as a vocation. And this suspicion of the economic approach to music is indeed well founded and salutary, so long as our point of view is that of the composer. History shows that all the greatest workers of all periods, the Mozarts, the Bachs, the Beethovens, the Francks, have been men in love with the process of composing, indifferent to the rewards that might follow it; only the hucksters—the Rossinis and the Meyerbeers—have thought much about payment, either in money or in reputation; and it would be a sad and rather absurd fiasco if in our endeavor to aid composition we succeeded only in pauperizing and debauching the composers from whom it springs. But from the point of view of society, or the consumer, the matter looks rather different. As consumers we are interested to see that the condition of the market be such as to maintain a supply of the commodities we need; if it be not, we are interested to correct it as may be necessary. As music lovers, then, we are interested that the financial return of composition should be, not indeed luxurious, since Stevenson is right in saying that the artist's reward is not in his livelihood but in his life, but sufficient to make the act of composition economically feasible. And if we find that it is not economically feasible, or only with such hardship as seriously and needlessly to diminish the supply of compositions, then we are not debauching or prostituting anybody if we set about devising machinery by which the hardships and handicaps may be a little lightened, and the economic feasibility a little increased—always providing, however, that this machinery is of a kind that will work impersonally and that will not introduce any artificial principle of selection among the compositions it is to conserve. We shall see presently that this proviso is more far-reaching and difficult to satisfy than it appears, as many elements not at first apparent must be considered.

NOW one need have no hesitation in saying that what I have called the "economic feasibility" of composition approaches, under ordinary present-day conditions, zero—if, indeed, it be not a minus quantity. In our society the painter who paints well enough can support himself by painting; the essayist who writes well enough (though not, I fancy, the poet) can support himself by writing; as for the writer of fiction, though the big plums go to the crude work, it is probable that work of real merit usually receives a financial return not ludicrously disproportionate; but a composer who dreamed of supporting himself by composition would be mad. A man among us must have either independent means or abilities in other more money-making directions in order to gain time for the luxury of composition. The more he composes the poorer he will be.

Even in the most profitable of all departments of music, opera, it is only one composer in a hundred that makes a living. The usual fate is to be read between the lines of some interesting figures given by Mr. Krehbiel of the expenditures in one year of the Metropolitan Opera House, under Heinrich Conried: To "artists" (i.e., singers), and staff, \$544,153.11; to composers "and others" (presumably publishers and copyists), \$3,499.67. The symphonic composer, of course, makes less money than the operatic. It is only in the case of exceptionally successful works that he gets, in the form of rental of score and parts, any return at all. If we put the cost of copying score and parts at from \$50 to \$300 dollars, according to the length of the manuscript, and the average rental fee at \$25 to \$50 a performance, it can easily be computed how long it will take to get back actual money spent, to say nothing of the far more material element of time. As for chamber music, it is an indulgence, like a steam yacht, or at the least a Ford. In the time that it will take you to write a sonata for violin and piano for which you may get, in the course of ten years, from ten to a hundred dollars, you could earn five hundred by teaching, writing, lecturing, playing, or accompanying.

### *The Pitfalls of Prize Composition*

Thus composition is always achieved under certain heavy economic handicaps; and it is, I think, to the removal or lightening of these handicaps, so far as they are without benefit to the work achieved and merely vexatious and burdensome, rather than to the awarding of prizes, that a fund for composition could most hopefully be directed. . . . There is something tragic in the needless friction and loss of energy of a career like that of the late Charles T. Griffes, prematurely cut short, which a few hundred dollars in the right times and places might have tided over into untold fruitfulness. For years Mr. Griffes supported himself by the drudgery of hack teaching in a boys' school, detestable to a man of his imagination. Spending his leisure in composition, he produced some admirably skillful music, and though at first much influenced by the modern French style, was in his later work rapidly discovering his own individuality. But this double work was done at too great a cost of health. In the end, it is said partly by copying at night the orchestral parts of his

"Kubla Khan" for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he taxed his strength too far. He died just as his work was beginning to be known, at thirty-five. . . . And all the while the musical papers were bursting with "propaganda" for "the American composer" that benefitted only self-advertising mediocrities, and public-spirited philanthropists were offering prizes which were frequently being taken up by facile, shallow writers with pieces quite up to the last word of the latest musical mode. It would seem as if we owed it to Griffes' memory to devise something a little more effective.

I SAID, a moment ago, that any such machinery must be impersonal, and must not introduce any artificial principle of selection. Perhaps we have here a clue to the usual failure of prize competitions. A prize differs from a payment in that it is disproportionate and uncertain—in short, highly speculative. If you get it, you make perhaps much more than your work is worth; if you don't get it, you have nothing. In other words, a prize is a gamble, to which a composer, being human, may very possibly be corrupted, but by which, in so far as he is a conscientious workman, he cannot be sustained. In the second place, while it offers him with one hand this bait, it takes away with the other the natural conditions under which he might profitably strive for it, and substitutes artificial and paralyzing ones. Free selectiveness is the inmost essence of art, unhurried contemplation its necessary method; and the competition prescribes the type of piece and names the date. . . . Finally, prizes are awarded by judges; and judges are not the great, indifferent, stupid, keen, tolerant, gullible but in the long run indeceivable public, asking only to be stirred, demanding nothing but power, life, originality. Judges are professional persons, highly respectable and conservative, with narrow professional standards, precise notions of technical fitness, and an incorrigible distrust of originality. If judges had had anything to say about it, we should never have had Beethoven's symphonies, nor Bach's fugues, nor Wagner's music-dramas, nor anything but music most timidly *à la mode*. If we want to discover any potent new personalities in the future, we had better put on their scent, not the judges, instinctively playing the "safe and sane," but the public, so wholesomely indifferent to correctness, so eagerly sensitive to power.

### *A Library of Manuscripts*

While no system can be safeguarded against all errors and miscarriages, a plan has recently been suggested to me which a good deal of experience, observation, and thought led me to believe might meet the needs of the situation, and would certainly avoid the more glaring evils of the prize-competition.

Composers should be invited to send their works to certain central offices, which could easily be maintained in connection with public libraries or with musical bureaus in important musical centres, say, to begin with, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and San Francisco. Directors of orchestra and chamber-music organizations should be asked to refer to these collec-

(Continued on page 280)





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# American Taste and Artistry in Jewelry

## Looking Back Over Fifty Years

By JULIUS WODISKA

THE fine art of manufacturing jewelry in this country has grown very rapidly in the last twenty years. This includes all branches of the industry, from the production of the highest-priced diamond and platinum pieces to the cheapest articles found in a retail jeweler's stock. The American public demands the best there is in all the different grades, and is willing to pay to the fullest extent for the quality and beauty it wants and can afford. Taken as a whole, it is extremely critical, but at the same time it is quick to see and appreciate the artistic. Further than this, it governs its purchases more by this recognition and acknowledgment of the truly beautiful than by any amount of crafty salesmanship or cheapness of price. To say that American genius is today able to meet the demands of such a public is one of the highest honors that can be paid it.

In my enthusiasm of things American I must not lose sight of the fact that a great deal of inspiration, as well as jewelry itself, is drawn from the efforts of the French and of other peoples of Europe. But I can say, safely and fairly, that while high-class jewelry is designed and made with great beauty and fineness in Europe, the American artisan can reproduce and improve it, with added strength of construction to make it available for practical purposes, without losing one whit of its artistic conception. Further than this, I may truthfully say that both the medium and cheaper grades of jewelry made in this country are very carefully designed, in order that they may possess not only beauty but that durability which is so highly necessary in articles that are worn very frequently, if not almost continuously. In this respect American-made jewelry of the grades in question is far superior to the corresponding products of the European shops.

Looking back fifty years to the time I became identified with the jewelry industry I see many things that were different from what they are today. The factories themselves, now models of convenience and mechanical efficiency, were then often located in the garrets of ancient dwellings on John Street and Maiden Lane. But even of greater contrast than the physical changes in the industry has been the change in the styles of jewelry in demand from decade to decade.

In 1870, for instance, the articles in vogue were massive. The greatest demand then was for rings. Men's rings of the period were literally immense. Some of them embodied cameos and onyxes five-eighths to three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Women's rings were lighter, and were set with amethyst, topaz, turquoise or other semi-precious stones. Sometimes they were set with half-pearls. Diamond jewelry for men at that time was largely confined to tail pins, which were worn

in the bosoms of their ruffled white shirts.

A great deal of heavy jewelry was brought into this country from Great Britain in those days. German manufacturers also sent massive pieces here, many of which embodied the expression of their admiration for nature. Leaves, twigs, branches of trees and sprays of flowering plants frequently appeared in the designs which ornamented their pieces, many of which, especially brooches and earrings, were stamped out of gold. Jewelry sent here from France, on the other hand, was wrought on lighter lines. Most of the pieces imported from that country at the time consisted of very delicate designs in engraved and enameled work, both with and without precious stones.

Fashion looked with favor on initial rings during the five years beginning with 1880, and a number of interesting developments came about. Interchangeable initials were brought out, and numerous devices were invented to effect the changing with facility and speed. Next came the vogue for moonstone, which lasted until 1890. During the five years these gems were in favor some very remarkable cuttings were seen. These varied all the way from a ball, or cameo intaglio, to quarter, half and full-moon effects. They were mounted in every conceivable style, and many of them were "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Hardly had moonstones begun to lose their

into this country from Australia and mounted into every known form of jewelry.

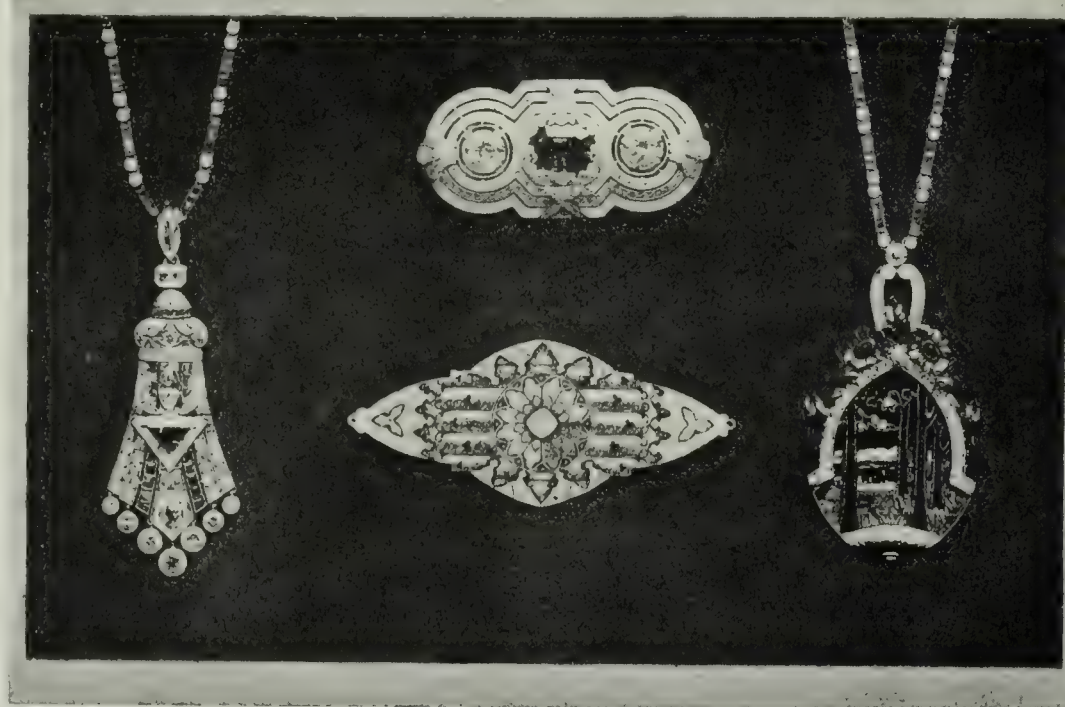
The development of diamond jewelry in this country is one of the most interesting things I have ever witnessed. Fifty years ago diamonds were not so abundant as they are today, and trade in diamond jewelry was almost exclusively confined to a few leading jewelers. In those days about all the purchaser wanted to know about a diamond was that it really was one and for the dealer to guarantee that to be the case. Nowadays the purchaser, if he is at all wise, wants to know about the "make," shape, color, degree of perfection, brilliancy, proportions, cutting and imperfections of a stone, all of which have direct bearing on its value.

At this point it may not be improper to bring out the fact that the finest diamonds in the world, both cut and rough, are reserved for the American market. Not only does this country offer a remarkable outlet for the best gems, but the most skillful diamond cutters and polishers that can be found are located here. Although it may surprise many persons to learn it, American-cut diamonds are preferred to those cut abroad, and it is an everyday occurrence for a fine diamond, imported in the finished state, to be re-cut here in order to improve its brilliance and increase its value.

It was not until platinum was introduced into jewelry-making in a serious way that diamond jewelry really came into its own. No other metal ever harmonized so thoroughly with the chaste and distinctive beauty of the diamond. It was first used in the manufacture of diamond mountings in 1887. During the next ten years it became recognized as a serious rival of gold for the purpose, and in another decade it not only became the premier metal for diamond mountings, but exceeded gold in value. At the present time, in connection with the manufacture of high-grade jewelry, the two metals are hardly mentioned in the same breath.

In concluding, let me say that the top most heights of artistic possibility that were presented with the introduction of platinum into the jewelry industry have as yet by no means been scaled. Particularly in diamond jewelry has it offered, and still offers, possibilities for the manufacture of wonderfully beautiful pieces. No other metal possesses its amazing adaptability to the jewelry worker's art. It has afforded the artistically-inspired mechanic every opportunity to produce his best work. Every high-class jewelry store in the country bears silent tribute to the fact that these opportunities have not been overlooked.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Anything from Julius Wodiska, the well-known jewelry expert, is certain to be authoritative.



Four examples of modern jewelry

popularity before opals came to the fore in the style world. Beginning in 1890 and running until about 1900, these gems were in high favor. To Queen Victoria of England is given the credit for removing the superstitions which for a long time militated against the commercial success of opals, the belief being that they brought the wearer bad luck. However, when the Queen presented each of her daughters with opal jewelry as wedding gifts, and that fact became generally known, this belief was abandoned. Whether it is true or not that the Queen did so in order to aid in the development of the Australian opal fields, the fact remains that hundreds of thousands of carats of gem opals were imported





CHENEY  
SILKS

CHENEY  
SILKS

Kubla Khan makes inquiry about Jitan of a Korean Physician, Cho I. (Marco Polo is seen on the right)

*"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea."*

SO wrote the poet, Coleridge, recording for literature "the insubstantial fabric of a dream" in words which for fantastic imagery are possibly unequalled upon the pages of genius. As to the palace so conceived, it seems fantastic to speculate upon it. Yet what a panorama of historical movement it would bring before us, and what an evolution of decorative style could thus be visioned, compelled by the events.

One in imagination would see the mighty armies of Ghengis, of Ogotai and Batu, his son and grandson, moving to their triumphs over Mongolia, China, Persia, India, the Caucasus, Poland, Silesia, Hungary, Russia. And by comparing decorative styles before and after these achievements one would be rewarded by a suggestion, at least, of their effect upon textiles. We would discover how strongly Persian decorations reflected Chinese influence. We

would appreciate how, as the tide of conquest swept westward, the Persian-Chinese influence flowed with it. Gradually we would find the geometrical compartments and figure-groups to disappear and to be surrounded later by a wealth of flower and leaf-motifs. Parallel with this and doubtless influenced by it we could discern the development of verdure ornament, crudely rectangular in Kubla's time, but more varied and vivid in the late 15th and 16th centuries.

Finally we would come to see how closely the textiles in Kubla's\* palace, in their decorative aspects, might suggest designs not unfamiliar with the motifs in our own homes. For many of the beautiful fabrics produced by Cheney Brothers whisper a far faint echo of the ancient conquerors—and perhaps even of those stately interiors which were Kubla's pleasure-dome.

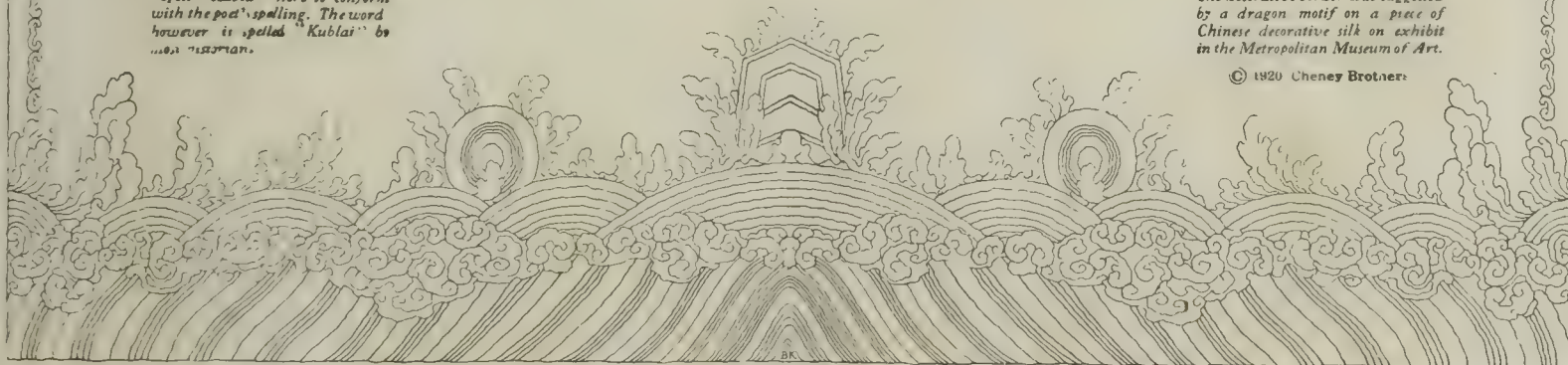
## CHENEY BROTHERS

4th Avenue at 18th Street, New York

\*Spelt Kubla: here to conform with the poet's spelling. The word however is spelled "Kublai" by Marco Polo.

The decorative border was suggested by a dragon motif on a piece of Chinese decorative silk on exhibit in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

© 1920 Cheney Brothers





# Duncan Grant

## A Great Modern English Painter

By CLIVE BELL

THE recent exhibition at the Carfax Galleries of the work of Duncan Grant—the first “one-man show,” by the way, this artist ever held—brought home to the cultivated British public what had long been known to acute judges here and abroad, that Duncan Grant is much the best painter in England. To begin with, he is really an artist: he sees first, then he feels, then he sets himself to create a formal equivalent for what he felt. This feeling—this peculiar reaction of the artist to external reality—call it what you will—this æsthetic sensibility—is just what distinguishes him most sharply from the bulk of his modern compatriots. Also, it is this that makes him an artist.

The bane of modern English art is Pre-Raphaelitism. Our most enterprising young men, who affect to ape the manners of the French masters and to beat Matisse and Picasso at their own game, are, in fact, the spiritual children of Ford Madox Brown. Theirs is not an art of expression but a trade of observation and anecdote. They do not feel for what they see as artists; at most they comment on it as moralists. Thus, in that much belauded collection of British war pictures, recently on view at Burlington House, you could find hardly one where the painter had felt and expressed the formal significance of the scene before him. At most he had felt, in a general way, its horror; and out of that made an illustration.

Duncan Grant sees and feels as an artist: so far as sensibility of reaction goes, he wants nothing. How far he can completely realize his vision is another matter. No one has suggested—at least I have not—that Duncan Grant is a perfect artist. But sensibility both of reaction and touch he possesses in the highest degree. His touch is as charming as a kiss. The sheer quality of his paint is so delicious that one feels sometimes that his pictures must be good to eat. Here he is thoroughly in the English tradition; sensibility of reaction and touch—especially the latter—having ever been the great virtues of English paintings: let Hogarth, Gainsborough, Crome, Cotman, Turner, Conder, Steer, and, amongst Americans, Whistler and Davies, be my witnesses. What the English painters have generally lacked is something far rarer than sensibility: it is creative power. It is the power of grasping firmly that conception which visual sensibility provoked, of grasping it and enveloping it in a form, a form which exactly fits it and lives by its significance. No English painter ever possessed this supreme power to perfection: that is to say, there was never an English painter of the first magnitude. But Gainsborough, Crome and Constable had a fair measure of it; Blake had a touch of it by fits and starts; and because, perhaps, the name of Duncan Grant must be added to this tiny list, we, in England, are all a good deal excited about him.

By the swiftness and richness of his reaction to external reality, and by the ease and beauty of his touch—not such uncommon gifts, either of them—Duncan Grant is in the best English tradition. And he is in the great tradition, too—the European tradition. To begin with, there is something Greek about him; it is not the archæological Hellenism of Germany nor the Græco-Roman academicism of France, but that sensuous, lyrical Hellenism

which everyone can see for himself in Theocritus and that sharp eyes can detect in almost all the great Attic poets—in Aristophanes, in Euripides, in Plato, too—and which pervades English poetry from the Elizabethans onwards. Then, there is the very marked influence of Piero della Francesca: he has been an attentive wanderer through the Fifteenth Century. He has contemplated the great Italians to some purpose. Finally, at the right moment, he went to Paris and saturated himself in Cézanne, studied Renoir, Matisse and Picasso, allowed himself to be swept along on the full flood of the movement, casting his bread upon the waters. The flood swallowed him up; his personality seemed to disappear; for a year or two he was painting French ex-

giving vitality to the bridge itself. Duncan Grant's sensibility is so abundant and fluid that it seems almost to run off the tips of his fingers onto his canvas.

The more important cause, however, of Duncan Grant's originality is his temperament. He is a poet. There is danger in this. Blake was a poet; and because he was a poet in his paintings he too often lacks artistic integrity. It was tempting for him to try to externalize the poetical conceptions that crowded his brain by suggesting them intellectually instead of finding for them a plastic equivalent. Blake took to symbolism, which means that he shirked the appalling labor of creating expressive forms and contented himself with suggesting ideas. Herein lies the secret of his innumerable failures. We feel that he was a great man who too often produced what comes short of greatness.

The quality of Duncan Grant's mind is essentially poetical: what is more, it is poetical in the English, the Elizabethan, way. He is fantastical, gay, lyrical. That is how he feels about what he sees and that is what he has got to express. It behooves him to be rigorous with himself. With such gifts, clearly he is in constant danger of becoming literary and symbolical. He is rigorous. He sets himself resolutely to create a palace of pure form. Only, when the scaffolding has been cleared away, we cannot fail to notice that the very stuff of which the palace has been built—the bricks and mortar—is poetry.

Consider the picture here reproduced. This *Still Life*, a recent work, is perhaps the best thing he has yet done. If you look into it closely I think you will be able to get a taste of the beauty of his brushwork: on the other hand, the poetry, though there, is not conspicuous. It is a superb piece of painting. The original æsthetic experience has been intensely felt, and then formally realized with a power of which no British painter, since Constable at any rate, has been capable. Such a work lifts its author a good head and shoulders above all English contemporaries and sets him down only a very little below the four great living masters—Matisse, Picasso, Derain and Bonnard.

His water-color work is so lovely and sympathetic that it speaks for itself. It is as lyrical and gay and fantastic as a little song by Campion, and as completely realized in its rapid, modest way. No one will miss the beauty or the poetry here. And in the portrait of Lytton Strachey there is the same delicious handling. And here is the poet, again. Though the picture is no more than a slight sketch, what a whimsical view of his eminent friend! It is generally admired for the beauty and suavity of its color; and these delicate, charming colors do but accentuate the painter's affectionate, mocking vision of the writer. No student of that amazingly witty book, “*Eminent Victorians*,” but will feel that this is just how its author should look. Only it needed a rarely gifted artist to see him so and make us see what he felt for what he saw. To give a finishing touch to the whole thing: I was standing once with Simon Bussy, the French painter, and Lytton Strachey himself, looking at this sketch. “And what book are you reading there, my dear Strachey?” enquired Bussy. “*The History of the Inquisition*,” replied the author of “*Eminent Victorians*.”



*Still Life*, by Duncan Grant

ercises. But it was all as it should be. The seed was germinating. Already by 1911 the green corn was waving its head freely above the weeds—the weeds that creep and hug the parent soil—and giving promise of a rich harvest. Before 1915 Duncan Grant had shot up out of the rich, fertilizing, spate, in which for a moment he had seemed to disappear, a complete individual artist, quite distinct from his French contemporaries—a modern English artist, and perhaps the only one that we possess.

Duncan Grant is nothing if not personal. He does not paint Cézannes or Picassos or Matisse's or pictures that are a little of every one else's; he paints Duncan Grants. And wherein lies this personality? In his touch and in his temperament. There is a peculiar exquisiteness in Duncan Grant's touch—a peculiar liveliness. In every art there must be a technical bridge of some sort between the mind of the artist and the external, realized form which expresses that mind. That this bridge should be as short as possible is clearly an advantage: that is why the history of art is the history of a series of revolution against an over-elaborate technique and in favor of simplification. But, far over and above theories, is the power that some artists possess of



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# Diaghilevism

## Meaning Dictatorship by Diaghilev, Who Has Created a New Art That Has Conquered London

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

WHAT is Diaghilevism? Is it allied to Bolshevism and the control of art by the proletariat? It is not Bolshevism in the theatre, let me say at once, though perhaps to those Academicians who so abound in London these new productions of the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden are as near to Bolshevik or Soviet aesthetics as they care to get. As a matter of fact, "Diaghilevism," a word which was the invidious invention of the mystic critic, Edward J. Dent, to describe some of the recent activities of Mr. Diaghilev's troupe in Covent Garden, is of a true and very special significance for all of us. Applied to the ballet as a term of opprobrium, it should be seized upon for a new and successful theory of co-operation between artist and business man, between artist and producer. For Diaghilevism is something new and something worth studying in this post-bellum world of ours.

Instead of dictatorship by the proletariat, Diaghilevism might be described as co-operative control by a far-sighted business man. Sometimes, after an evening in Covent Garden—where things do not on the whole run as smoothly as at our Metropolitan—I come to the conclusion that Serge Diaghilev is the shrewdest and cleverest man in the modern theatre. There can be no denying that after that first fine outburst of his ballet in Western Europe, when its personnel included such stars as Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Fokin, and especially that master of decoration, Leon Bakst—after this fine flare, this comet-like apparition that awoke our western theatre out of its dogmatic and inartistic slumber, there was a grave danger of the whole thing going to pieces. Pavlova left, other stars followed her; there seemed to be no cohesive force in the whole organization. How to renew this former prestige, how to retain the enormous interest that had been awakened among the critics and the more discriminating public? A new ballet was an event not merely for the theatre critic, but for the music critic, the art critic, and the *littérateur*. These productions had stimulated other artists—painters, etchers, designers. There is no need here to repeat the story of that influence. Diaghilev came to America. The tour was a disappointment—a financial disaster, if I remember correctly.

But Diaghilev was a sound business man, first, last and always a business man. But a business man, let me hasten to add, with a keen insight into the trend of modern art and modern interest. Instead of blindly trying to repeat his initial success, he perceived at

once the necessity of novelty—true and not false novelty. Let those who were thrilled by the earlier work criticize and bemoan the "good old days" of Bakst and the "Spectre

Matisse, Erik Satie and Jean Cocteau. Massin, the leading dancer and choreographer, may receive full credit from his enthusiastic admirers. Diaghilev remains discreetly in the background. And the great outstanding fact remains that the backbone of the Covent Garden opera season, ostensibly under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, is the Ballets Russes, which are presented on the best evenings every week, and help out the presentations of operas that would seem to the regular patrons of the Metropolitan somewhat less than mediocre.

A good example of the method of Diaghilev in organizing the arts is to be found in the recent performance of "Le Astuzie Femminili," an old Italian opera by Cimarosa. Hitherto and almost universally the policy has been, in making such a revival, to collect from the corners of the earth a number of famous and expensive singers, who generally consider themselves much too gifted and experienced to undergo the ordeal of sufficient rehearsal. The result has usually been

some good singing, together with a great amount of very poor stagecraft. What did Diaghilev do? He collected six singers who did not even pretend to greatness, but who were quite prepared to take whatever trouble he considered necessary in making this revival. The young lovers in the production at least have the advantage of looking young, and the rest of the cast drop into their places with corresponding ease. The point is, as Edwin Evans recently pointed out, that though none of these singers in "Le Astuzie Femminili" are stars of the first magnitude, and though they do not, as the dear French say, cost the eyes out of your head, they have youth and enthusiasm, and they are quite willing to follow the directions of the producer, Leonid Massin—a youth whose talent, as we now realize, has been extraordinarily developed under Diaghilev. The results really satisfied even the most discriminating critics here in London. "It really did make us feel that this opera buffa was a sprightly entertainment, and not merely a display of vocalization. This one production opens up for us the treasure house of Pergolesi, Paisiello, Cimarosa, the early Rossini, the lighter Donizetti, and many other delightful composers who wrote for the joy of mankind." Mr. Evans fails to mention Gilbert and Sullivan. What an opportunity they would present for Diaghilevism!

The Diaghilev influence is not confined to Covent Garden. It is quite evident in that most delightful production in London at the present moment: I

(Continued on page 288)



Courtesy Leicester Galleries, London

Seen from the front row by Laura Knight

of the Rose." The fact remains that the greatest *coup* of Diaghilev's career was when he made his ballet not Russian but European, by enlisting the very leaders of the modern movement, such artists as Derain, Picasso,



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# The London Musical Season

*It is Dominated by the "Beggar's Opera"—a Forerunner of Gilbert and Sullivan*

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

IN music and in various other fields, England just now is very patriotic. Great efforts have been made, for instance, to put opera on a new and national basis. Covent Garden lately ended a short season in which every opera performed was sung in English—the example in New York at the Metropolitan, and in Chicago at the Auditorium Theatre. The status of "Grand" opera in London today differs from that of pre-war times. Formerly grand opera was a sport—a something for a fashionable few, a pleasing pastime. It ranked with golf and cricket and lawn tennis. It was "good form" here not to understand librettos. But while the opera house has lost its social glamor, the operas of themselves have gained attention. The public has been warmed into a real interest in lyric art.

At the Lyceum the hard-worked Carl Rosa Company has, for two months or so, been drawing ample audiences. And even in the suburbs one attempt, at least, to imitate the Carl Rosa troupe has been recorded, at the ancient Surrey Theatre. In the concert rooms a new work, by a composer born in England, is now and then sandwiched between Debussy, Brahms, Bach, Mendelssohn and Beethoven. A symphony, the "London," by Vaughan Williams, has caused a flutter by its quite unusual beauty. An excellent conductor and composer, Albert Coates, is mapping out an excursion to New York, where, next autumn or next winter, he will give two all-British programmes, including the "London" symphony, under the auspices of Mr. Walter Damrosch.

I hear good things of an opera named "Dante and Beatrice," the invention of an Englishman; while the "Village Romeo and Juliet" of Delius, another Englishman, has twice at least this season been performed at Covent Garden. A renaissance of importance has begun in the English music world.

In the casts of all the companies now giving opera in this country the names of foreigners are last among those of artists like "Dame" Butt and Burke and Hislop. Few foreigners familiar to New York sing opera here. Today the English do not flood the opera house to hear stars. Those who spend money at Covent Garden or at the Lyceum now seem to crave opera first and only next great singers. This is, of course, a very healthy sign.

Another proof of the renaissance I speak of is the new interest aroused in the performances of Purcell's earlier opera, his "Dido and Æneas," not in a theatre, but *al fresco*, in Hyde Park. Covent Garden still refuses to revive Purcell. But by the critics and by many quick-eared thousands his old opera has been hailed with almost ecstasy.

But the most fascinating and arresting symptom of the English renaissance in music

is the revival of that naughty, classic work of art, Gay's "Beggar's Opera."

We have all heard of Gay and of the curious spell wrought by his so-called operas. They had the widest kind of influence in their day, when men and women loved free speech. At school, if I do not mistake, they taught us that Gay's quaint creation was the first of all the operas composed in England. The "Dido and Æneas" of Purcell, however, came

his irreverent skit. The audience did not, as in former times, invade the stage and hustle the performers. They sat in front, quite in the usual way, divided from the actors by the orchestra. One scene, with trifling changes in the background, did duty for a jail, a street, a room. The costumes of the period (the beginning of the Eighteenth Century) were odd and accurate—delightful to the eye, with their brave color and their ancient styles.

The hoops the women wore were not so huge as in Velasquez pictures, but they were huge enough. The men affected scarlet or scarlet coats and white silk stockings. They also had their pates below long wigs, and they regarded women as inferior animals. Gay dogs they were, those men, and rogues of various patterns. The keynote to their most unpleasant characters was suggested in the opening song of the jailer of Newgate, a rascal named Peachim.

The beggar in the case appears in the prologue. He confides to a player that, though in rags, he has written a real opera (but there, I think, he lied), adorned with catches, to do honor to James Chanter and Moll Lay, "two most excellent ballad-singers." Then he departs and the play proper is produced. The central figure in the plain, plump, home-spun plot is a bold highwayman, Macheath, who gambles, flirts, robs, cheats and wins all hearts by his devotion to the sex and by the gallantry with which he laughs at fate. Three times he is imprisoned and released. Three times he is betrayed by shameless jades. Towards the close, he has been sentenced to be hanged. The noose is round his neck, his doom seems fixed. But—in an interlude—the player of the prologue entreats the beggar not to send Macheath to death. And, to oblige him (or perhaps to please the audience), the pretended author of the

"opera" saves his hero. At the last moment a reprieve arrives. And the bold captain is surrounded by ten victims of his wiles—ten wives—of whom four bring with them their new-born babes-in-arms. There is no heroine, in the right sense of the word. But two fond women, Polly Peachim and Lucy Lockit, have large places in the story. Polly has certain qualities of the ingenue, while Lucy is a sort of female villain. Much of the humor in the plot is owed to Peachim, the unscrupulous Newgate jailer, and to his brother-scoundrel, Lockit, a hired hangman. None of the characters pretend to worship morals, and everyone concerned, from Polly on, seems to be prompted by the most amusing cynicism.

"The Beggar's Opera" is, from end to end, an ironic comment on the facts of life. The philosophy it teaches is outrageous. But one should take it, as Gay doubtless did, *cum grano salis*. It hurts, though, even now, by the consistent and incorrigible disbelief in truth and virtue expressed by nearly all the characters it shows us. Macheath plays fast

(Continued on page 276)



Miss Locke as she appeared in the revival of "The Beggar's Opera"

forty years before it. In the accepted modern sense, "The Beggar's Opera" is not what it's styled. It is a rather grimly humorous play of manners (and such manners!), with incidental songs and a few dances. A rattling, roystering, rakish work, indeed, though it still has a very potent, deep appeal. A vital work, which deals with things eternal—with love and sin and jealousy and treachery.

The little theatre, in which John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," was first introduced to London, is once more drawing thousands to suburban Hammersmith, night after night, by the magic of this old satire upon human life. Some nights ago I could not get a seat of any kind to hear it, and, like some others, had to stand up at the back of a dark, dingy pit. That pit itself was a survival of a time gone by, a free and easy pit, in which one smoked and drank between the acts, and called for coffee. The women—not a few of them, at all events—puffed at their cigarettes as frankly as the men. The setting of the play was very simple, as it was when Gay invented



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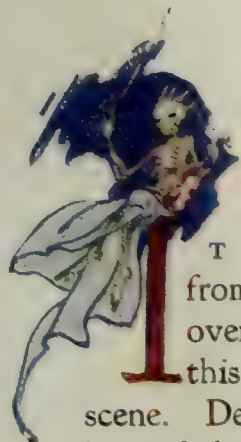
*Fashion Notes will be found on Page 278*



# THE DANCE OF DEATH

## A Merry Ghost Story

"Zig-et-zig-et-zig, la Mort en cadence,  
Frappant un tombe avec son talon;  
La Mort, a Minuit, joue un air de danse,  
Zig-et-zig-et-zig, sur son violon."



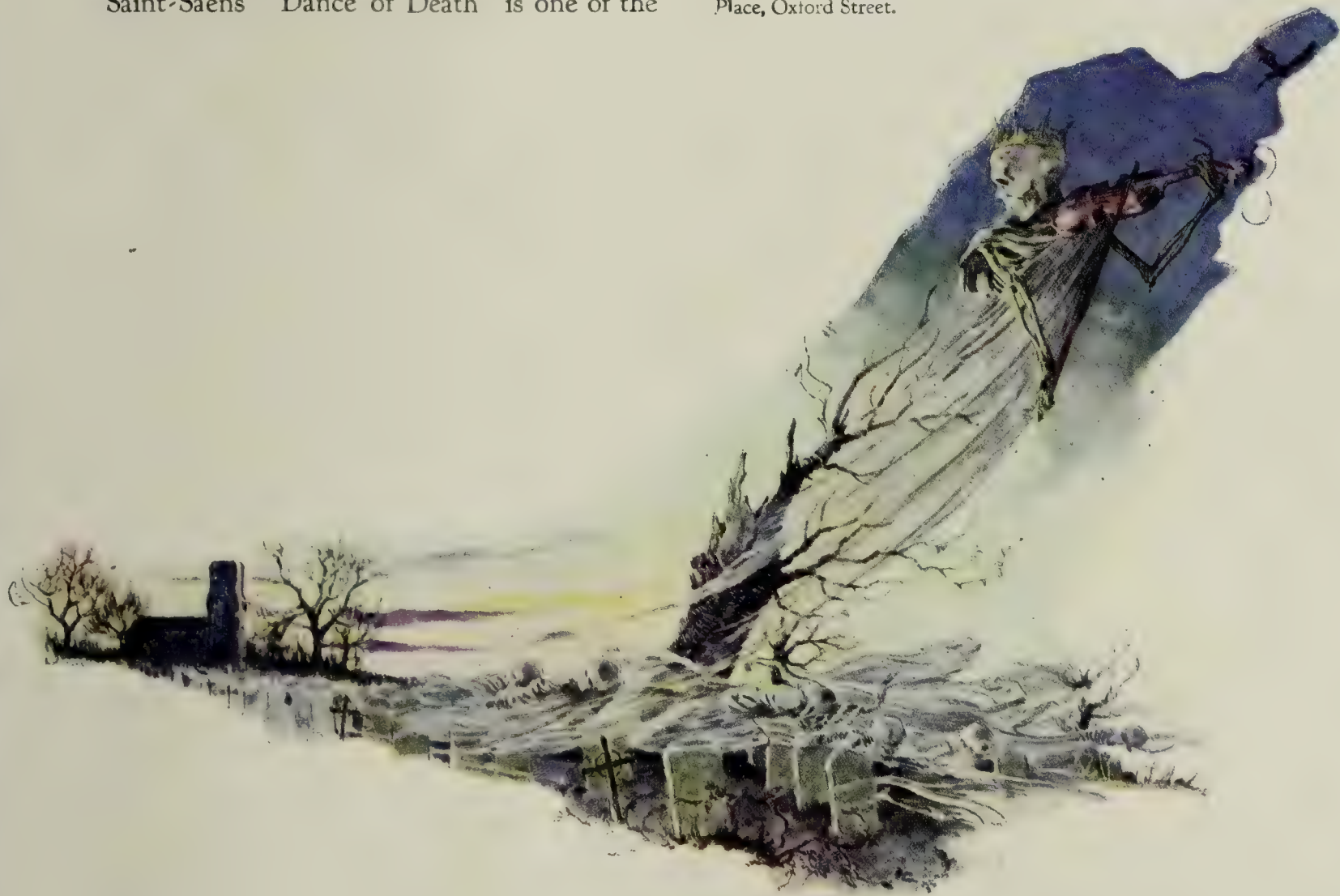
**I**T IS MIDNIGHT. Twelve solemn strokes from the old bell tower that keeps watch over the churchyard at its feet proclaim this fact and give signal for a strange scene. Death with his violin tucked snugly beneath his bony chin, beats time with his heel on a mossy tombstone, "zig-a-zig-a-zig", and plays a merry dance tune. One by one the skeletons rise from their resting places and join the dance. Woven in the mazes of the waltz one hears the melancholy sighing of the night wind, the branches of the lindens rubbing against one another, and the rattle and scuffle of bony feet over the lichened stones. Suddenly the cock crows and sends the jocular, gruesome crew scurrying back to their graves, while Death, still fiddling, vanishes over the nearest hill.

Saint-Saëns' "Dance of Death" is one of the

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## Pictures and Houses

### *A Thought About the Architect as a Picture Builder*

By MATLACK PRICE

*Photographs from Tebbs Architectural Photo Co.*

THESE are a few architects whose talents class them with that rare species of the *genus homo* which I have heard called "picture-minded." These architects see their buildings in terms of pictures, and their materials in terms of artists' pigments. Brick and stone and slate and timber are the things with which they set out to build pictures, and I, for one, would say that they must have more sheer pleasure doing it than is enjoyed by the most craftsmanlike painter imaginable.

This word "craftsman" is a reminder that there may be a higher order of pure craftsmanship in architecture, quite aside from the pictorial aspect of the whole concept; and if the picture-minded architect is also a man who delights in the natural colors and textures and adaptabilities of materials, the result of his vision cannot fail to have qualities of charm which are both immediate and abiding.

These generalities seem to find graphic testimony in the direction of their truth in the pictures of this house by Mr. Phillips. We can call them "pictures" without meaning "photographs." A photograph may show how a building looks, but there may be nothing there of which the camera can make a picture.

It is perfectly safe to call Mr. Phillips a builder of pictures, because all the photographs of this house, inside and out, are pictures which tell us at once that a house may consist of an infinite succession of inside pictures as well as outside pictures. At this point let the painter, who is used to being called an artist, begin to feel something like envy for the picture-building opportunities of the architect, who is also an artist—but with what a fascinating and varied palette!

Outside, the picture-building architect has stone and brick, with all their marvelous ranges of color and texture; he has timbers and shingles and slates, and the subtle, broken reflections from leaded windows. Furthermore, he builds shadows wherever he needs them in his picture, by designing projections and overhangs—and his shadows are so much more real than printed ones. And either before or after he has contrived the house, he may turn to his inexhaustible palette for the green leafy shapes of trees, the softening drapery of vines or the spot-masses of shrubbery to aid and beautify the composition of the picture he is building.

Within doors he picks up another palette, and proceeds to build other pictures, with

shapes and vistas and lighting as some of his problems—but with what an amazingly rich variety of things to draw upon for the solution of those problems.

There are voids and solids in the walls he is building, real sunlight falling through leaded windows, mellow panelling, tapestries, interesting furniture, with all its latent human personality and friendliness. The palette of Rembrandt was not so rich.

Certainly with these thoughts, carried on in the mind of the reader, who may now find it interesting to see pictures in houses, just as Shakespeare's wise fool found "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything," some surprise will be experienced that relatively few architects go about their work picture-mindedly, or with little other thought than to construct a conventional and decent shelter from the elements.

Most especially in the realm of domestic architecture, and in the dwelling of moderate size, it must come to appear to the thoughtful mind that the greatest and most delightful opportunity offered by building one's own house is neglected and lost if the architect embarks upon the project without realizing that he is building a picture.





*There is charm and romance in the great shadowy window, built in old English fashion with mullioned, leaded casements*



*Like eyes with lowered lids windows peep through the shingles, which have been laid in imitation of thatch*



*The quiet garden front of the house is approached by stepping-stones across the lawn*

Country House of Henry J. Davis, Esq., at Quaker Ridge, New York

W. STANWOOD PHILLIPS, ARCHITECT





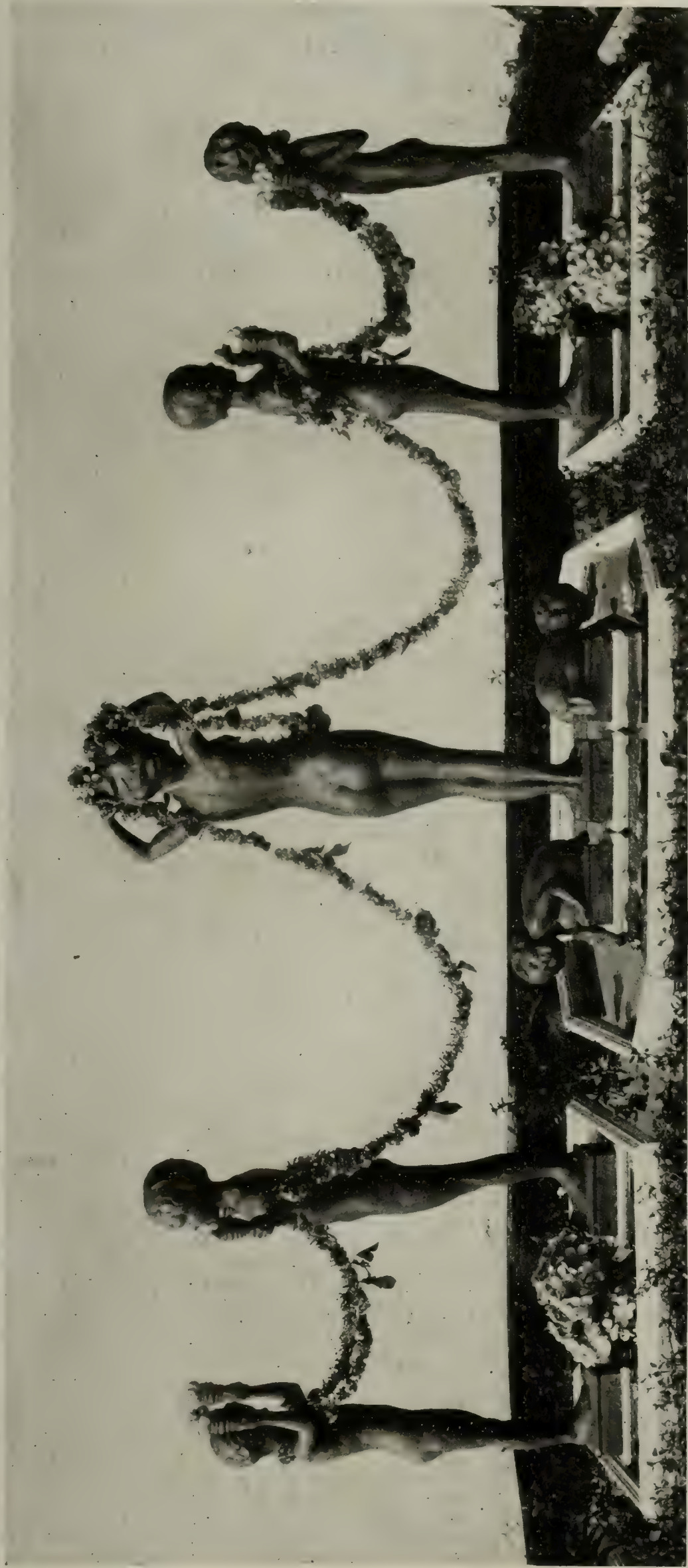
*Both window and fireplace declare the Tudor Gothic style of the living-room*



*The antique note of the house is emphasized in the wide entrance and stair hall*

## *Interior Views of the Davis House at Quaker Ridge*





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*The Altar of Dedication*

*The Altar of Dedication. Model for the marble panel in the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia, to the memory of Captain Howard C. McCall, A.E.F., killed in action 1918.*

## From Anatomy to Sculpture

THE American invasion of London has not been limited merely to the theatre. One of the recent exhibitions which attracted widespread attention was an exhibition of the sculpture of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, of Philadelphia. The critics characterized his work, recently shown at the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, as typically Transatlantic. Not all of them, I fear, recognized the true significance of Dr. McKenzie's striking work. More interest attaches to his small statues than is at first apparent. To understand them, one must delve into the biography of R. Tait McKenzie. His approach to sculpture has been a circuitous one. It is this approach that makes his show significant.

Dr. McKenzie is professor of physical education and physiotherapy at the University of Pennsylvania. He has won a distinguished place in this field. During his college days at McGill University, Montreal, he won many honors as an athlete. Later he became a lecturer on anatomy in the Medical School there, lecturer on artistic anatomy at the Montreal Art Association. Then he was called to Harvard, and also took part in the Olympic Lecture course at the St. Louis Exposition. In 1904 he accepted the call to the newly founded chair of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, where he organized the medical examinations and the courses in physical training which have become so successful a feature of the college training in Pennsylvania. In 1915 he received a commission as major, and his work in the rehabilitation of injured soldiers was widely commended, largely through the success of his ingenious appliances for muscular re-education.

Thus to the problem of modeling the human figure, especially the figure of American athletes, Dr. McKenzie brings all this intimate knowledge of anatomy and athletics, of muscular activity and development—in short, of the human body in its most varied and expressive movements. His work should be a lesson for those many American sculptors who attempt the most ambitious and exalted

problems in sculpture without any intimate knowledge of the infinite variety of physical activity and development. We cannot expect all sculptors to go through the athletic and scientific training of Dr. McKenzie, but they would do well to stop and consider his accomplishment, and to reflect on his success—simply in accepting the human form and the traditional modes of representing it, and directly, without any intricacy of technique, acclaiming its beauty. He neither disguises his frank admiration for the American athlete nor his skilled scientific interest. Yet, while he is always purely objective—in his figures of athletes, at any rate—his work is personally and individually expressive. It would be quite as unfair to Dr. McKenzie to judge these statuettes by standards that might be applied to other sculptors as it would be manifestly unfair to compare their work with his. It is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting experiments in modern art, and almost forces one to the conclusion that observation, intimate knowledge, and some sort of magnetizing interest in the human body are of infinitely more value than years of academic training and technical practice. Practice may make perfect in some things, but in art, one feels, there must be some central interest that drives the artist to creation.

I agree with Mr. Sadler (of the *Westminster Gazette*) that Dr. McKenzie practically proves his own case. His portraits, his historical figures, his allegorical designs, when they are devoid of the athletic background, look oddly trivial besides his masterly studies of young manhood. Dr. McKenzie, however, even in this field, may thank the scientific trend of his mind for his restraint; he never falls into sentimentality or bathos. But, as Mr. Sadler recently pointed out, in a tribute to the Pennsylvania artist and scientist, when he can bring to our jaded and conventionalized art world so much that is strong and true and vital, one resents the time Dr. McKenzie spends over politicians, divines, and elaborate memorials.

R. A. P.



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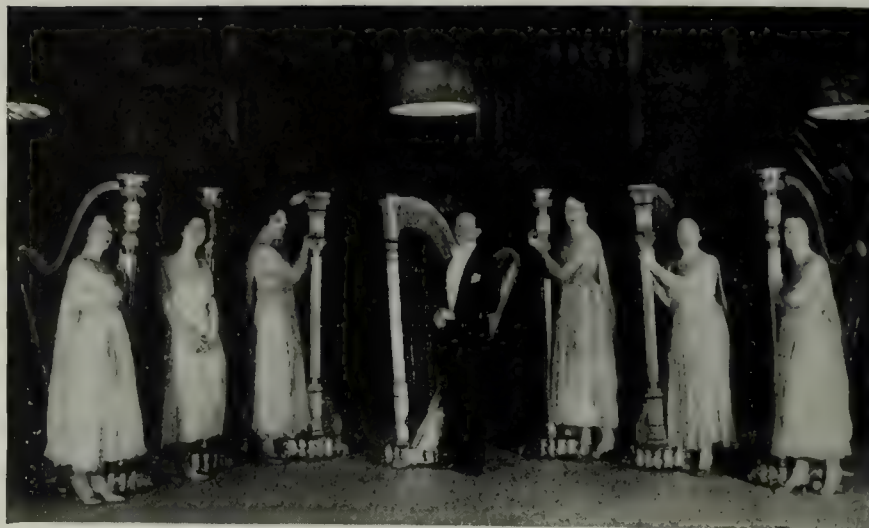
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Carlos Salzedo and harp ensemble

## Ada Sassoli

*The World-Famous Harpist*

By GRETCHEN DICK

ADA SASSOLI, who has long been known as an exponent of the harp, ranks as one of the world's great harpists. She had a very marked success in every way in this country through her remarkable playing while on her first American tour in 1903, and again on a more recent trip the year previous to the great world war.

Miss Sassoli returned to Italy at the inception of the war, devoting herself to various forms of relief work, and has not been in America since 1915. Her first appearance will be shortly after her arrival in September. She will go on tour with Miss Farrar for a period of six weeks or more and will appear in solo and joint recitals until her return to Italy in January.

### *An Interview with Miss Sassoli*

"As an accompaniment for the voice, I know of no other music as delicately feathery and effective as that produced by the harp, and as a solo instrument it has the greatest possibilities for tonal coloring. Its sound gradations vary from deep vibrations of profound sonority to the delicate whispers so necessary in modern compositions. The color of the tone so attracted the more modern masters of instrumentation that the greatest scores of Gounod, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner are not complete without it. However, the early use of the harp in orchestra appears as far back as the Sixteenth Century, recorded in accounts of the occasion of the marriage of Mary of Lorraine with the Duc de Joyeuse in the year 1851. We read of this orchestral celebration as a *'concert de musique,'* performed at the Château de Montiers, and particular stress is laid on the harp parts."

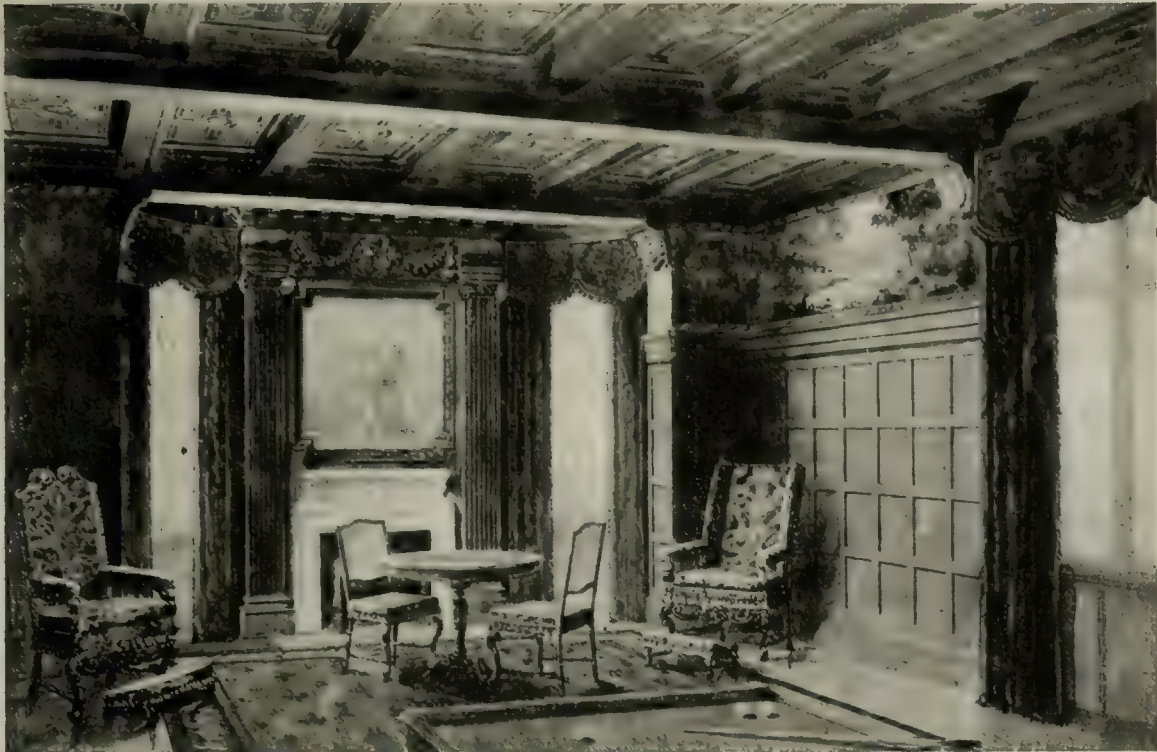
WHILE the harp is an instrument of great antiquity, it is from northern Europe that the modern harp has derived its name. The earliest mention of the

'harpa' is found described by the Latin writer Venantius Fortunatus in the Seventh Century, though harps in somewhat different form from the modern were found on the frescos at the time of Rameses III. The old Egyptian and Assyrian harps (without the modern front pillar) were an evolution of a primitive instrument called a 'nefer,' a kind of oval guitar. This developed into a horizontal instrument, carried on the shoulder, and then into the vertical harp.

THOUGH it is not known how the early Irish harp is connected with the ancient instrument the hypothesis of Eastern descent is made plausible by an Irish monument in the ancient church of Ullard, near Kilkenny, the date of which is about 830. The first specimen which suggested the beautiful modern form is the famous harp in Trinity College, Dublin, of which there is a cast in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The approximate date of the instrument, deduced from the decoration and ornamentation, is the late Fourteenth or early Fifteenth Century. The next harp of which there is any definite knowledge is 'Lamont's Clarschoe,' which, with one or two others, belonged to the old Perthshire family of Robertson of Lude. This instrument was taken by a lady of the Lamont family, at the time of her marriage, into the Lude family, about the year 1460. From the famous Dalway harp in Ireland, dated 1621, down to the modern instrument, there is a long and interesting history of harp development in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and contemporaneously in Italy and Germany.

Suffice it to say, that the first actual pattern of the modern harp was found in old German and Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts as far back as the Ninth Century. The diatonic instrument was evidently common throughout the European continent, for we find it





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It was not until the Seventeenth Century that it was possible to produce accidental semitones on the harp. Heretofore, the strings could only be shortened by the pressure of the player's fingers. In doing this, for the moment, he lost the use of one hand. It was in the Seventeenth Century that a Triolese maker adapted the screws in the neck of the instrument so that the strings could be shortened or lengthened at will. In 1720 a Bavarian, Hochbrucker by name, invented the first form of pedals at the base, which, acting through the pedestal, controlled the stopping by mechanism. This inventive advantage made it possible to play no less than eight major

upon a modern principle which greatly enhanced the tone shadings.

The relative importance of the harp is difficult for me to determine, for I am naturally prejudiced.

Mr. Carlos Salzedo, a great French harpist, has probably done as much for the development of the harp as any other living musician, particularly in America. He has been a true propagandist, an excellent performer, and has written and arranged some delightful harp compositions. He is responsible for the formation of what is known as the Salzedo Harp Ensemble, a group of six young women harpists, who with him have been appearing successfully since their initial concert during the winter season of 1917-18. Their programs have presented the



*Ada Sassoli, one of the world's greatest harpists*

scales. Various defects in Hochbrucker's new invention were ameliorated by a sequence of improvements made by two young Frenchmen by the name of Cousineau.

It is to another Frenchman, Sebastian Erard, whose famous Paris and London piano factories were the greatest in all Europe at the time, that we owe the perfection of the harp used today. To him the greatest credit is due, for he toiled and studied unrelentingly for many years in order to achieve perfection of tone and beauty. In the modern Erard pedal harp the young Frenchman gained a distinct triumph by adding, in 1786, what is known as a 'fork' mechanism, and again some years later, in 1810 to be exact, he attained complete success with the double action pedal mechanism. Other improvements are laid to the credit of Erard, for it was he who likewise modified and perfected the comb that conceals the mechanism, and constructed the sound body

best musical literature from the Eighteenth Century compositions of Couperin and Rameau to Debussy and the last word in modernism—from old Italian and old French to contemporary composers of all nations.

I feel I must tell you a word about the Louis XV harp, which is a true romance in the history of the manufacture of musical instruments, for it ranks in beauty and worth with the very finest Stradivarius violin. It was begun some five or six years ago, took three years to complete and represented an expenditure of ten thousand dollars. It was made by Lyon & Healy, who are now making a special instrument for my coming American tour, and was used as an exhibition piece at the opening of their new store in Chicago. Here it remained on display in a glass case for over a year. It was subsequently brought to New York, where it was sold a short time ago to a wealthy resident of New York.





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## Current Art Notes

*French Commission Appraises  
Art Objects in Vienna*

ABOUT a year ago a syndicate of English, American, French and German merchants were negotiating with the Austrian government for the sale of the Hapsburg tapestries and other collections and the sum to be paid was one hundred million francs. The transaction had so far proceeded that the National Assembly had passed a law authorizing the sale. Then came the Peace of Saint Germain, blighting the plans of the syndicate.

Six months ago a French commission composed of M. R. Koechlin, J. Guiffrey, G. Migeon, C. Dreyfus and Demonts was sent to Vienna to appraise the royal collections. Their evaluations have not been published. But their visit has brought attention to the magnificent art treasures formerly belonging to the royal family of Austria, some of which have never been on public view.

The commission reports that they were courteously received, for their coming meant that the Allies were in the mood to make the Austrian government a desperately needed loan, but first wanted to ascertain the security.

In making the inventory they acted for all the Allies except the Italians, who had already taken back to Italy the art objects to which they felt themselves entitled, leaving the walls blank.

The work of the commission took a month. They put a price on all the paintings of all schools in the Belvedere. In the Hofburg they examined the nine hundred tapestries of the Crown, which formerly were taken out only on occasions of ceremony and are virtually unknown. Spread before them were the imperial religious treasures, consisting of ecclesiastical vessels and jewelry in abundance of all periods and styles, and the civil treasure, which had never been publicly displayed, including, as it does, the priceless coronation paraphernalia of Charlemagne. In the Galerie d'Este they were shown the well-known antiquities of classical art there and the Renaissance sculpture, which includes several fine Donatellos. And in the Museum of Decorative Arts they assessed the unrivaled Persian and Hungarian tapestries.

Further, they examined the collection in the Albertine and in the imperial châteaux of Schoenburg, Salzburg and Innsbruck.

But the jewels and the armor they left to specialists in these lines, soon to follow. Although the late Emperor Charles had taken many of the Crown jewels with him in his flight, there are many left.

Of the nine hundred tapestries in the Hofburg there are a few of the Fifteenth Century, a number of the Sixteenth in gold thread, and many Flemish examples of the Seventeenth Century, and that

which the commission considers *the most beautiful of all known tapestries*.

All of the Crown treasure, however, could not be catalogued as security for the Allied loan, for the Czecho-Slovaks have appropriated what they have found in their domain, and there is some in Prague, Budapest and other places.

According to the Commission, the art possessions of various noblemen have not been sold. Indeed, the old collections are almost intact. As before the war, it is possible to visit the Lichtenstein, Czernin and Harnach Galleries, though not the Rothschild.

The commission predicts that Vienna will supplant Munich, Berlin and Dresden as the chief art-centre in Central Europe.

*France Has Much to Learn from  
America, Especially from the  
Art Museum at Newark*

ACCORDING to M. Arsène Alexandre, France has much to learn from American art museums, and the vitality and the co-ordination with which they are organizing art education throughout the country. France has been and is like the ostrich hiding its head in the sand. She did not want to see the lusty growth of German rivalry before the war, and she has not concerned herself with the progress other countries have made during or since the war. According to this celebrated Frenchman, who was sent to the United States by his government when we entered the war, in all industries related to art there has as yet been no constructive effort in France to dispel the uncertainty and disorder occasioned by the war.

All tradition, he says, has been lost or denatured. In the great cities workmanship is lazy, indifferent, vulgar, wobbly. One has only to realize how immensely the products from Limoges and Aubusson have deteriorated! France has lost many of its pre-war aptitudes, but it is only asleep, he believes, waiting for wise encouragement and instruction.

There has been a Comité Central Technique des Arts Appliqués, but it has accomplished nothing other than to advise getting to work. And a politician has just been appointed Minister of Professional Instruction. M. Alexandre suggests finding the Professional Instruction first.

In America there has been neither such a Comité nor such a Cabinet Minister. Here certain centres have crystallized; they have grown; and they have developed an enthusiastic publicity and co-operated with other such centres.

The museum at Newark, organized by Mr. Dana, receives M. Alexandre's special praise, as well as a detailed description of what is to be found there. Mr. Dana has not bothered himself with prece-

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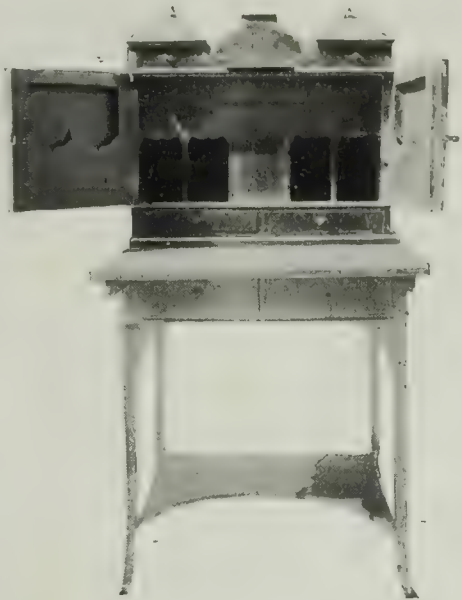
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dents, but has proceeded to build up an institution to meet local needs. In each art industry the material elements as offered by Nature are shown in all their processes of modification to their fabricated end. The museum, according to M. Alexandre, is "a model of good sense and originality," offering "an encyclopædic education, complete and exact," in no matter what department of industrial art, yet stressing the resources of the region in which it is situated.

France must give up its traditional self-satisfaction, its habit of routine, its little rivalries. It must remember what to expect from Germany and from South Kensington, and it must learn that in America thousands of eager students are now receiving a thorough training in the applied arts.

### The Expansion of the "Modern Idea"

AT last, "a man of taste who wishes to be of his time" is "free of all prevention." No longer is he constrained to be "modern" in part. His whole environ may now be "modern." He may now quench his fancy for modern wall papers, modern furniture and modern lighting effects as well as modern separate *objets de luxe*. Modern decorators have at last attained unity of style. They are entering upon a period of initiative and spontaneity such as so often succeeds a period of uncertainty. Manufacturers may yet be somewhat more hesitant than desired to sponsor modern designs, but they are rapidly coming round. Indeed, so "free, clairvoyant and of their epoch" have "modernists" become, the objects they are now selling to private individuals and museums, in another century or two will be reproduced wholesale by the manufacturers of Marais and the faubourg Saint Antoine.

It must be confessed the group is strong in hope.

The occasion for their rejoicing is the recent and the eleventh exhibition by "La Société des Artistes Décorateurs," which was founded in 1901. The latest exhibition was organized by MM. Sézelle and Georges Buxard and held in the Pavillon de Marsan.

The work exhibited included furniture, pottery, decorated materials, jewelry, bookbinding, weaving, mosaics, stained glass, brass, illustrations, painting and sculpture.

### Styles, Man-made Today

IT seems that "la mode" of today satisfies nobody. Certainly it does not satisfy woman, who reproaches the dressmaker for her fantastic imagination, nor the dressmaker, who denounces the audacious demands of the woman. To which woman only despairingly replies that man is to blame. So it is man who has made the prevailing mode, and he has taken a deal of trouble to spoil the woman's "plastique," according to M. Eugène Delard.

Monsieur does not hint that this is a new field for man.

It is to be inferred, therefore, that man alone approves the décolletages, which continue to lengthen and the skirts, which continue to shorten.

But some day soon, without doubt—no, the décolletage and the hem will not go marching on—they will right about face, violently and suddenly, and we may expect the opposite of the present mode, which must be chokers and trains.

Silks alone have remained French and beautiful, according to Monsieur Delard. In spite of increasingly precarious sales, increased cost of production, increased difficulty in obtaining raw materials and increased cost of living, the output has not deteriorated in quality or design.

But there are no modern styles, he declares. There are merely more styles.

Yes, women designers have appeared in the industry, and yes, they are not without new ideas or talent. In fact, the war has virilized certain brains.

As for the competition with German manufacturers, the Germans are bragging about their painted textiles. Now, any amateur can paint textiles, and painting can hide defects in weave and dye.

### For the Propagation of Modern Art

VISITORS to the Société Anonyme are told that the exhibitors do not paint what they see. They shut their eyes and paint what they don't see. In other words, they paint what they feel.

And the results, strange to relate, would appeal to the manufacturer of ribbons, the pictures being "modern," flat, bright-hued abstractions, which, in the case of the large canvases, to be sure, would require an immense reduction of scale before they would be of use industrially.

In an alcove one is shown a small library on "modern art" and told that the society was founded for the study of and research in "modern" art.

### The Prado Doubled in Size

THE exterior of the vast new addition to the Prado, Madrid, Spain, consisting of twenty-two rooms and doubling the size of the Museum, has recently been finished. It is hoped that several of the rooms at least will be installed by next November, when the Centenary of the Museum will be held.

Don Amos Salvador, Jr., is the architect, and has aimed to alter the appearance of the original building as little as possible, utilizing the space at the rear between the Museum and the Church of San Geronimo.

The most notable feature will be the Imperial Room, which will contain the most famous of the royal portraits and other art objects of great historic interest.





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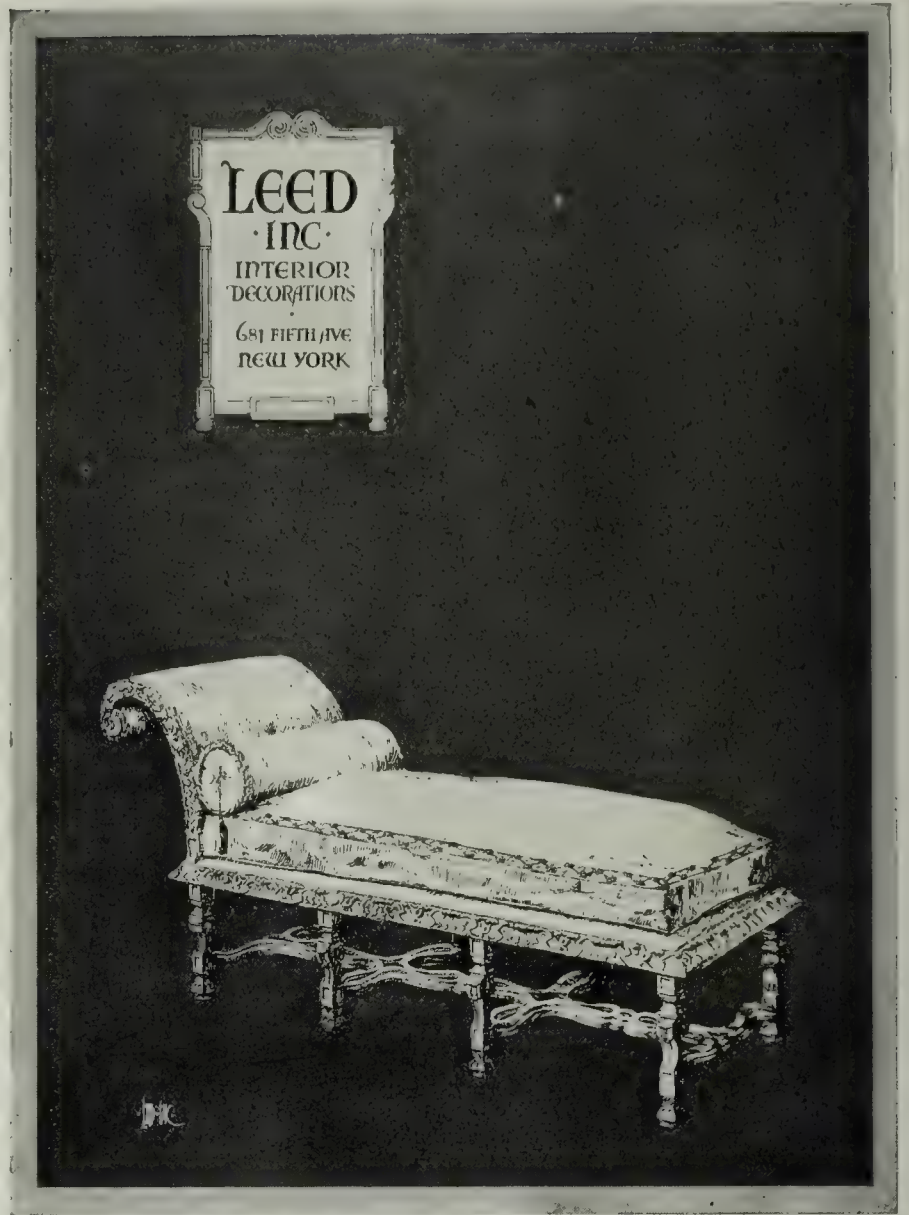
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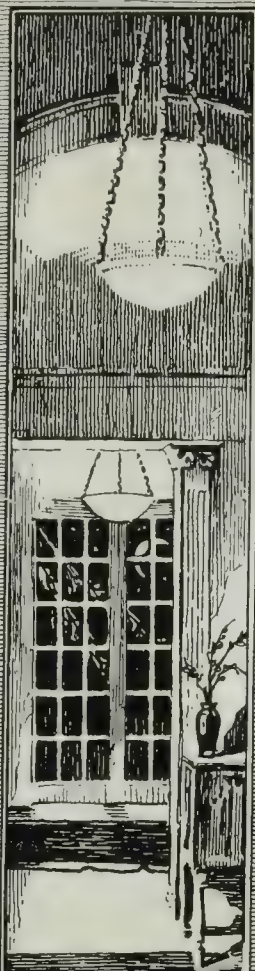
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## The Earliest Christian Art— the School of Antioch

THE art of the catacombs is not the earliest Christian art, it would seem. Soon after the death of Christ, it is now maintained, there grew up what is called the School of Antioch. It is thought even that portraits of Christ and various of his followers have come to light, the artist having seen with his own eyes probably the founders of Christianity.

Whatever the difference of opinion regarding the date of its birth, the School of Antioch died with the invasion of the Arabs in the Sixth Century. On this point archaeologists are agreed.

Until recently almost nothing has been published regarding the various objects; which from time to time for twenty-five years have been leading us to suspect the existence of this distinct school—a school combining the highest technical knowledge of the Greeks and a peculiar purely Syrian quality—a Christian quality it may be; a certain scrutiny, a certain naivety, minute attention to details and a penetrating interest in character as expressed in physiognomy, similar to that in early Flemish art.

Thus far, the identified examples of this school are not numerous. And doubtless, the treasure already unearthed is but a small portion of what the whole will be. Syrian research, indeed, has only just begun. Nevertheless, what we have is sufficient to establish not only the existence of such a school but two different periods.

M. Louis Bréhier, writing recently in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, calls attention to two important specimens in New York City:

The first is a marvelous silver chalice in the possession of Kouchatkji Frères, of New York and Paris. It is called The Chalice of Antioch.

The other is The Cyprus Treasure, in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, the gift of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Without question the Chalice is as old as any object of Christian art yet discovered. It may be considerably older than any other known example. At any rate, it demonstrates the characteristics of the early and best period. On the other hand, there is no finer specimen of the latter period than the Morgan gift.

### *The Chalice of Antioch*

M. Bréhier, who has seen only photographs of the Chalice, assigns it to the end of the Second Century at the earliest.

Director Edward Robinson, of the Metropolitan Museum, Sir Charles Read, of the British Museum, and M. Migeon, of the Louvre, also, several years ago, attested to its very great antiquity.

Dr. Gustavus Eisen, however,

archæologist, biologist, horticulturist, and one-time Curator of the California University Museum of Science, after more than four years of intensive investigation, places it about the year 72 A.D.

THE Chalice, which was discovered in 1910 by some Arabs digging a well near the supposed site of ancient Antioch, is held by Dr. Eisen to show two portraits of Christ, one as a youth and one as a man, surrounded by ten apostles, symmetrically arranged five to a side. The faces, though but a centimeter long, show an astonishing individuality, all the more pronounced when magnified and photographed. Several are the features of young men. Others are old or middle aged, with heavy beards. Nearly all of them show the profile and the ear-lock of the Hebrews. One has the outlines of a Greek; and another, an anthropoid homeliness; while the face of Christ stands out beautiful, oval, serene and philosophic, the brow broad and the eyes deep set.

According to M. Bréhier, a chalice cover in the possession of MM. Kalebajian of Paris represents Christ as the same type of individual, surrounded by followers, portrayed with similar diversity in personality. M. Bréhier declares that this is the traditional Oriental representation of Christ.

On the Kouchatkji cup, Christ, as a youth, is opening a double scroll, the scroll of the Law. As a man, wrapped in the toga of the time, he lifts his arm with a gesture of authority.

AS to the cup's being a Christian vessel, the symbolism alone would leave no doubt. The general decoration takes the form of a vine and its branches. Above Christ's head there is a star and a descending dove. Near his hand are the seven loaves and the two fishes. The lamb also is represented, as well as the Roman eagle eating from a Christian basket.

Dr. Eisen's reasons for the early date, 72 A.D., are the following:

First, cups of the peculiar ovid form of the Chalice were not made after the First Century.

Second, the workmanship is Greek, indicating not only the hand of a master sculptor, trained in the realistic traditions of Scopas, but a knowledge of Greek symmetry as expounded within the last few years by Mr. Jay Hambidge. And such excellence of workmanship could not have been produced after the First Century, as Greek art declined.

Third, the Boscoreale Cups found at Pompeii and owned by Baron Rothschild are similar in technique, design, shape—despite handles—size and attention to portraiture. It is suggested that the Chalice and the Boscoreale Cups



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*The Cup of Antioch*

were made by the same artist, who was probably the greatest sculptor of his day and perhaps a convert to Christianity.

*Fourth*, after the martyrdom of Stephen, Christians sought refuge in Antioch, then a city with many Greek inhabitants.

It will be remembered that Peter, Barnabas and Paul fostered the colony thus begun, and later that Constantine built a great cathedral there, when Antioch became the centre of Christianity in the East, until it was razed to the ground in 526 A.D.

The Chalice consists of two parts: a crude inner cup of silver and the exquisite silver support, just described, ornamented with red gold at the top and with yellow gold at the bottom, and so carved in relief that it gives the appearance of heavy filigree, the background being cut away.

The unperforated inner cup is so unfinished and clumsy in workmanship it may have been a sacred relic, possibly a communion cup used by the disciples.

It ought to be explained that the Chalice is by far the most important of the objects constituting the Antioch treasure, which includes, besides, three book bindings, a crucifix and another chalice.

### *The Cyprus Treasure*

The influence of the School of Antioch, with the growth of Christianity, spread throughout the Roman Empire.

The examples of the later period in the Metropolitan Museum con-

sist of six silver plates, representing episodes in the life of David, and six pieces of gold jewelry, of which coins make up part of the girdle.

Portions of the same treasure are to be found in the British Museum and in the Museum of Nicosia, Cyprus. The find was made at Karavas, near the ancient site of Lapithos, in 1899 and in 1902.

In these plates, the former reverent preoccupation with portraiture has disappeared. The purpose here is to tell the story at a glance, to represent a spectacle, the attention being given to movement and the details of the costume of the period. The background is not cut away to give the appearance of filigree, nor is it adorned with any design. With the exception of the two small plates, the composition is basically architectural. And on the under side of each dish is a series of stamps or hall-marks.

What there is in common between the very early and the very late periods are the high relief, the use of gold for emphasis or decoration in line and dots, attention to accessories, and a Hellenistic use and treatment of animals. In the later work the classical influence is greatly debased.

M. Bréhier claims that the realistic "human interest" art of Antioch triumphed in the Middle Ages over the geometric Persian and the symbolic Egyptian-Hellenic influences, so variously and frequently discernible.

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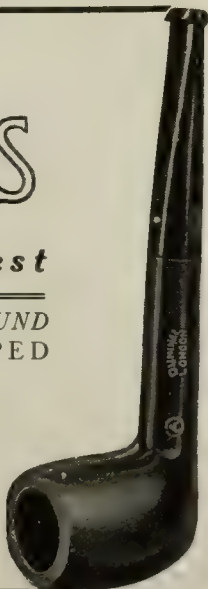
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*"The Beggar's Opera," from a print by Hogarth*

## The London Musical Season

(Continued from page 250)

and loose with women's hearts. The women laugh at human laws and morals. As for the dialogue, it is quite unrestrained. Less in the acted version, though, than in the printed text. The music, disregarding immoralities, enchants one by its light and gracious lilts. At least three numbers in the score are little gems, perfect in form and style and full of melody. You would look far to find the equals of those songs. The gem of gems, maybe, is Macheath's solo in the second act.

IT is sung as Lucy and Polly, lone on either side, cling gently to the highwayman and woo him. And, like some others, it ends up with nonsense—a *tol de rol* refrain, to make it comic.

The third gem is a trio in the last act. Besides these, in "The Beggar's Opera" we get two songs with which all London used to sing, the rowdy, lilting air called "Lilibullero" and the long popular "Green Sleeves."

At Hammersmith the music of the "Opera" has been re-scored. The orchestra includes archaic instruments, among them a *viol d'amore*, a *viol di gamba*, and what may or may not have been a genuine harpischord.

You may hear "The Beggar's Opera" in New York some day. The London management has had more than one offer to produce it on your side. It will be caviare to the Broadway public, I'm afraid, unless the company now singing it at Hammersmith goes over, too. In the right theatre, and with the original company, I feel quite sure

it would repeat the great success it has won here—thanks very largely to the three chief serious artists in the cast and above all to Frederick Ranalow (Macheath), a noted baritone, who has interpreted Hans Sachs at Covent Garden; thanks to Miss Locke, in the small part of Jennie Diver, one of the captain's sweethearts; and also thanks to the conductor, Mr. Goosens, who, bye the bye, is a composer of much talent.

"The Mikado," "Patience," "Pinafore," "The Pirates," are all suggested in Gay's "Beggar's Opera," their direct ancestor. It was from Gay and the songs with which Gay eked out his disgracefully smart dialogue that Gilbert learned a great many of his tricks, and Sullivan derived much of his music. The analogies at times are clear and startling. The "Titwillow" song, for example, "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," "The Punishment and the Crime" song, the countless patter songs at which we have all laughed, are in the masterpiece of Gay. Not full-fledged, if you will, but in the egg. So are some other things.

BUT it is not alone the glittering words and lines which set one thinking of "The Mikado" or "Pirates," it is the dry, ironic point of view of Gay, the lilts of the light songs, the whole topsy-turvy character of his "Opera." Gay was as unmistakably the literary grandfather of W. S. Gilbert—the Gilbert of the comic opera books—as the inventors of the songs sung in that work were the fore-runners of Sir Arthur Sullivan.



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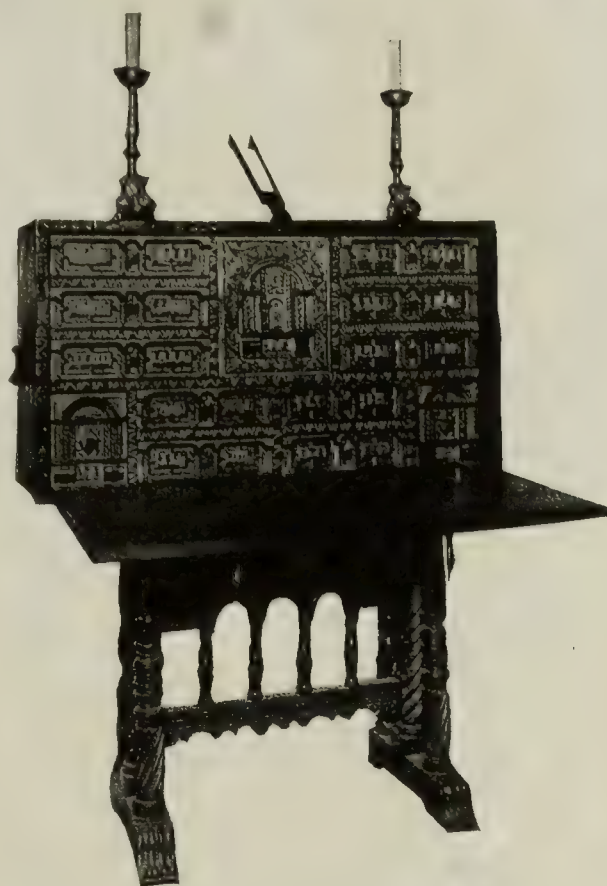
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## Fifth Avenue and Paris

(Continued from page 252)

By CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS.

**T**HE showings of the new Fall styles have been held. And the verdict? The verdict was rendered by Solomon some time ago, when he remarked that there is nothing new under the sun. Paris and Fifth Avenue agree. The prophets who remained faithful to the elementary principles of the art of Dress are vindicated.

Fifth Avenue and Paris showings are largely in accord on sleeve length, skirt length and colors. Here and there minor variations show the failure of trying to be original when you have nothing vital to offer.

This situation should help dress as an art by doing away with artificially fostered rivalry between France and America. We have much to learn from every creative source, and the sense of humor of the American woman excellently balances the genius of the French for emphasis.

The illustrations chosen for this month's department merge the fashions of the new season with those unchanging principles of art which have no season. The most striking achievement seems to us embodied in the ermine wrap, which is not only sumptuous as most wraps of this kind, but shows an unusual effect of artistic elegance in the lines of the drapery. The introduction of artistic lines in the design of furs is a manifestation over which we rejoice, because in too many instances furs follow conventional and stereotyped forms, whereas, in fact, fur materials may be shaped with as

much originality as the fabrics of a dress.

A further study in drapery as applied to fur is given in the illustration of the squirrel wrap, the folds of which are genuinely artistic.

**T**HE afternoon gown featured does not require comment for material or embroidery. It is interesting, because the lines of the dress add to the natural chic of the figure, and this effect is further enhanced by the straight panels. This type of dress reveals the specific American smartness, to which reference has been made in previous articles.

The long train of the evening gown shown on page 252 mitigates what might be considered an extreme style, and at the same time adds the classical beauty of the Greek line.

The illustrations of the children's models (ages twelve to fourteen) convey the thought which mature styles sometimes lack. Since line is the governing principle of the art of dress, it is important that knowledge of the correct line should be implanted in childhood. If we are to develop a school of good taste in this country, the foundation must be laid with the youngest generation, whose clothes are incarnated with simplicity and restraint which in later life will become chic elegance. The two models were chosen because they illustrated the principle of correct line and are simple without being severe.



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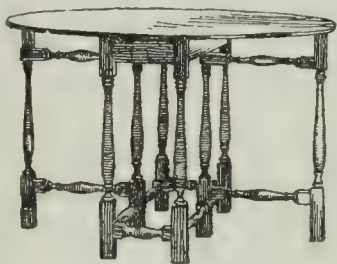
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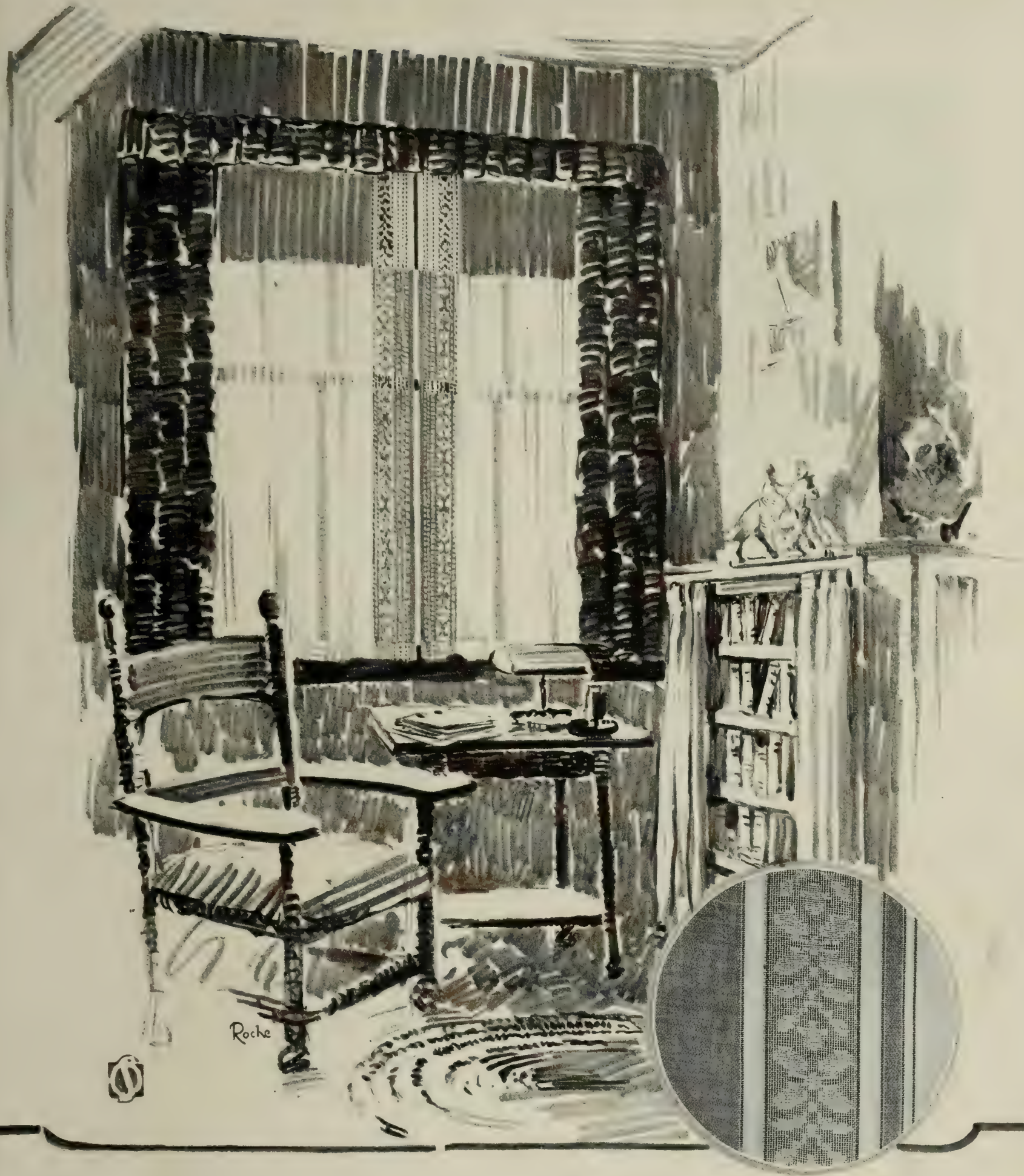
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## The Juilliard Five Millions for Music

(Continued from page 242)

tions for novelties. Whenever a director found a work which, with his experience of the public taste, he considered worth producing, he should notify the trustees of the fund, who would, upon the performance of his work, pay to the composer a lump sum, say five hundred dollars for a symphony, and two hundred and fifty dollars for a symphonic poem, or for a string quartet, or other large chamber-music work. Due precaution should of course be taken that only performing organizations of recognized standing should be allowed to nominate composers.

**S**IMPLE as this plan is, it has a number of far-reaching advantages that will appear the more as one meditates its probable working out in practice. First of all, it gets as near the source of lastingly correct judgment of merit—the general public—as it seems in any way possible to get, by calling on the practical, experienced, and non-academic judgment of performing directors, eliciting their co-operation by ministering to their natural desire to find novelties of worth. Similarly, their experience guarantees, as far as possible, the prompt elimination of all that mass of botch-work which always forms such a preliminary impediment in all plans for aiding composition. Thus the chance of finding the really original and vigorous works, of disentangling them from the half-baked stuff on the one hand and from the merely clever reflections of prevailing modes on the other, seems better here than in plans less closely correlated to the play of supply and demand.

The conditions under which

the composer would work would be similarly favorable to the production of his best. His freedom would be complete. He could write anything that it occurred to him to write, finish it without hurry, and revise at leisure. There would be nothing speculative in the transaction, no demoralizing suggestion of big plums being held in reserve to reward big effects. On the contrary, the whole affair would be quite simple and business-like. John Smith would know that if he wrote a quartet for strings that the Flonzaley Quartet, let us say, considered good enough to play, he would receive enough for it to pay for copying score and parts and give him a little return for his time—not very much, but possibly enough to justify him in spending time on another quartet bye and bye. In fact, the money return would be sufficient to help the man with a real vocation for composing to gratify it, to his own happiness and the great benefit of society, and not enough to tempt the bounders and the gamblers to waste their time perpetrating “prize-winners.” Isn't that about the effect we want to have on composition, so far as financial matters have any effect at all on artistic production? If Griffes had received a small payment for some of his earlier works, played by the Barrère Ensemble, the Flonzaley Quartet, and other well-known groups, might he not have driven himself a little less in copying the parts of “Kubla Khan”? At any rate, I should like to see such a plan given a fair trial. I am sure it would do less harm, and think it might do far more good, than the prize competitions.

## An Amendment

J. A. JUDD,  
Publisher ARTS & DECORATION.

Dear Sir—I am quoting from an article published in the July ARTS & DECORATION:

“The powerful landscapist Thomas Hotchkiss owned at Rome the two amazing panels of the Life of Primitive Man, by Piero di Cosimo, which are now the chief attractions of the Metropolitan Museum. They lay for years disregarded in the storage room of the Museum, until a British dealer discovered them and brought about their reluctant exhibition, some twenty years ago.”

Now the facts are that these two pictures were purchased at a public sale here in New York by Robert Gordon, at the suggestion of Elihu Vedder, several years prior to my appointment as Curator of the Department of Paintings, and were found by me, with other valuable works, in the store-rooms in the basement of the Museum. By my direction, they were removed to my studio for examination, repairs, and restoration. Upon one of Mr. Dowdswell's visits, I

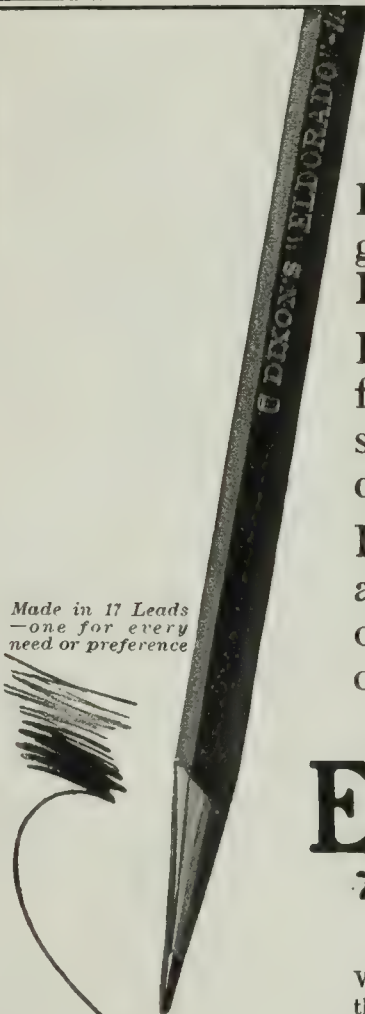
took him in a friendly way into my inner studio and showed him the two Cosimos, which he immediately attributed to Piero di Cosimo. I accepted the attribution, recalling, as I did, the Cosimo in the National Gallery in London.

For the attribution I was indebted to Mr. Dowdswell; for a recognition of the artistic value of the works I was indebted to no one.

It may be of interest to you to know that these panels were finished with a plastic surface, which cracked and peeled off in patches, and during the months which it took to restore them one of the most prominent single figures dropped out and broke into fragments when it struck the floor. It was patched up as well as possible, but finally a whole figure was repainted in its place. Find it who can! When the restorations were complete, the panels were joyfully—not reluctantly—put into the Galleries for exhibition.

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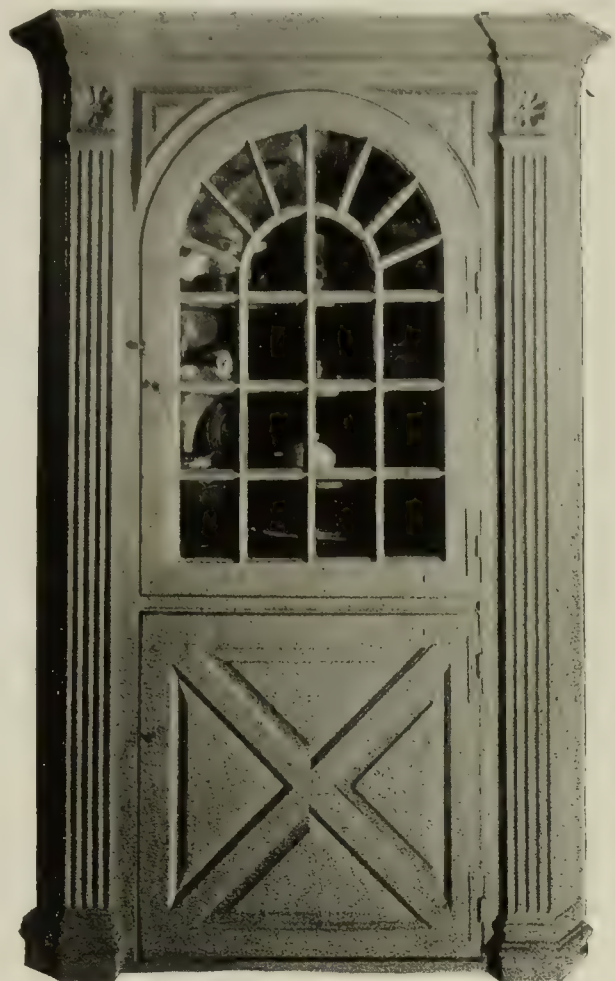
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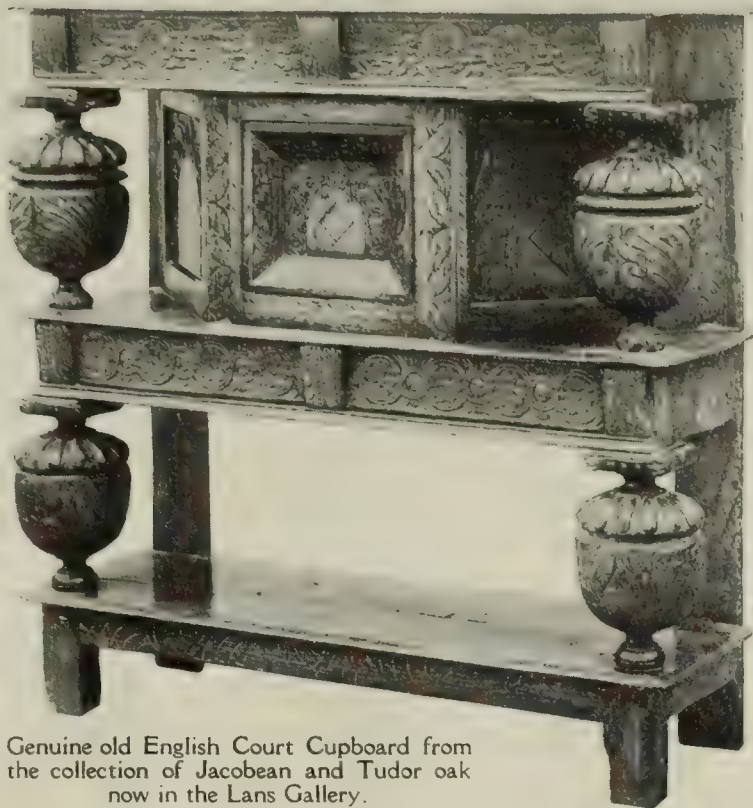
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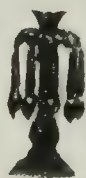
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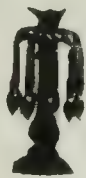
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## The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

(Continued from page 231)

Homer? How many of us went to see the exhibition of his masterful water colors in the Brooklyn Museum a few years ago? How much, I wonder, of the appreciation which was his due did he receive? This is, of course, often the fate of an artist. But abroad, at least, if an artist is admired, he is made much of; his efforts are recognized by the State, and he himself is treated like a serious member of society. After all, a producer needs an audience. No matter how great the flame nor how uncontrollable the desire for expression, he must be heard or given the chance to show what he can do. It is not necessary that he receive applause or win laurels. Of course it is pleasant to win, but to win purely for the sake of winning is nothing. Artists produce pot-boilers as a result of the desire to win. College athletics become professionalized; in business we resort to a sacrifice of morals; in politics to a misuse of public funds. Success is not the only sign of achievement.

IT is about time that the ridiculous myth which has grown up about the "bourgeoisie" but by almost every one, this myth of the artist's outrageous behavior, his "temperament" (horrible word) and his laziness—it is about time that the falsity of this myth should be recognized. The same indiscretions take place among artists as among laborers, business men, shop keepers and men in all walks of life. When these indiscretions appear in the artistic world, they are made more public, and they are heralded with joy by the people who love to say "I told you so." Unfortunately some freaks calling themselves artists, but who are merely in search of notoriety, are doing much to encourage this false idea in the minds of the public.

You cannot lead an idle life if you are going to be an artist, otherwise there would be a surfeit of geniuses! If an artist's scope is not big, his art will not be big, and for that he must be educated as a human being as well as a technician. His hours are less regular than a business man's, but that does not mean that he works less hours. I am now speaking of the great artist, for I have no sympathy with those men who refuse to educate themselves along broad lines, or with those men who are afraid to work with a master because they may lose their "individuality." Such "individuality" is far better lost. The more an artist knows and the better he knows it, the greater artist he will be—unless he is a "mutt," and then it doesn't matter any way.

It would seem that the study of the beautiful, the cultivation of higher attributes combined with

the joy in sight, which is part of an artist's life, should bring out fine traits instead of ugly ones.

At the age of sixty-eight, La Farge, in speaking at the Chicago Institute of Art to an audience of young artists, said: "Notwithstanding my great age, I am still a student."

In the last half of the last century appeared the Hals influence. The modern idea of laying on paint was changed by a study of the great Dutchman's ideas. The French school, which up to this moment presented all details, was soon to be revolutionized by an American. Sargent came on the scene, and instead of painting details, painted the impression of what he saw. The admiration of Hals changed the microscopic way of looking at things. It is of real importance to notice that it was for an American to apply the lesson taught by the Dutchman, and to add to it his own interpretation. I have heard many of the younger artists of today scoff at Sargent. It is rather the fashion among a certain crowd. I have heard the same men admire a Lucien Simon, and rightly so; but if it had not been for Sargent, would the eyes of the Frenchman ever have been opened? Sargent renders on the canvas the generalization of his subject, just as O'Connor renders it in sculpture.

In other countries, very briefly, this is what was taking place. It was a great moment in France, historically and politically, and in consequence it was a great moment for the arts in France. David and his distinguished pupil Ingres were the last exponents of the Academicians. Delaroche and Laurens might be called their followers. There were many painters in France at that time, many good painters and a few great ones. Corot had as antecedents the Florentine landscapists; Baudry's decorative work had elegance; Meissonier's was the microscopic manner of looking at life. Benjamin Constant's portraits were characterized by vigorous brush work.

THEN came in a new school. It was brought into being by men who were above all interested in feeling and in light. Corot himself was part of it. Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz, Millet, all went out into the open air for their interpretation.

The realist movement was headed by Courbet, one of the greatest modern artists France has produced. He was at first spurned by his contemporaries, his early work rejected at the Salon, the very place in which he was later to be received with tremendous applause. The energy of his line and color is in his later-day work particularly fine, for he always seems to fill his canvas, and to fill it with



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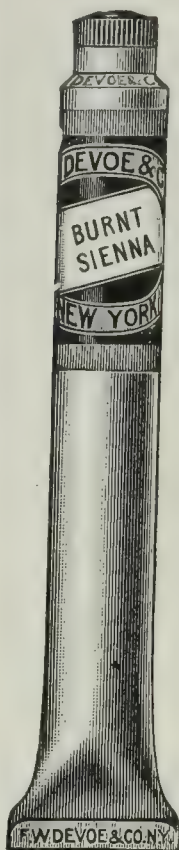
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eloquence, not a spot is left unfilled. I remember with great joy the heroic quality of some of his pictures. He is never caressing in his art, but always approaches his subject with a certain majesty. I think that he and Winslow Homer possess some of the same attributes, different as they are in superficial matters.

Manet carried Courbet's realism a step farther. His love of form, color and design, considered at first rather outrageous by the public, were the very characteristics which were to mark him great. But it was Sargent, we must remember, who had first applied the lesson learned from Hals.

Monet had a tremendous vogue in this country. Childe Hassam, his most assiduous American follower, still asserts his own point of view. Hassam remembers his master just so long as he has anything to learn from him.

The chemical make-up of Puvis de Chavannes necessitates his being an outstanding figure. There are certain unforgettable paintings in the world, and one of these in its simplicity and significance is surely Sainte-Généviève in the Pantheon.

BESNARD is as remarkable in his easel pictures as in his decorations; his forceful personality has marked itself on most of the best works in France today.

The Impressionists in France were strong painters. We learned many valuable lessons from them. There are cases where our men were not sufficiently inspired to do more than copy what they saw in their masters, but in many instances they carried on and developed the suggestions of the French school, interpreting their own thoughts in their own way.

Twachtman, Robinson, Redfield, Lawson, Davies and others have left their *individuality on art* as distinctly as have Renoir, Degas, Cézanne and Gauguin.

In England, Gainsborough and Reynolds had been the fathers of our portrait painters. It is unnecessary to talk of these men; they are as well known in this country as in their own, and deservedly so, for in their particular style they expressed the superficiality of the day which was as important as the expression of anything true at its time. Wilson, Turner, Constable and Ruysdael were now to put their mark on the art of painting, and they did it with great skill, to which was added a clear vision. The Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti school never had much following outside of England. After this, quantity superseded quality. Today Augustus E. John is a conspicuous figure.

Spain and Goya are linked. And to us Spain has a big significance. For it was Goya who, carrying down the Velasquez influence, brought into being Whistler. Goya is a genius, as great perhaps as any other in modern times. Our own realists, Henri & Co., have attested to this fact. Some of them are

bringing into being with great success little Goyas, who more often take after their American mothers than after their virile father. Others are following the Hals, Sargent, Manet influences and have added to them themselves. Goya, in his strength, makes us feel happiness; in his fantastic whimsical appeal, we recognize his great versatility. He combined force with humor, sincerity with subtlety, imagination with passion.

It was Fortuny who did in Spain what the microscopic painters did in France. Today there are Zuloaga and Sorolla, the former looking at life tragically, broadly, often majestically, the latter living sunlight, the sparkle of water and of flowers, giving us a smile.

Is there any particularly noticeable characteristic existing in all the arts of America? It seems to me that above all other things we express austerity. It is our groundwork. We do not like to think this is the case because we are often ashamed of this Puritan point of view. Strictness and rigidity combined with a large amount of uprightness, a severe simplicity—and power are its ingredients. The faults we hate the most are our own. The weaknesses that go with the virtues of austerity are lack of subtlety, of imagination, and largely of passion. Why not face our faults? We express what we are. How can we tack on to ourselves the things that we naturally do not possess? I remember in Japan seeing, years ago, men walking in the streets who wore Japanese clothes, but who also wore derby hats. The effect was ludicrous, but they themselves were unconscious of the ridiculous aspect they presented.

Of course, our artists have not all been austere. I am speaking now in a general way of certain traits which seem to me to stand out noticeably in all branches of America's art. Saint-Gaudens had austerity in sculpture. French, Adams, Bartlett and Fraser have it, as have many others. MacMonnies and Maniship are exceptions who possessed it. In painting, who to a greater extent than Homer, Sargent and Whistler?

AT certain periods in the history of an art, an individual appears who leaves no school to carry on his thought, but whose personality influences the entire trend of art. Even in this barren land, on a soil unproductive, amid unresponsive surroundings, another man was to appear—a seer, a dreamer, a genius—a man to carry on the vision. This man was James McNeill Whistler.

Endless words have been written about Whistler, about his wit, about his art, about his personality, all of which have been extolled. That he lived in a world of his own, that his impressions combined with his uses of Japanese art are startling to the point of impossibility, all this is widely known.

(To be concluded)



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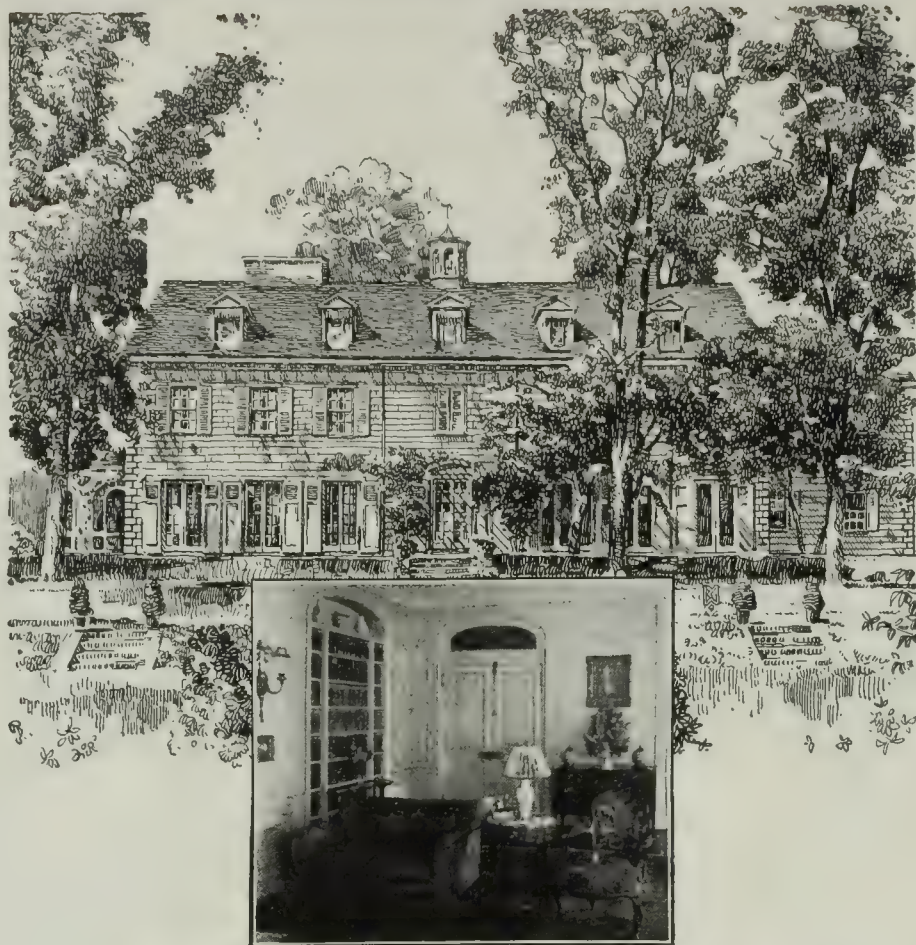
## Diaghilevism

(Continued from page 248)

mean, of course, the revival of Mr. Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric in Hammersmith—the Lyric which once housed the perennial "Abraham Lincoln." The visual appeal—Diaghilevism is based fundamentally on visual appeal—is no less responsible for the extraordinary triumph of "The Beggar's Opera" than the delightful musical reconstruction made by Frederick Lewis, or the adequate and inspired conducting by Eugene Goossens. The costumes and scenery are the work of C. Lovat Fraser. They are not so much costly as extremely effective in a posteresque way. "The Beggar's Opera" ought to please London's Diaghileviki—if we could call these æsthetic enthusiasts just that!—as much as the production at Covent Garden, one of the last of which has been Stravinsky's ballet, the "Chant du Rossignol."

Nor does Diaghilev's influence stop there. The feature of a recent program at the London Coliseum was a strange pantomime called "Le Bœuf sur le toit," or, in English, "The Nothing Doing Bar." This proved to be, as the composer of the music, Darius Milhaud, suggested to me, a sort of counter-revolution against Diaghilevism. Instead of synchronization of pantomime and music, M. Milhaud wrote lively music to accompany the almost mollusc-like movements of his mimes. All the characters wore large artificial heads, and the so-called American bar—nothing could have been less deliberately American—and furniture were so proportioned that the actors seemed very small in proportion. The whole thing—the lively music that suggested South America rather than North—the wonderfully expressive masks created by the French artist, Dufy, the cool coloring, the great empty yet varied faces, the contrast between the satirical music and the slow and meaningless movements—all of it might be taken either as a satire upon the Diaghilev method, or a real and significant derivation from it—a counter attack upon our sensibilities—which succeeded in getting itself talked about.

These various manifestations in the arts do not by any means exhaust the spheres of influence of that quiet, subtle far-seeing Diaghilev. Machiavellian master of publicity, diplomat, politician, possessor of the secret of getting artists to work together instead of destructively criticizing the work of each other, he may be dismissed by the æsthetes and the Academicians as a "mere business man." To the rest of us, who can occasionally discover in some famous artists the very incarnation of the business man, and in certain business men the true spirit of the artist—we others know that for this miserable, after-the-war theatre in England Diaghilev is the most hopeful sign.



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# Random Notes

## The Most Remarkable Aztec Room Yet Discovered

DR. CLARK WISSLER, working for the Museum of Natural History, has recently discovered in Aztec, New Mexico, the most remarkable room yet unearthed, left by the prehistoric cliff-dwellers of that region. The room, which is thought to be a shrine, although it has no altar, is in perfect condition. The walls are white, decorated with a red border with triangular patterns. And on the ceiling are the imprints of hands and the representation of a serpent two and a half feet long, while hanging down from the ceiling are several strands of rope.

## The Mayan Civilization Thought to be One of the Greatest of All Time

ALTHOUGH a perfected chronology, ranging from 275 to 610 A.D., has at last been deciphered, so that any specimen within this period may be incontrovertibly dated, no key to the written language having been discovered, it is still unsettled whether or not the ancient Mayan civilization of Central America has any connection with the Lost Tribes of Israel, with the Javanese, with the ancient Egyptians or Assyrians or with the inhabitants of South India. The probabilities are that this ancient Central American race was deeply versed in astronomy or astrology.

Those who have studied the archæological remains in the region about Honduras, Guatemala and Yucatan believe that here was the seat of one of the greatest civilizations the world has seen, active in the monumental arts, suddenly declining, for an unknown reason, in its Golden Age.

There was recently an exhibition of Maya sculpture in London, and the Carnegie Institute of Washington has just published a highly interesting report on its investigations of the last ten years, conducted latterly by Sylvanus Griswold Morley.

## An American Founds Ten Scholarships for French Students

MRS. GEORGE BLUMEN-THAL, of New York and Paris, has founded ten scholarships of 6,000 francs each for young French students, the recipients to be selected by a jury of ten in each profession. Painters, sculptors, novelists, dramatists, journalists, musicians, architects, decorators and engravers are eligible. Scholarships are tenable for two years in succession, to be renewed if the holder shows special merit.

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## Some Unusual Shop Windows

(Continued from page 232)

great sheet of glass, so clear, so bright, apparently so frail and yet so strong. And the wares displayed in this first plate glass show window must have seemed glorified to men and women who were accustomed to examining goods in a dingy and half-lighted shop, so that competing merchants must have seen the necessity of at once putting plate glass in their shop fronts, too.

But when everybody had fine plate glass show windows there was no longer any particular advantage in having one, although some years ago the man who did not use plate glass would have been considered as such a back number as to be negligible. The same thing was true of signs. Our colonial ancestors endeavored to attract custom by curious devices and catchy names; the tea rooms are trying the same thing today. Then came along some enterprising merchant and erected a huge attention-attracting billboard; and his neighbor promptly put up a bigger one, until our streets attained their present condition, plastered so with painted signboards that the best way to attract attention is to put up no sign at all. Tiffany has no sign; neither has Altman.

To go so far as these London shop fronts is perhaps not possible for all classes of trade; yet for many people they would be vast improvements over the more expensive common type, and the increased charm of our streets, were they to be lined with shops like these, cannot well be estimated.

## London Doorways

(Continued from page 233)

tries, the difference in time became markedly less, so that the Italian architecture of 1770, the French of Louis XVI., the English Georgian and the late American Colonial were nearly contemporaneous, and in scale and proportion generally similar, although the ornament of each country retained its racial characteristics.

The doorways illustrated are all of the late Georgian period, some the work of the brothers Adam, the greatest of the English decorator-architects, and differ very slightly from the American work of a few years later. Indeed, we can well imagine our own Samuel McIntyre as having been the designer of the doors which were actually executed by the brothers Adam. The work of McIntyre and the Adams is a remarkably close parallel in many respects, and while I have no evidence that McIntyre was a pupil or influenced by the work of his English contemporaries, if this were not the case, we have a very remarkable instance of parallel development.

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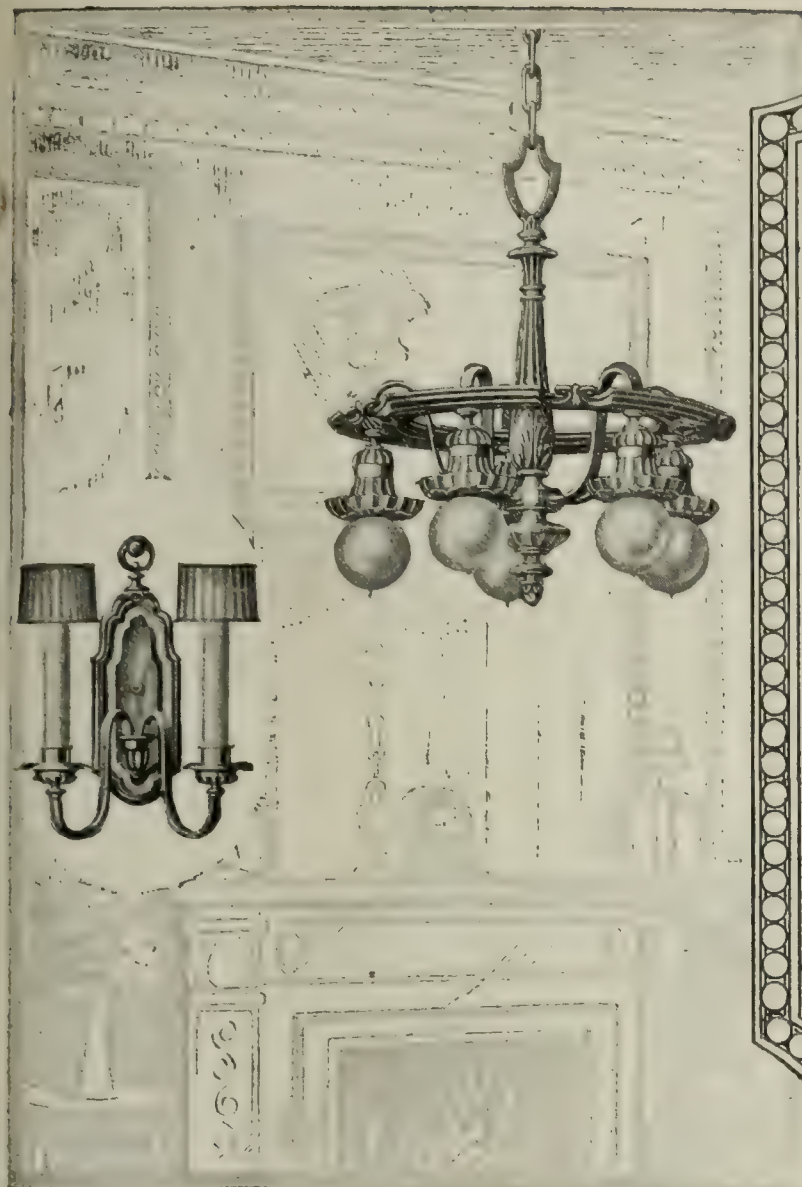
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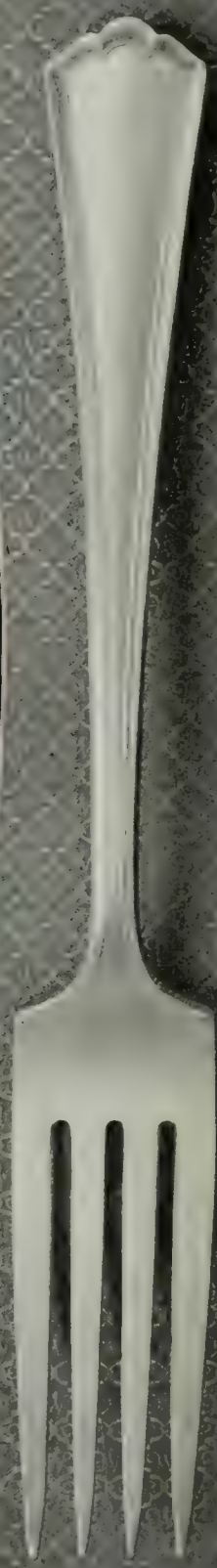
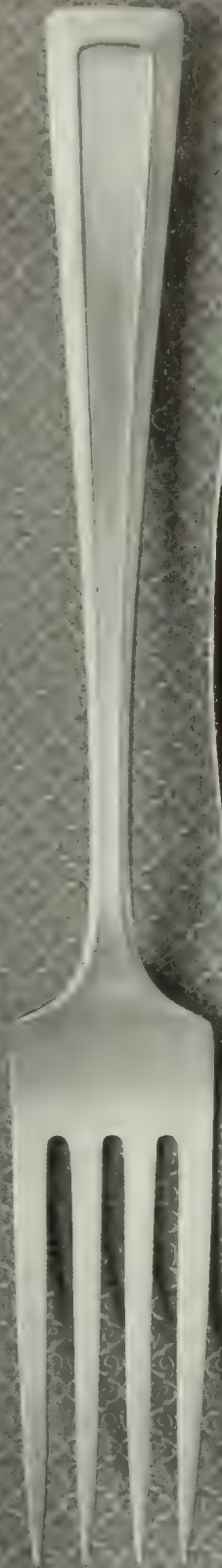
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OCTOBER, 1920

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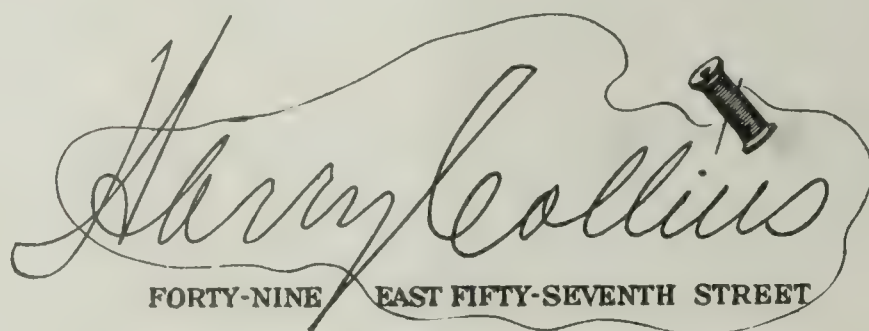
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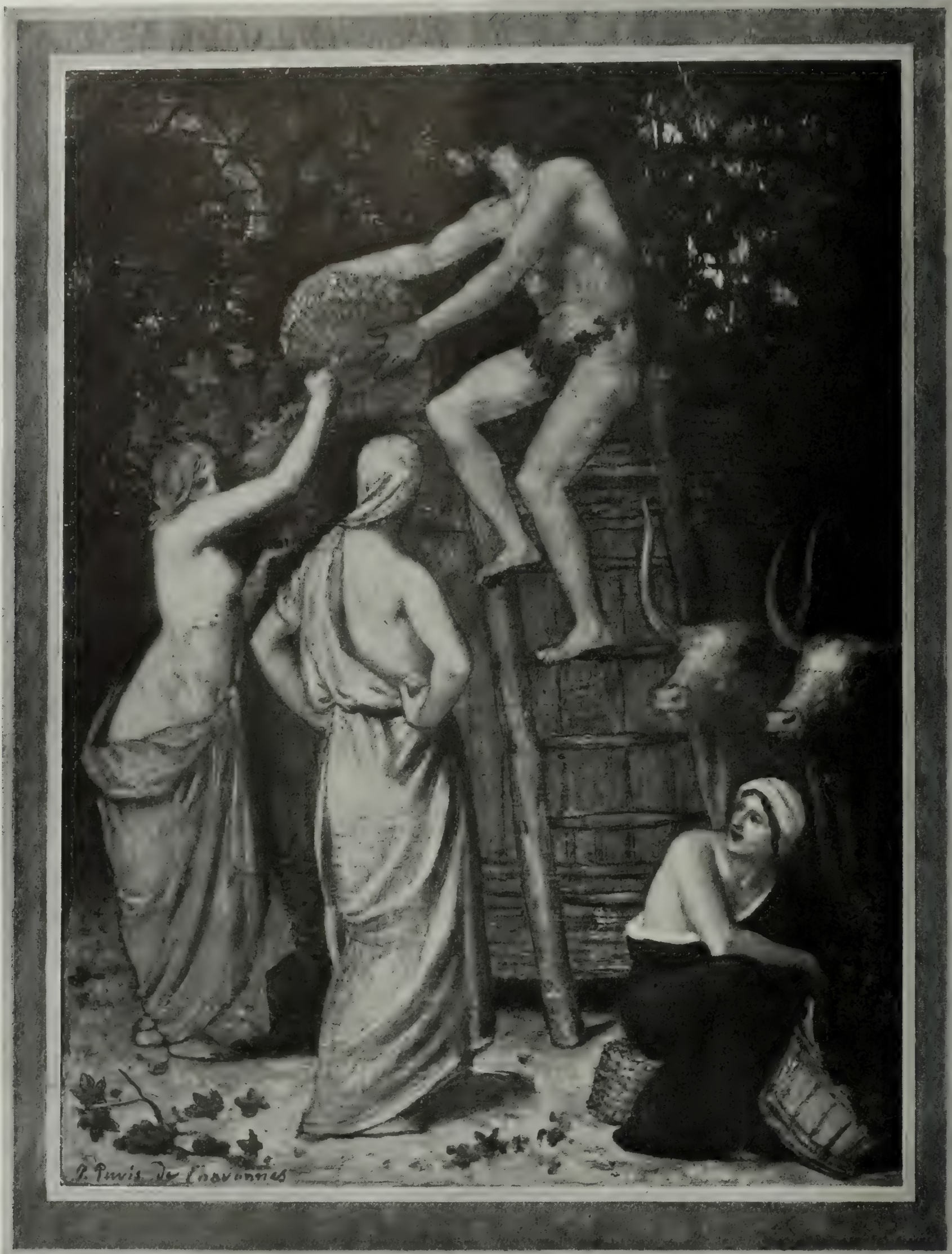
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# ARTS & DECORATION

*A Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts*

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING  
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XIII



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## Censorship for Public Memorials

THE EDITOR

THE war has brought censorship into the limelight, given it a definite place in lives where before the war it had either no place or so little as to have entirely escaped the casual inspections which are those of the majority.

The politician wears a public masque in this country and in every country. That is not to say that the politician has a contempt for the public. He does not consider his masque a trick of deceit. He considers it an expedient of necessity. This refers, of course, to the acute politician who will compromise the semblance of intelligence in order to place the real intelligence or the reality in a position where it can be of greater value to his constituents, in a place, that is, of authority. His employment of it there does not cease—indeed, it cannot, for the lifting of the masque has, as an inevitable result, the cessation of authority. Especially is this true of a republican form of government, which, at least theoretically, is a government moved into action by the will of the majority. And that is to say a form of government actuated by the will of the mediocrity.

NOW whether the will of the mediocrity, which we shall assume to be the one of the least intelligence in any country, is actually carried out by the servants elected for that purpose or whether it is not carried out, matters very little here. The acute politician does reverence to the will of the majority, which is to say the traditions of the majority, for these two, will and tradition, in any mediocrity or in any majority are interchangeable. The majority absorbs, it cannot invent. In all such important things as religion, politics and society it can in each generation but slightly and with tremendous sluggishness enlarge the scope and the contour of its traditions. These are its life. They are its code, and represent, also, while representing its vision, its limitations and its prejudices. To them the acute politician must do reverence. Before them he must assume the proper air of servility—of servility and love. The acute politician will always remember the reception given every new form by the majority, every new form whether it is a Darwin theory of evolution or a Fulton steamboat.

It is of the nature of things that this constant bowing to common traditions should mold the character of even the most acute

politician, impose limitations upon his vision and warp his procedure, make a mechanism out of a man. Indeed, it often happens that the most acute politician becomes himself a prey to his real or assumed reverence for the tradition of his constituents. His contact with them is never real, is never in any sense intimate. His masque forbids that or frustrates it. It is the masque of blandness. It is built to reach the greatest number of people and therefore can never reach the particular person, can never come into contact with those vagaries generally subconscious, which burn in a tiny or large flame beneath the traditional veneer of every man, a revolutionary spark, it is, which contributes to progress or admits it.

This means that while he meets the traditions constantly he never meets the man, the man under them, the man who has been happy or has suffered outside one or more of his traditions and has doubted, the unrest in the man, or, as Max Stirner would have said, the person and not the ghost, for the traditional veneer, or the formal crust, which is wherein every man resembles his neighbor, can never be said to be the man, or if man is just this formularized generality, then the person. There is no need here to go into the governmental or public aspects of Stirner's argument, for, besides having certain colors of sedition, it is an old argument.

The important thing to convey here is that the politician does not attempt to face a number of disorganized or dissociated individuals, free agents; he faces no real person. He merely attempts to face a traditional fabric of ideas which he knows as the public, and which is a large crystallite formed of a multiplicity of units made in exactly its contour and color. A still more important fact, though this one be of no use without the other, is that the training of the acute or of any politician aims toward the continuance of that same shape and of that same color. Indeed, to take either of these away from the public would be to take away the politician's bread and butter or that glory—glory from the optimistic point of view—though it may at times seem so shoddily cheap, which is the light and the happiness in his life.

HE is, anyway, a protector and furtherer of traditional saws. No one knows better the kind of pathos, the kind of sentiment, the type

of appeal and phraseology, except possibly the Dr. Cranes of this world, which will most readily move the public pulse or heart. When that heart is really touched or when it is intimately touched, it becomes something else, something which no political bromides can affect. For when that heart is intimately touched it will not stop at rebellion against the Government; it will go further; it will stop at rebellion against nothing short of God.

The world before the war is not the world of today—it is a world open to a great many things which had never existed for it.

Now the censorship of its newspapers which America has known since its entry into the war has affected the public very little, for the public cannot read and think at one and the same time; it cannot, in other words, manage two efforts at one and the same time. It has known how to see for a much longer time than it has known how to read. It will understand its monuments much faster than its editorials or its governmental proclamations. It will be inspired or left cold by the one. It will be dazed by the other. That part of its heart which has been touched by the war—the part which lies dormant in the face of society—is that small part of man which makes him a person, which gives him a personality, an ego, the part of the man which is developed in proportion to the development of his intellect and to that which accrues from his intuitional experience. He has had some experience in war. He cannot be told in political memorials bearing a conscious or unconscious censorship that war is a glorious thing alone, for he knows that war is also a sordid thing. He knows that for every pound of bronze medals there are a million pounds of mire. For every blaze of honor there is a flow of blood.

AND he will not very readily accept that a conventional war memorial which is built for his good in accordance with the conventions of politicians who do not understand him. He will question the logic of memorials which show, as do two at least of these recently completed, American soldiers rushing into combat waving their hats instead of their bayonets. He may, at one time, have thought that war was a holiday. He no longer thinks so. He may be befuddled by literary rhetoric. Pictorial rhetoric will have no such effect upon him. While he may not have reached that

(Continued on page 342)



# Art Collecting as an Investment

*Value Increases Are Enormous If One Selects Wisely*

By WILLIAM B. McCORMICK

SOME years ago an Englishman, whose identity has not come down to us in connection with this anecdote, found himself taking an uninteresting walk in an uninteresting countryside in the north of England. He chanced upon a cottage where an auction was going on, and to relieve his boredom he stopped to look on at the sale. Presently he found himself the successful bidder for a "lot" consisting of a little picture in an oval frame, two books and a fan, seven shillings being the cost of his experience. The two books and the fan pass into obscurity, but so many of his friends admired the little picture in the oval frame that the man took it to a dealer in such things and asked him if he would care to buy it. There was some bargaining and finally the dealer offered £50 for the picture, and got it. The next time there was a known financial transaction over that little picture, George J. Gould paid a London art dealer \$15,000 for it. The picture proved to be a very famous miniature by Cosway. And only a few years ago Mr. Gould refused an offer, from the son of the London dealer who had sold him the ivory portrait,

York home, his enthusiasm led him to unpack the cases himself. He found the pieces wrapped up in sheets of Japanese paper, each one of which had a colored picture printed on it. He did not know what they were, but so keen was his interest in everything Japanese that he smoothed out each sheet and piled them on a nearby table until he had leisure from his more definite art objects to study them. But the point is that he recognized their charm instinctively and kept them. Thus was formed the first collection of Ukiyo prints known to this country. But

tion of art objects in this city, twenty-five years ago, the attendants in the gallery where the collection was shown noticed an unfamiliar and not very well dressed man spending a considerable time each day in front of Corot's "Lake Nemi," one of the pictures in the collection. On making inquiries they found he was a well-to-do plumber, wholly unknown in the picture-buying world. It appeared later that he told his family he intended to buy the painting if possible and there was a fine family row over the matter. But he stuck to his plan and on the night the canvas came up for sale it was knocked down to him for \$14,000. As long as he lived his family never forgave him for his extravagance. But they were forced to change their opinion of his action later. For when the painting was sold after his death it brought \$85,000. No single investment of this man's lifetime ever brought him so large a profit.

The speculative value of modern French paintings furnishes many romantic episodes of recent years and most that approach the starkly tragic. Nothing in this last vein could be more illuminating than the story of Edgar Degas and his painting, called "Dancers at the Bar." When he was seventy-eight years



*Velasquez's portrait of King Philip IV of Spain*

of \$25,000 for it. The history of the commercial side of art has no more perfect, if unconscious, example of the speculative value of collecting.

When Russell Sturgis, the distinguished architect and writer, first went to Japan he fell in love with the art objects of that land and bought a varied collection of them. That was long before Japanese art was familiar to this country. On the arrival of the packing cases containing his purchases in his New



*Holbein's portrait of Margaret Wyeth*

prints of this school, now so famous, grew slowly in appreciation here. It is not more than twenty years since, at the sale of a dealer's art collections of various kinds, the auctioneer had to offer two of these prints together to get a bid of a dollar to start them. The writer of this account has two such prints of ineffable beauty that he bought for five dollars a little later. Yet at the sale of the Arthur Davison Fische collection of Japanese prints in this city last February, "The Evening Promenade" by Toyonobu brought \$2,400.

These two illustrations out of many plucked from memories and records of art talks and art sales going back a score of years give rise to the question if there is anything a man can buy judiciously that brings him such large returns as art objects of real merit? Sometimes this kind of buying is the result of the buyer having a genuine *flair* for the right thing. Again it is the result of being well advised by a dealer. I have seen artists of distinction with a rich reputation for fine taste buy the most appalling and, as it proved, worthless art junk. And I have seen a plumber buy a superb Corot, with nothing but his instinct to guide him, that enriched his estate by many thousands of dollars when his property came to be sold after his death. The tale of that purchase is another definite answer to the query I have raised as to the profit there comes from buying art objects judiciously.

During the exhibition of a famous collec-



*The Shepherdess, by Jean François Millet*

old that picture was sold (in the Henri Rouart sale in Paris, in 1912) for \$87,000. And when he was told of the event, he remarked with grim irony, "And I sold it for 500 francs!" But that was long before collectors with real taste came to see the superb beauty of his pictures.

Millet's hardships in his lifetime over his inability to sell his paintings are one of the most familiar of contemporary artists' stories. Yet what could be more striking as evidence of the growth of appreciation of his works in this country and of their enormous rise in value than the episode of the "Shepherdess,"



owned in her lifetime by Mrs. Warren of Boston? In 1889 Knoedler & Co. sold the canvas to her for \$800. When her collection was sold, after her death in 1903, the same firm bought it back and paid \$24,500 for it.

Renoir is another of the French moderns whose canvases show that the speculative value of art works of real merit is as solid as "gilt-edged" bonds. He sold his picture called "Le Pont-Neuf" in 1872 for 300 francs. In the last quarter of 1919 the picture brought 100,000 francs in Paris. Two of his paintings were last sold at auction in this city in January, 1920, for \$27,000 and \$28,000 each.

A generation ago, a Frenchman came here with some of Corot's pictures and tried to sell them among the dealers, with tragic unsuccess. One small art dealer finally bought two of them for \$500. He lost one of them, but sold the other eventually for \$1,200. Yet at the sale of the Emerson McMillan collection in 1913, Corot's "Orpheus and Eurydice," which cost that amateur \$21,500, brought \$75,200.

Have art objects a speculative value? Read this tale of Millet's "The Woman With the Lamp," now in the Henry C. Frick collection: Durand-Ruel originally bought it for \$300, sold it for \$500, and bought it back a couple of years later for \$10,000. After three successive sales that firm bought the canvas back each time at the rising prices of \$20,000, \$40,000, and \$60,000. Each time they made a profit on it from the sale of the picture, as did the three respective owners. And when it was sold for the last time in Holland it brought \$150,000. If Mr. Frick's executors could sell and cared to sell this exquisitely tender picture of maternal care there is no imagining what it would bring at private or public sale!

Nor do modern French art objects alone thus appreciate in value. In 1898 Agnew & Sons of London bought the famous Fragonard panels at auction for \$350,000. As is well known, the Agnews sold them to the late J. Pierpont Morgan. When they eventually passed into the possession of Henry C. Frick, the price he paid for them was stated to be

\$1,250,000. It may well be doubted if any of Mr. Morgan's securities showed so great an increase in value as did these fourteen panels.

Sculptures and Oriental carpets vie with other art objects in speculative value. Out of the profit he made from the sale of a rare equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, George Gray Barnard began his unique museum, "The Cloisters," on Washington Heights, New York City, that is a treasure house of Gothic

abroad during the war and since peace was declared in Western Europe. It was generally expected that art objects would decline in value as a result of the war, but the reverse has been the case. In July a portrait by Reynolds was sold in London for 10,800 guineas (normally \$54,000). In 1881 this same canvas brought only 620 guineas. At the same sale a Raeburn went for 20,000 guineas. A quarter of a century ago it was sold for 3,000 guineas. Last May, at a London sale, a portrait by

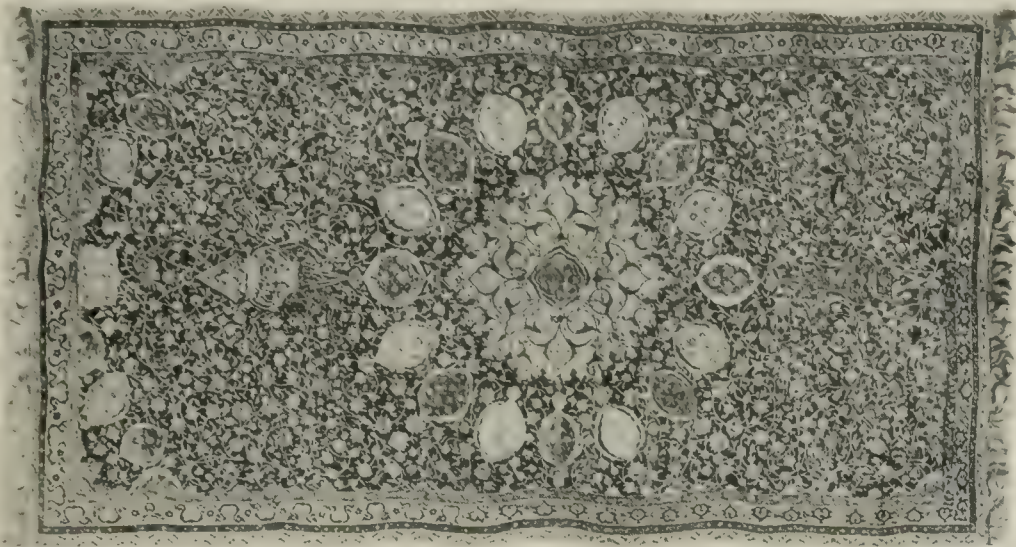
Romney, for which he received 140 guineas in 1786, was sold for 27,000 guineas (normally \$135,000). In November, 1919, Romney's portrait of the Misses Bickford, for which he was paid the equivalent of \$525, was bought for \$273,000 and brought to this country. This price topped the figure of \$206,850 paid in 1913 for Romney's portrait of "Anne, Lady de la Pole." Before that, the record price for one of his canvases had been \$55,125, that was established in 1902.

In the field of American pictorial art there is the same assurance of monetary

appreciation, given what Henry James called "the real right thing." The figure of \$75,000 paid by Henry C. Frick for a Washington portrait by Gilbert Stuart is a proof of this. Also is the price paid last summer by a New England collector of \$33,000 for Winslow Homer's "Coast in Winter." In 1899, at the sale of the Thomas B. Clarke collection, this Homer sold for \$2,625, having been purchased by Chauncey J. Blair of Chicago. And the tragedy of Blakelock's "Moonlight" is only another illustration of the certitude of judicious art investments turning to a good profit. Catholina Lambert, of Paterson, N. J., was reported to have paid less than \$1,000 for the canvas. When it was sold at the dispersal of his collection in 1916, it brought \$20,000. Yet when Inness's "Grey Lowery Day" brought \$10,150 at the Clarke sale in 1899, that figure for an American painting was considered truly extraordinary. Within the past year Inness's canvases have been sold at prices reported as high as \$45,000.

It is natural that the "old masters" of

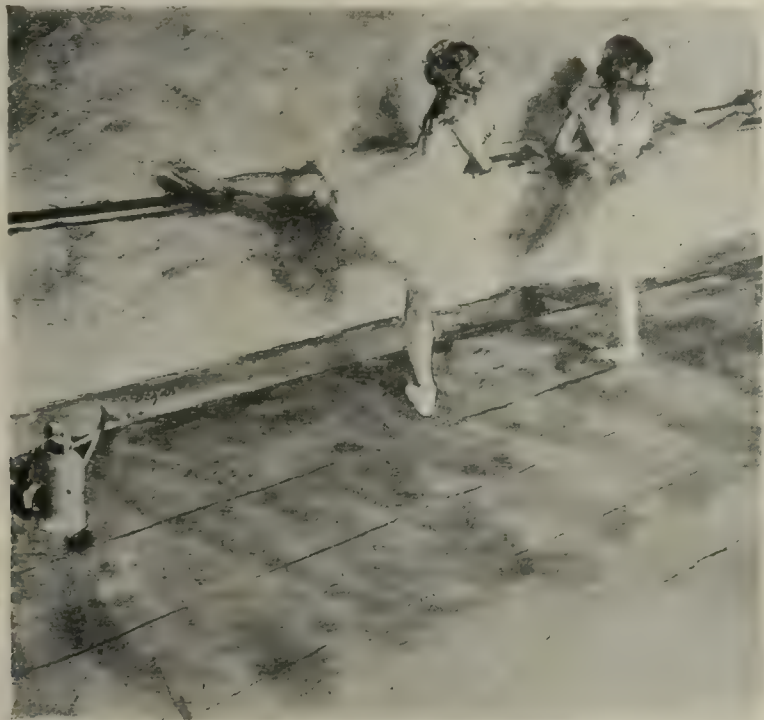
(Continued on page 356)



*The Ardebil rug, now owned by the Duveens*

art. Henry P. Davidson, of J. P. Morgan Co., is reported to have paid \$170,000 for the bronze statue by Houdon called "La Fri-leuse," a price that has no parallel for a work of sculpture in this country. At the sale of the Yerkes collection in 1910, the famous Ardebil silk carpet brought \$25,000. In 1919, this same superb example of the rug-maker's art was sold in the De la Mar collection for the enormous figure of \$57,000. Possessors of fine rugs and carpets from the Near East to-day have treasures never likely to be approached again for quality, and their intrinsic value must mount to large figures within the next few years, for Turkish and Russian massacres have almost eliminated the rug workers of the Near East and it is doubtful if coming generations can be trained to approach the craftsmanship of their forbears. There is no element of chance in the future appreciation of fine Oriental rugs and carpets. It is a certainty.

Evidence is also to be had of the soundness of the monetary importance of art works in the course of the market for these things



*Dancers at the Bar, by Degas*



*Lake Nemi, by Jean Baptiste Corot*



# The Musician's Chiaroscuro

## Values and Planes in Tonal Art

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

**A**NALOGIES between the arts are proverbially dangerous, apt to mislead; but they also fascinate by their frequent illumination of dark places from unexpected angles. Why, for example, is the even division of a space, as in a landscape where the horizon line comes exactly midway between the top and bottom of a picture, inferior to the uneven division obtained by putting it either higher or lower?

Why, in a melody like "Yankee Doodle," is the precisely even subdivision of the time into equal notes felt to be so flat and stale in comparison with an uneven division into long and short notes, as in "Dixie"?

Have the two phenomena, apparently so disparate, any hidden psychological connection? It is at least worthy of note that in both cases we find a difficulty in holding together the precisely equal elements: the picture tends to break into two pictures, the tune falls apart into notes. On the other hand, the unequal elements more easily cohere. The unevenness of the spaces in the picture helps the mind to pick out one as the more important (not necessarily the larger—apparently it is always the lower portion that is so chosen) and to treat the other as pendant to it, so to speak.

And in melodies the ancillary character of the short notes is quite clear; they are like trains of servants to those important personages, the long notes. Both in vision and audition, then, divided attention is unpleasant and wasteful; we naturally deal most easily with what we can handle as principal and secondary, nucleus and fringe; subordination facilitates synthesis.

This is indeed so obvious, and the supreme importance of synthesis in all art, as the only way of dealing economically with rich material, is so evident, that it would hardly be worth while to call attention to the whole matter, were not the terminology of subordination in music strangely and seriously defective. While the necessity for subordination is quite as imperative in music as in painting, for example, our means of describing it are, in comparison, laughably meagre, loose, and empirical.

**A** PAINTER has his "chiaroscuro," his "perspective," his "values," "nuances," and "tones"; he has definite terms for at least three planes in his picture, background, middle distance, and foreground.

A composer, on the contrary, can only write "cantabile," "cantando," or "espressivo" over a melody he wishes to have come out, or "sotto voce" over one he wishes to have go back—both highly vague expressions; the French have, in addition, the useful phrase "en dehors," and Mr. Percy Grainger writes "clarinet come out." M. Vincent d'Indy uses the terms "fond" ("foundation" or "background") and "personnages" respectively for the accompaniment and solo parts in a piece of orchestration, obviously by an analogy with painting.

But how meagre and inexact, when all is said, are all of these terms together; how inadequate to describe relationships of the utmost subtlety, subordinations as meticulous as those of Chinese caste, such as we actually use in our music every day!

How sadly the vocabulary needs enrich-

ment! For though indeed no nomenclature can make the dull perceptive, it can at least focus their flickering perceptions; a name is the first step toward dealing with a thing; and what we ignore conceptually we are apt to bungle; even in our purely instinctive uses, or at least to fall short of using as we might. Perhaps if we could talk about subordination we should less ignore it; our notion of "technique" might become less crudely physical, more subtly mental; "interpretation" might less frequently turn out obfuscation; we might have more composers, fewer juxtaposers.

### Tonal Light and Shade

**T**AKE, for example, the matter of dynamic gradation, mere loud and soft, the most fundamental and universally recognized scale of value music uses. Here, at least, we might think, accurate directions would be available. Yet what do we find? The spartan "forte" and "piano" with which Bach and Handel contented themselves have, it is true, been split and multiplied into "fortissimo," "pianissimo," "mezzo forte," "mezzo piano," and the like; but these, having no clear relativity of meaning, make confusion only worse confounded.

Precisely what does Tchaikowsky mean by the four P's in a row at the end of the *Symphonie Pathétique*? How much more salient would a part bearing only three of them be? How much more subordinated one bearing five? For, we must never forget, the significant matter is always the relative, not the absolute, values, the salience and subordination of the elements. And no number of P's, were they enough to fill a pod or a basket, will tell me the precise relation between this voice and another, this note and that, which is alone what I want to know.

In Chopin's later years, when long illness had sapped his strength, he was physically unable to produce a fortissimo. Yet, we read, so perfect was his control of the shades within his power, so subtle his command of gradation, that he was able, reducing the whole scale of his dynamics, still to produce the effect of a fortissimo with what was actually, shall we say, a mezzo forte or a forte.

Very well, then, the effect of a fortissimo is a fortissimo, artistically speaking. The actual loudness is a matter of indifference to us. What interests us, what we wish our terminology to describe, is the relation of the values, the hierarchy of relative salience and subordination.

Music, like painting, is a series of planes or values, a background, a middle distance, and a foreground. If we could number these planes we should have a rough but perhaps rather serviceable description of what is essential. Chopin's twenty-first Prelude has an unusual distinctness of planes: the foreground is the melody of the right hand; the background is the base; the middle distance, blurred, mysterious, and gray as a Corot, is the accompanying scraps of subordinate melody of the left hand. Confuse any two of these planes, equalize the values of any two, and you ruin the chiaroscuro of the piece.

### Rhythmic Light and Shade

**T**HE adjustment of rhythmic values is almost more subtle than that of dynamic light and shade, and perhaps even more vital, too, since rhythm gives music its most essen-

tial profile. Such rhythmic adjustments are achieved in part, of course, through dynamics, in so far, that is, as they depend on accent; but the subtler aspect of them is that of the allotment of time.

The more important notes of a phrase receive more time, at the expense of the less important ones, just as in speech we dwell upon the important words. This immensely important adjustment of values, however, perhaps the most important, for the purposes of expression, with which the interpretative artist has to deal, is so entirely left to musical instinct that we can hardly talk about it, for lack of terms. Such terms and signs as we have to indicate dwelling on a note, the *fermata* and the *tenuto* line, for instance, are for massive detached effects, which have no more relation to the constant but infinitely slight modification of values that make rhythms significant than shouts or ejaculations have to eloquent speech.

Indeed, so totally traditional and instinctive are these adjustments, so unreflected in the written lore of the art, that most audiences will swallow whole, from a cellist stupidly distorted, unintelligible phrases the like of which in a recitation would reduce them to laughter, and one may even hear a skilful pianist, well-trained on at least the mechanical side of his art, gravely advance the theory that because the "rain-drops" in Chopin's Prelude are all eighth notes they must all be of precisely the same duration. . . . As if one were to say that because words are all printed in letters of the same height, the "of's" and the "the's" were to receive as much of our attention as the nouns and verbs. There is democratic equality for you with a vengeance.

**B**UT the aristocratic distinction and beauty which are the highest qualities of piano playing come from just the opposite process—from a subordination as rigorous as that of feudal society, though more intelligent, a subordination that assigns each note its true place and prominence in the society of the phrase.

To hear Mr. Gabrilowitsch play the first ten notes of the slow movement of the Mozart D minor Concerto is enough to prove to anyone with ears for gradations the supreme importance of such subordination. Not that the pianist is necessarily conscious of it; indeed, such moulding of the phrase is one of the most deeply instinctive of all musical acts; and our plea for a more adequate terminology is not based on the notion that it would automatically turn the lubbers into artists, but only on the hope that it would direct their attention to quarters where their instincts needed cultivation. None the less it is true, however, that science in its laborious, intellectual way, might arrive at a formulation of what Mr. Gabrilowitsch does (not of how he does it) when he plays this meltingly beautiful phrase.

Science would measure the dynamic force and the deviation from standard time value of each of those ten notes, and plot down for us their scheme of subordination. And without danger of being too drily scientific, we may venture the specific suggestion that the difference between Mr. Gabrilowitsch's exquisite delivery and on the one hand the perfunctory matter-of-factness of the average performance, and on the other the sentimentali-

(Continued on page 352)



# The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

## American Music and Musicians

By GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

**S**TORMS antecede big movements in art. A vast tempest has been raging in the world. Some think the struggle is over, but we are now, it seems to me, in the storm center. Later, the gods alone know when, far from the gloom of wars and the rumors of bad times, among hopes arising from struggle and knowledge, will come our moment to speak sublimely. We have already spoken, we have already many works to our credit, but we have still much to say, for the realities of life are becoming to us more than ever poignant things, we have pushed ourselves through the passage-way of isolation into the open air of world interest. We sense power, manifold possibilities, new outlooks. We are beginning to have a grasp of the fields beyond our own.

There have been in American art spiritually free men, and such men are part of our progress. To be rid of the habit of hiding behind platitudes, to have prejudice swept away, a ban put on sentimentality, timidity removed in the face of art—this will mean the Golden Age for us.

Some men have lived who dug out of the soil of this country. In architecture there are fairy-like buildings, buildings majestic too, full of imagination, skillful in construction, having nothing in common with the world of the past. Artists have appeared whose treatment of old subjects was strongly personal.

Sullivan was the first to make the sky-scraper an artistic work. He embellished it with handsome detail. The Condit Building in New York established the principle in the east. In this building Sullivan insists on the perpendicular and never seeks to suppress it by superimposed motives. The Guaranty Building in Buffalo is another example of the fearless adaptation of this principle.

In Chicago, Holaboid and Roach were pioneers. They built a complete, riveted steel frame in the Tacoma Building. The Bush Building, the Woolworth Building, the Metropolitan Tower, the Singer Building in New York, all assert our power and our independence. In domestic architecture there is the Ponce de Leon Hotel at Saint Augustine built by Hastings, beautiful, original, adapted to the climate, to the life of the inmates and to its setting. Pope's McLean and Hitt houses in Washington show imagination and power.

**T**HERE have been masterful sculptors, a new austerity depicting American forces going strongly towards our own interpretation of life. The works of these men were conceived with fervor and carried out with conviction. We have paintings, too, characteristic of their epoch and country, possessing originality, beauty of surface combined with a deep knowledge of technique. The artists who produced them were often profound, their execution is as rich as it is skillful. Progress in art is a labyrinth. Brave men have plunged into it and have had courage enough and faith enough to go through safely to the other side. At best the pioneer will always be lonely.

Every new building or statue erected, every picture painted and seen, sets a standard, and for this reason: when an artist is asked to make a design, for instance, for a monument to Joan of Arc, he looks into the annals of art, he reads what has been written on the subject. Unless he is a genius he will be influenced by other men's interpretations. So that every work is

either retarding or progressing its art to a very great extent through its effect not only on those who see it, but on the artists who consciously or unconsciously carry on or merely re-produce its impression. If the war monument which we put up to our soldiers in New York (the biggest, most important city of America) is inadequate to its inspiration, we will not only have erected something unworthy in one city, but we will just as surely have erected a thousand bad monuments in a thousand cities of the United States.

Thus there has been diversity of expression and we have combined in our production vitality with austerity.

Why, then, many people will ask, does one see so little American art in America?

The rich man controls in business, he controls also to a great extent in art. He buys, we succumb to his taste. He elevates or debases, as the case may be. He has no time to read about art nor to use his faculties in its interest. He is the hardest worker of all our citizens. After a day of terrific responsibility or tremendous brain work, he is often forced into the social game. Therefore he becomes gullible in the hands of the so-called expert. In business no such thing would be possible to him; in art it is inevitable.

**A** GREAT many beautiful things and a mass of junk finds its way into this country, and out of this conglomeration grows a house which is full of old lamps, old ceilings and mantel-pieces, damaged goods ranging from statues to crockery, some very beautiful, some rubbish: a house expensive, reminiscent, but—dead. It is the outgrowth of the bartered goods of experts, exquisitely presented and sure to engender envy in the hearts of other rich men.

We northern people cannot naturally feel as did the Greeks and Italians, and that we should live in the same surroundings is incongruous and absurd.

Because we are young as a country, we feel the need of support in our opinions and in the expressions of our taste. Year after year we bought from the inexhaustible foreign market (because it had the sanction of the ages) not only great and noble works but "sere remains," and somehow they all got mixed, the grand and the junk, and just as they got mixed, so did we in our minds get mixed. Fortunately for us there were men farseeing, rich or ambitious enough to bring over the ocean the truly great things which we now possess. To them we owe a debt of gratitude, for many of us cannot travel to distant lands in search of old masters, but we can enrich our experience by the study of these eloquent speakers in our midst.

The eagle and I have little talks once in a while in the morning before he takes his long flights. I said to him the other day: "Stop your screeching, I can't hear myself think."

He folded his wings and volplaned down to earth. "I am standing right here," he said, "with both feet on the ground."

And so am I standing with both feet on the ground. I have not been talking about a thing being great because it is American, I have been talking about a thing being great because of its intrinsic value. We admire those works which seem to us to be fine regardless of their nationality. However, sometimes we are so close to the good thing in our own country that we miss its perspective or cannot see it at all.

The end of America's apprenticeship in art will be the beginning of America's affection for art. Life with its complications, its distressful incidents and the sense which it brings of our own limitations sometimes weighs so heavily that we are bowed by its burden. Being made by man, art is not so vast or overpowering as to terrify and discourage him, as life does. It is the expression of his best and a thing not so big but that he can grasp it. He can be soothed by its emotion and stimulated by the human thoughts which it suggests. If he have no affection or kindly feeling for it, he will follow those who try to lead him into intellectual adventures; but if he have an affection for it he will be a searcher for the grail. He will be led through the forest over the mountain into the temple of achievement, where he will find joy.

In architecture, in painting, in sculpture we have had leaders—have we leaders in music as well?

What is necessary to make a great musician?

He must have a firm grasp of the traditions of music and a broad view of new methods. He cannot be great unless he be well grounded, yet he must have preserved his originality and besides have a clear vision to carry him on. The power of elimination, as in all the arts, must be his; but he must be fruitful, too, and sane, able to use the different elements of composition, of harmony, of tune or color, so that the whole will be full of thought as well as emotion.

Music of all the arts is the most sensuous and the most elusive. Therefore it is the farthest removed from the Anglo-Saxon temperament. One imagines Chopin leaving music behind him as he moved, careless and unconscious of its growth. Such a thing hardly would seem possible for an American. He might attain heights, but it could not be as spontaneous a process. Music is the breath of life to Latins, Slavs and Teutons; to us it is a part of life, a part which we enjoy extremely, but which is not vital.

**T**HE mountain tops of musical art have consistently appeared in certain countries—Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Poland and, of late years, a peak of national importance in Russia.

Germany attained probably the greatest heights. From Bach to Strauss is a long way, both in years and development. During this time the art fluctuates, taking on different aspects, but it was a continuous stream of excellence, and the German of to-day need not look to other countries for his inspiration, he has inherited a national background of musical talent.

Italy, from Palestrino to Puccini, has, almost without interruption, carried on the art at a high level. From church music through opera, concerto, etc., the changes of feeling and thought of the times and localities were registered.

France, too, has had a long list of illustrious ancestors.

In all of these countries a new movement has shown itself in the past fifty years. Men have developed varied forms, different thoughts, unexpected intentions in music. Each, too, is dissimilar from the other, each has blazoned his nationality on the world.

England, with all its encouragement of music, has few outstanding names. Societies for the Improvement, Fabrication, Encourage-

(Continued on page 348)





*Mural Decorations in the offices of the Hudson Motor Co.*



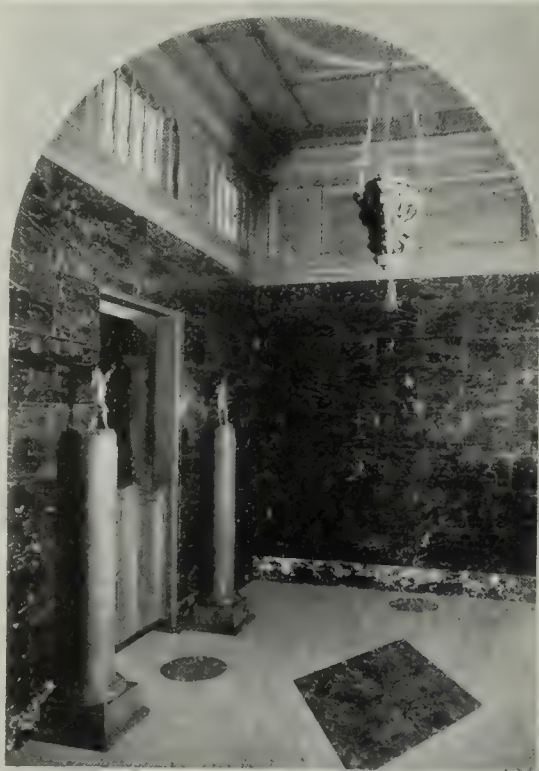
## Decoration in Business Offices

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

MAN adorns his office these days because he finds in harmonious surroundings new power and a quickened imagination. Because he is in business he realizes that the more his mind can reach out beyond four walls, the greater will be his meed of success.

It is not given to every merchant nowadays, as it was when New York was rising as a maritime city, to look out upon the harbor and see the ships "which go from lands of sun to lands of snow." And yet, he may have some of the vision of those pioneers of packet glory if, within his private office, there is a touch of the sea. Hence the president of the steamship line, or the Customs House broker, has in his sanctum some rare old print or a model of a lordly galleon of Spain. When the stately pile was built in which duties are paid on imports, the architect saw to it that the Collector of the Port of New York should have the views of the great havens of historic times in the paintings which are set into the carved woodwork of his office. May it not be that the gatherers of imposts who have sat from year to year in that great room have had a closer touch with the commerce of the world because they may look up, from time to time, and behold Antwerp and Ghent and Marseilles and Venice?

Scrooge, grumbling in his cramped and chill little room, thought of business only as scrimping and petty saving. Tulkinghorn, the lawyer in "Bleak House," is depicted by the immortal Dickens as foregathering with the family skeletons of his clients in an apartment rusty and out of date in his London residence, half office and half home. His devious ways are translated to us in the novelist's description of the heavy broad-backed mahogany and horsehair chairs, the obsolete tables with their spindle legs, and the dusty covers of green baize. A thick, dingy Turkey carpet muffles the floor where Mr. Tulkinghorn sits,



*Entrance hall in the office of Alfred Bossom*

attended by two old-fashioned silver candlesticks, the candles in which give a very insufficient light for his vast room, working out whatever train of indecision he may have in his mind.

The idea that one might see visions of big business and develop plans and reach clear-cut decisions amid environments of beauty has come to many men by way of their homes. When they saw to it that their dwellings were appropriately decorated, they reserved at least one room where they might, on occasion, withdraw to think out their worldly affairs. Some of them had libraries, others studies, and many designated these retreats by the much-abused title of den. They found that often such apartments served well for important conferences, but, above all, they answered the purpose of affording places of withdrawal from petty detail.

It came to pass, therefore, that our leaders in finance and industry said to the interior decorator: "You have done well with my house. Why can't you do something like this for my private office?"

Why not, indeed? Hence the new movement which has resulted in making many an abode of business into a spot where dullness and banality cannot enter. Very often, owing to the lack of ground in the city, the occupant of the modern suite of offices looks out upon a narrow slit of a court, or upon tier upon tier of windows piercing the steep walls of skyscrapers. If he has no view from his desk which suggests the world and the teeming city; at least he may have his working place so decorated that it will feed his fancy and quicken his mind. The artist does his best in a studio surrounded by objects which, by color and form, give him unconscious suggestions of beauty; the author stays in his study, where, almost without his knowing it, some choice etching or a gilt title of a book may bring inspiration. The successful business man, too, although he may not be dis-



*A view of Mr. Bossom's conference room in the style of the latter days of the Italian Renaissance*



posed always to admit it, is a seer, whose intellect is stimulated by the settings in which he is placed. The late J. Pierpont Morgan would have been fretted and harried in the presence of filing cabinets, clattering typewriting machines, and all the trappings of business efficiency. In the private office in his wonderful library he evolved great financial plans, a modern Lorenzo the Magnificent in his chamber of the palace.

The offices of the officials of the banks and trust companies have of late years reflected the growth of a movement which is providing suitable environments for men who concentrate their thoughts on financial problems. For example, how admirably the office of Mr. A. J. Hemphill, the chairman of the board of directors of the Guaranty Trust Company, with its panels of cordovan, its substantial desks and tables and chairs, its atmosphere of reserve power, is designed as the setting for one who grasps firmly upon the realities of life.

The same note prevails in the finely appointed room of the president of the same institution, Mr. Charles H. Sabin, who, in the surroundings of his daily vocation, lives in the same spirit which may be seen in his Long Island home. The paneled wainscoting, the ceiling with its solid beams and heavy ornamentation, the secretary fashioned like a highboy, the modern desk adapted to the requirements of a man of affairs and yet in keeping with the scheme of decoration, all are in keeping with the air of calm efficiency which pervades the place. The chairs are ornate, but made for restfulness and comfort, and the sight of the large over-mantel suggests the days when men were less hurried and harried than now. In such a place as this no hasty decisions could well be made, for here concentration and conservatism join hands.

As finance chooses for itself a setting of dignity and strength, the architect who comes in contact with banks and corporations in his profession is likely in his own offices to feel the same influences. Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, known as a designer of buildings for financial institutions, has reflected his work and his personality in his new architectural offices in

Fifth Avenue. The floor he occupies is arranged so that the work may be carried on there, just in the same sequence which is the rule in banks, and at the same time his own private office, and especially the large conference or board room where he confers with clients, show forth the traditions which have dominated architecture long before the days of Vitruvius. The high-ceiled apartment, where all interested gather about plans and specifications, is furnished in the style of the

claims the man, in that it shows forth his character, his aspirations and his ideals.

Recently there died in New York a man who won millions by dealing in what had been before his day unconsidered trifles. What chance had he to dream dreams at the bargain counter? Might he not have remained, to quote DeFoe, "a dealer in small wares in Threadneedle Street"? How came the world to have a vendor of small wares on so colossal a scale? From his boyhood he has been an admirer of the Man of Destiny. He had prints of Bonaparte at all ages. So, when he started in business with scant capital, his own office had the atmosphere of the First Empire. His plans developed more and more and he built a towering cathedral of commerce and extended his trade into chains of stores across the continent. He contracted for the entire output of factories here and in Europe, and carried on his enterprises with a sense of prescience and wonderful initiative which made him the Napoleon of his calling. The office in which F. W. Woolworth evolved his plans of conquest for many a year, situated on the twenty-fourth floor of the mighty structure which he built, is furnished like a throne room of the great Emperor of the French.

That Napoleon himself should have brought into French art the motifs of the ancient land of the Pyramids reveals his own kindling fancy, fed by the ambition to found a dynasty and to reach a place of exalted influence. The scarabs, the winged lions, the glory of Egypt, served as settings for the cabinet of the great Corsican, where he meditated upon his projects for the domination of the world.

Men of large affairs in this present epoch surround themselves with objects which suggest other periods when genius and enterprise had sway. It may be considered a far cry from Florence and Bologna in the height of their achievements to New York's Fifth Avenue, and yet there is a strong suggestion of the power, the beauty and the initiative of those Italian cities in the spirit of the central highway of the American metropolis.

So it is that in the private offices of the

(Continued on page 340)



*The private office of Dr. John A. Harriss*

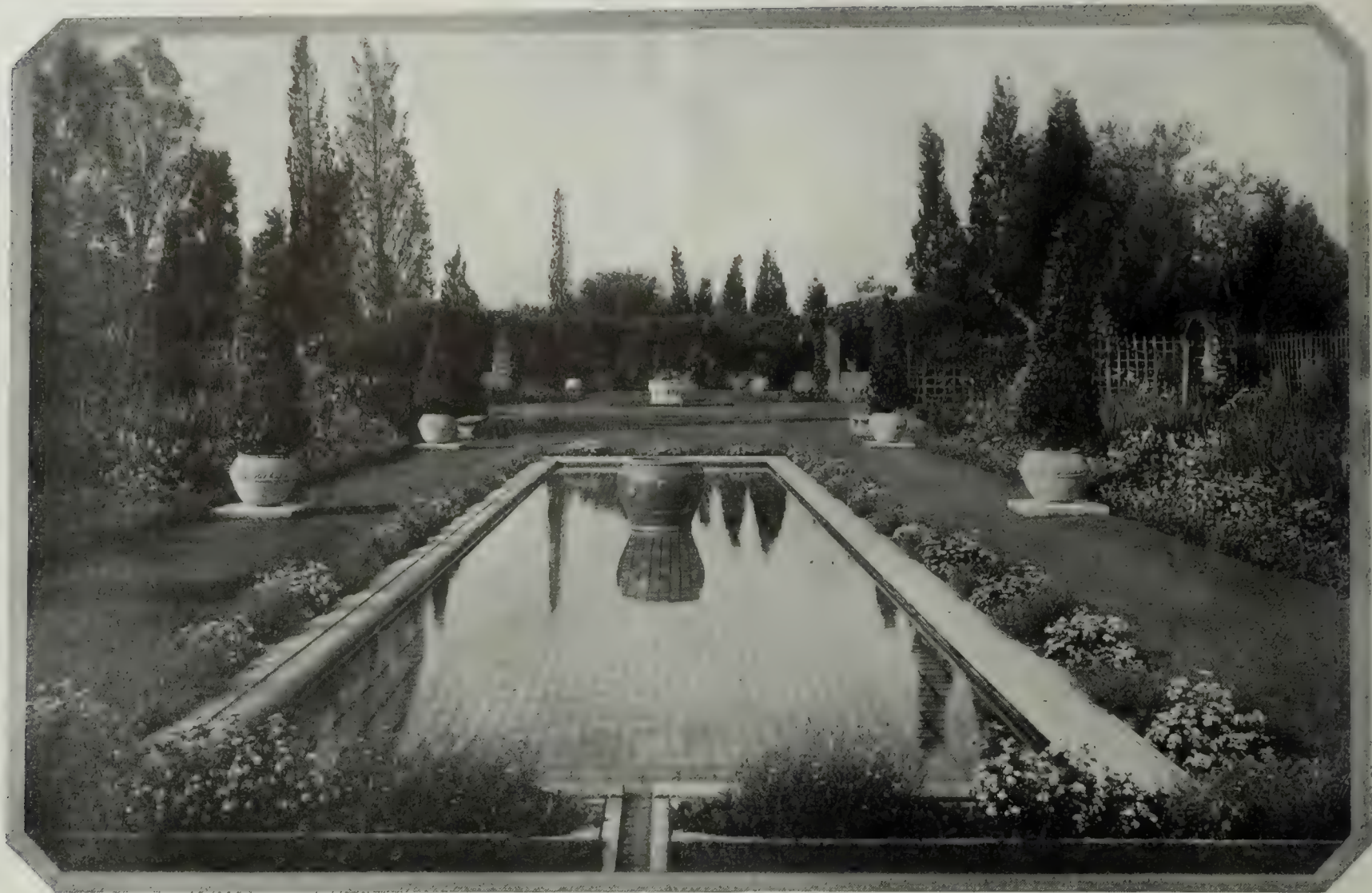
latter days of the Italian Renaissance. The soft-toned paneling, the antique iron work, and the deep, high-armed chairs, which are grouped about the huge table in the centre, seem to keep one in mind of the fact that one should build for the ages to come. The ancient and honorable profession of architecture is represented in the time-mellowed tapestry, depicting the architect bending before the king, to whom he submits his plan, while a companion piece portrays the triumph of the spirit of construction, rising above the complete and perfect work—a temple dedicated to the ages.

Architects who in this day and generation are becoming more and more engineers, business executives and efficiency experts, as well as artists, seem to have sensed, probably more than has any other class, the relation between the work and the kind of an office in which it is done. The office, like apparel, oft pro-



*Two beautiful offices in the Guaranty Trust Company. On the left is that of A. J. Hemphill, chairman of the board; on the right that of Charles H. Sabin, the president*





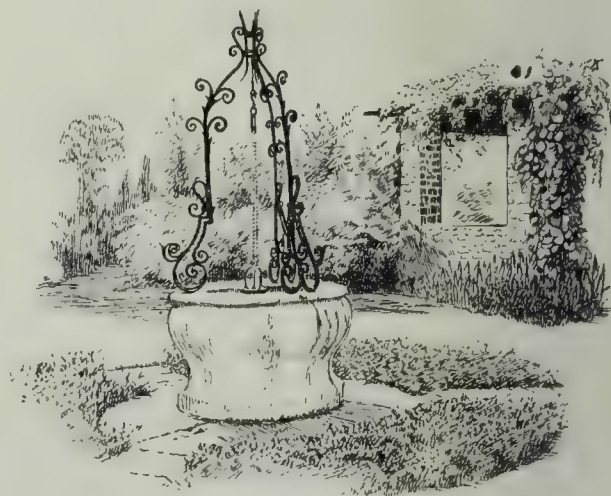
*Reminiscent of Italian Gardens is this flower-bordered pool*

## The Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James'

*The Italian Garden is suggested in the*



*The severely classical entrance gates, showing the unusual hand-made lattice which encloses the whole garden*



*The lily pond in front of the tea-house gives an added air of restfulness*





*A tea-house which is a veritable refuge for the lover of solitude*

# Garden at Newport, Rhode Island

*extensive use of pools and fountains*

*Photographed by Mattie Edwards Hewitt*



*Two views of the garden which show the extensive use of classical urns*

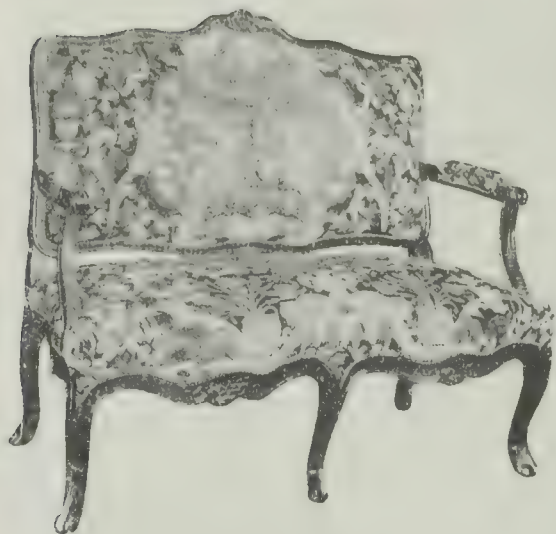
*This delightful corner carries on the Italian note prevalent in the whole garden*



# Modern Furniture of 18th Century Pattern

## *Our Present Need of the Copyist in Furniture*

*Photographs courtesy of Hampton Shops*



*A beautiful example of the Régence covered with petit point*

FROM time to time the delving gentlemen who dig the sands and sound the rocks announce that a few thousand years more than those already estimated belong to civilized man. It is through half of all these millenia that man has been sitting down upon something higher than the ground—has, in fact, been lolling in a chair or on a sofa.

Should it then be a matter for wonder that by this time all the best types of chairs have been discovered? And should we shrink from the reproach conveyed in the accusation relating to slavish copies? Rather let us rejoice that this is a time of such cultivation that we really know what deserves copying. Those who are old enough, remember

furniture which was not "slavishly copied," remember the fretful angles and bosses of the 1870's, the hybrid Anglo-Japanese of Eastlake invention, the lavish not-like-anything mahogany of the 1880's. And such remembrance turns one back to the perfect periods of art in furniture.

Why not give a chance to the living men? ask those who resent the antique. And the answer is that the man of today has his chance; it is in copying, first in giving expression to his erudition and taste by the choice of a model; and, second, by the skill with which he executes the work from start to finish.

A chair lightly tossed out upon a home-furnishing world from the factory whence thousands emanate is of necessity without that peculiar quality we call atmosphere. It smells of the factory in the same way as does a wooden bucket, or a box of safety matches, for it is a product of the kind of industrialism that knows not art.

And the men who have worked to produce



*Walnut chair covered with tapestry*

perfect copy of a chair which centuries of use have endeared to those who are fastidious, he is the best artist in furniture of today. The

fact of copying is not a reproach. Rather let him be admired for sinking self in exploiting another man's composition. Those who attempt at this moment to compose new designs, do they not mistake their mission—for this is not a time of fine invention in furniture styles.

A perfect copy is not made from a photograph, it is made only from the original piece itself, otherwise the whole style is missed, and also that unspeakable charm which lies in the patient work of a man of talent and ability, a man who counts neither time nor pains to achieve a result.

*(Continued on page 344)*



*Chairs and console of carved walnut made for the Fifth Avenue home of Mrs. Henry W. Lowe*

the chair are unrelated groups of workmen, each of whom performs his part of the task nor takes interest in any other part. As for the completed chair, that is out of his ken, and out of his factory bailiwick.

All of this makes for commercial and industrial economy, which is well in its way, for all pockets cannot buy the perfect chair, nobly planned, and happily executed by one or two enthusiastic and capable woodworkers. Yet it would be better for all the country if the factories which eat up the forests would give us simplicity as an economy rather than the ill-drawn "novelty" which is a curse upon our low-priced wares.

How absolutely one's expression of taste lies in the hands of the manufacturer is never known until, with a modest purse in hand, one goes shopping for moderate-priced furniture. The joyous heart with which the matter of buying has begun turns to bitter fretting under the process of parting with good money for poor taste. Hours of eloquence could be devoted to this one matter, the need of strong simple furniture of correct drawing. But would it ever alter the manufacturer's output?

The man who will give us the hand-made



*Painted dressing-table and chair, finished in gray-green and gray*



*A little desk of walnut and pear wood, with inlay*





*Built of gray stone, with windows opening on broad terraces, this country house is suggestive of those charming old country houses of Tudor England*

## The Residence of Robt. L. Huntzinger at Greenwich, Conn.

*Interiors by Hampton Shops*



*(Left) The sunny library windows are hung with overdraperies of blue and silver damask which is a little lighter in tone than the blue velvet coverings of the sofa and deep seated reading chairs. The walnut panelling lends a warm color note in the Persian rug*



*(Right) Another view of the living-room shows the simple treatment of the case-ment windows with straight overdraperies of crimson Tudor damask. The carved walnut sofa, covered in antique crimson velvet and the interesting court cupboard of carved oak are well grouped in the window nook*



*This simple, dignified living-room is truly livable. The soft toned, gray plaster walls with the mellow antique oak panelling form a background harmonious with the Tudor furniture*



# French and American Silhouettes

By CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS.

## *Can Paul Poiret Alter the Human Figure?*

THE mode for the winter of 1920 to 1921 forms a strange chapter in the history of costume designing. For the first time in many seasons the genius of common sense prevails over the genius of any individual designer.

The great war and the pyrrhic victory brought with them an extravagance of style conception which could only satisfy its restlessness and sickness of soul by contact with Oriental influences.

Morocco, Egypt, Java, India and China were called upon to fill up, with their exotic themes, the vacuum of the Western mind.

And so we had the imprint of French designers on minarets, pagodas, batiks, and Egyptian geometry.

The fever has now abated and the French designers, in common with women of good taste in America, have agreed to restore the natural silhouette and to expend their nervous energy on decoration, garniture, and the economy of the three-piece suit.

After the reports of the recent French exhibits were collated by the writer, he received a cable of a disquieting nature. This cable announced in very definite terms that Paul Poiret had decided to change the silhouette in his collection for the winter on the ground that, in his opinion, it is a very bad thing to allow clothes of one season to tamely follow those of the last.

We yield to no one in our admiration for the versatility of M. Paul Poiret. In him we have an excellent example of the artist and the business man living on the friendliest terms. He has contributed much to the development of stage clothes, and for his private clientele he designs simple and beautiful modes.

But another story must be told with reference to his designs planned for the American market. In this case the artist succumbs to the business man.

Mr. Poiret may regard the human figure as an experiment for new styles, and his authority is unquestioned by many. We will not be accused of disrespect if in this question we not only appeal to the unchanging principle of art, but set against him other authorities like Leonardo Da Vinci, as well as the authority of that collective Greek genius which achieved an unique ensemble between expression and form, idea and technique, soul and body.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that in this country we must emphasize the principles of art rather than the expressions of individual caprice. Before we can tell our designers and students to give free rein to their imagination, we must make sure that an artistic foundation is laid and that good taste is so prevalent as to afford a background for creative endeavor.

I shall return to this subject of Art Education in Dress on another occasion, and for the present let us see what are the momentous changes introduced by M. Paul Poiret.

WE are told that the general effect of the Poiret silhouette is different from any other because it presents a mixture of many influences, including the Renaissance, the Velasquez, while Breton and Persian influences are also in evidence.

What can a plain mortal make of this farrago of periods, epochs and styles? Is it possible to achieve artistic unity from the use of such discordant material? And if the name

of Poiret were to be taken from these designs would they not be consigned to an old curiosity shop?

Is it to be assumed that these models created especially for naive American buyers will make any appeal to American women of good taste? As far as I have been able to study the temperament of representative American women, I find that they live in the present and not in the past. I also find that they are alert to the spirit of our times; that they take deep interest in social and industrial problems, and that they are by no means inclined to stately leisure or inept posing. Their clothes express their personality, which is vivid, full of a new type of esprit (hardly known to the old world). The mood of their dress is action.

The American designer, therefore, will be wise in studying the American type and in following the example of one of our youngest creators in art in dress who this season has made a noble appeal for the simplicity of the Greek figure and the artistry of Greek lines.

I would not close this article without admitting that some of the things in the Poiret collection are worthy of commendation; but this relates to details rather than to fundamentals.

Some of these details include the use of rich velvets and embroideries, the use of contrasting sleeves, long or three-quarter, and belted. Many models carry full, long skirts, low waistlines with long sleeves, and frequently high collar treatment in an interesting variety.

But the question remains, can M. Paul Poiret alter the lines of the human figure?

## *Fifth Avenue Promenade*

IN the interval between Labor Day and the last week in September a series of Fashion Showings unfolded their secrets in the salons of the "Haute Coutures" along Fifty-seventh Street and the highways of Fifth Avenue.

Interesting as this collection proved, there were no secrets. The majority of the dress houses showed the models that had previously been exhibited by the leading French houses. In a few cases, where there is less dependence on foreign ideas, the collections stood out for simplicity rather than for originality of design.

There is a dearth of originality, in which situation it is better to stick to the old truths than to grope for new fallacies.

The furs shown as part of the exhibits were more sumptuous than during previous seasons. It would seem that the luxury that is being soft-pedaled in gowns is attaining a fortissimo in furs. Most important, fur models show an excellent tendency of draping instead of merely covering the dress. The folds are more graceful and fall in Greek lines, thus giving amplitude to material which in itself is massively beautiful.

The new suits are serviceable and neat. The trim and trig figure of the American type acquires in the tailleur a chic which the French might well envy. As the genius of the English is in sport clothes, of the French in esprit, it would seem that the genius of the American woman is in the tailored suit.

Dresses move to the stately music of heavy fabrics, in a symphony of color that is almost sedate. But if there is more simplicity this year in the styles, there is no loss of elegance.

The majority of the collections favor the slim silhouette, in accordance with the predic-

tion made in these columns some months before. This type of silhouette adds height to the figure, a very desirable asset to those who are not very tall. But excessive slimness or standardized slimness is not available for a general style, and so the whole question reduces itself to our old contention that each figure should determine its own destiny by studying its natural lines and draping them accordingly.

The slim and the stout, the tall and the short, can solve the problem along individual lines but within the principles of enhancing nature. It would not be a bad recipe for those who need recipes to say to them: Let your lines be old-fashioned and your colors be in style. That bridges the gap between good taste and fashion.

NOW the colors for the new season are as varied as they are subdued. Yet the variety is merely a shifting of the accent from brown to burgundy, from red to sapphire, from gold to black.

If you look at one collection and form your impression from that, you might decide that red was very much in style. But a glance at another collection shows that you are all wrong and you must wear dull shades of crepe meteor. The third collection is without any color prejudice and features every variety in order to please all tastes.

I saw one collection which looked funereal. The effect of twilight which rendered monotonous. This dreary result was naturally intensified by the fact that the majority of the materials used are soft and dull. Certainly a touch of color to a dull material is not out of place. In some cases valiant attempts have been made to provide color in the embroidery, but this leads to over-emphasis of details.

In general, it may be said that dress is subdued for daytime, and becomes vivid and alluring as night deepens. Evening gowns are brilliant and voluminous. There has been a good deal of thought given to wraps, and in many cases soft over-draping takes the place of the belt.

THERE is news, also, from M. Rodier. If French designers help to "fix" fashions, Rodier sets the fabrics for French designers. His line of fancy woollens starts at 1830 and goes back to Assyria.

Orientalists may well wonder to what strange uses an ancient culture is being put to by entering Frenchmen. But M. Rodier is also using Algerian motives. He is without prejudices.

All of these styles were the subject of review and discussion at a fashion convention held in Chicago in the middle of September. An innovation was attempted in having a lecture on the principles of correct dress, and noted designers were invited to contribute possible knowledge and definite experiences in this field.

This is a sound artistic and educational plan and is intended to develop into something unique in the life of America. So much stress is laid on fashion and so little attention is paid to dress principles, that the combination of the two is a step in the right direction; and it is my belief that the day is not far distant when artistic and educational agencies will take up this work on a larger scale.

Fashions, like the moving pictures, suffer from a confusion of standards; both subjects require a change in public attitude.



# Winter Furs Enhance the Drapery of Dress

Photographs Courtesy Bonwit Teller & Company



*BELOW* is a wrap of dyed Russian Sable notable chiefly for the effects of drapery which may be obtained to harmonize with the lines of the individual figure. In wraps of this type the element of changing style is reduced to a minimum, the simplicity of fur design outlasting experiments with the silhouette. The new furs for this season are more sumptuous than during previous seasons and the models achieve unusual grace, thus giving amplitude to material which in itself is massively beautiful. This holds true of the illustrated model. Moreover the "investment that is fur" renders this the one department of dress in which beauty is joined with economy



*It would seem that the luxury that is being soft-pedaled in gowns is attaining a fortissimo in furs*



*THE* wrap at the upper right is of Baby Caracul, the collar of natural mink. An unusual artistic effect is obtained by the combination of two fur materials which harmonize so naturally. The material of the collar—mink—permits free and graceful folds while the coat, featured in caracul, gives an impression of elegance. The prevalence of fur in this season's styles is to be related to a general tendency favoring wraps and lines of dress built on long waists

*THE* wrap shown above is a natural Eastern mink—a fur product which lends itself most readily to effects in draping. It has already been recognized that the element of design is becoming increasingly more important in the matter of furs and that smart lines in fur wraps are quite as important as in evening gowns. In other words, furs are now intended to decorate dress and not merely to cover it. This fact makes the new furs for the winter of more than usual interest







*Fragment of French Tapestry belonging to Isabcau de Bavière about 1440. Collection of George and Florence Blumenthal*



*Burgundian Tapestry, Extreme Unction and Marriage, from "The Sacraments," about 1430, in the Metropolitan*

## The Inspiration in Gothic Tapestries

By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

TO become well acquainted with the secrets that lie within the borders of Gothic tapestries is only to follow the trend of the hour. Those of us who have been reveling for years in those secrets in a shamefaced way—as one who in mature life privately plays with dolls—have now the happiness to share them with others whose interest has become demanding.

Why this sudden curiosity or genuine interest should arise, is easy to fathom. Gothic tapestries have become seriously the fashion. Serious art objects to the patronage of fashion, but is there any matter in which fashion rules more arbitrarily than in the noble art of painting? What are the various schools but so many fashions, eagerly adopted when in the mode and quickly replaced by their successors.

Fashion, then, has gone to Gothic, and in so doing has proved the immense advance in taste that characterizes the present hour. Whether in the great arts of painting, sculpture and architecture, or in the lesser arts, the Gothic development is one so subtle, so refined and inspiring that its worshippers resent the flood of the Renaissance which was its assassin.

Appreciation of Gothic tapestries is open to all who have eyes physical and eyes mental, but the acquiring of examples is becoming ever and ever more difficult. A cloth which has outlived five or six centuries of existence is rare, even though it be woven of strong wool and silk in close-set threads. But besides the wear of time, man has in the centuries discarded the hangings, disgraced them in attics and stables, has given them to the fire, and thus is their number unnecessarily depleted.

Those which are left give us tantalizing tastes of the riches lost. Should we go into the tale of their worth in dollars, we find a king's ransom all too small a purse with which

to buy a perfect specimen of the first class in design and weave.

The Gothic tapestry first throws over us its spell, like unto that of the Lady of Shalott, and very much of her time in history. Then

must press themselves upon the mind, which resents dates by instinct. And even of that date, tapestries are so few as to be almost negligible among facts unless one has the happiness to see the great tapestry of the Angers Cathedral, the Apocalypse commenced by Nicholas Bataille in 1376.

For a handy reference in the day-book of the mind it is sufficient to note that the period of production of available tapestries called Gothic extends from 1400 to about 1515, when designs from Italy were sent to the weavers in sufficient quantity to make a revolution in style.

The art of those years and the history of the persons who within them played life's drama are the great stories to be read in these Gothic tapestries of surpassing interest. Parallel with these runs the story of the manufacture, which is made of quite other stuff than the highly efficient industrialism of today, and shares the romantic equality of its time.

The history of tapestry being an affair of modern compiling, we have enticing but scant records of 1400, but these relate mainly to tapestries made in France. Paris was the center of production, and outside of Paris, in later history as well, the art spread to the north rather than to the south.

Charles VI was on the throne of France, and beside him sat, with more or less straining at the marital bond, the fascinating Isabeau de Bavière. Life at the Court had attached to it, with more justice than tact, the epithet of dissolute. But from the tapestries woven, which depict the queen in all her youthful loveliness, it would seem that beauty in art thrives under unsavory morals.

The Hundred Years' War was well on towards its last quarter, but the constant conflict was depleting the war chest. Add to this the later treachery of Queen Isabeau in delivering France to the English, and it were easy



*Falconry. A Burgundian Arras Tapestry, 1430, now at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, gift of Mrs. Charles J. Martin*

it throws a challenge. The spell is an affair of sentiment, of intoxicating poetry; the challenge piques the mind. It is as though the ancient cloth were asking, "Who am I?" It is the answer to that question which will occupy us through this article. And if they properly set forth the feast, the wish for more, and yet more, history will be one of the desires resulting.

Because of scant records a smattering of history in very early work is so quickly gained that the year 1400 is reached before dates



to see that so expensive an art as tapestry weaving might languish at Paris.

One more historic fact which influenced tapestry weaving in the early fourteen hundreds, the presence of the Dukes of Burgundy in French politics. These splendid adventurers, commanding a territory almost as large as that comprised in the states governed by the King, became masters of the Flemish State of Artois, of which Arras was the capital. And Arras became, under their desire, the greatest center of tapestry production. Paris had looms sufficient to supply the King and his lovely Isabeau with the two hundred and fifty hangings he ordered from the directors, Nicholas Bataille and Jacques Dourdin, and as many more to the King's brother, Louis of Orleans, who was his rival for the regard of the Queen, as well as his rival in the accumulation of chests full of tapestries.

Yet soon Arras came to be the most important center, Paris yielding to the power of war and the power of Burgundian enterprise, and Arras continued this importance until 1477, when Louis XI broke up the ateliers and drove the weavers from the town in one of the vindictive rages which characterized his unbalanced mind.

The name of the town is branded on the industry, tapestries being called arras in Shakespeare's England and arrazi in Italian, while the name is traceable also in the Spanish *panos de raz*. The fame was well deserved, for the weavers of Arras surpassed all others to such extent that the world was hopeless of competing, and sent to Arras for tapestries as naturally as one sends south for tropic fruits.

Because of the fostering of the art by the Dukes of Burgundy, the tapestries of Arras in the first half of the Fifteenth Century are called Burgundian. John the Fearless, the champion of Isabeau de Bavière after waywardness had caused her imprisonment at Tours, was heartily occupied in the bellicose pursuits, which pleased him more than art. Acquiring territory by swaggering and slashing about Europe was more to his taste than the accumulation of chestfuls of the tapestries that so pleased the King of France.

**B**UT after him came Charles the Good, with a long administration, and under his wise, efficient hand the industry grew until it had reached enormous proportions.

All this would not be so interesting if it did not bear directly upon certain tapestries that are available to us. Allusion is made to

tapestries in the Metropolitan Museum, the small suite called the Sacrament Set, and the large and complicated battle scene, The Conquest of Jerusalem. To these is added the large portion of a Hawking Scene from the Minneapolis Museum. All of these are correctly called Burgundian, and were woven in Arras in the early Fifteenth Century.

The Hawking Party, woven in 1430 circa, is a section of a long hanging, which in turn was one of a set called in those days a chamber. Stone walls were cold and hard, and luxury demanded their softening by means of entire concealment by the pictured cloths of Arras. Thus tapestries were woven in sets to cover an entire chamber.

Without doubt this fragment came from the same atelier as does the famous set of Burgundian tapestries at Hardwicke Hall, the property of the Duke of Devonshire. Stag-hunting and falconry and the gentle art of gallantry occupy the attention of all the actors in all the scenes. These tapestries are among the famous hangings of the world, which makes the gift of Mrs. Charles J. Martin to the Minneapolis Museum a gift of importance.

**T**HE scene is set where the Flemish weavers loved to place it, among trees and flowers. Foliage flaunts itself against the sky, and in its drawing displays the childish hand of him who seeks to delineate with conscientious care the leaves of oak and walnut, that his tale of the trees may be truthfully told. At the foot of the tapestry is a starred carpet of the wild-wood flowers, each as easily recognized as the dandelions in spring.

Between these two lines of verdure, that at the top of the tapestry and that at the foot, the space is filled with figures which pique the interest and gratify the eye. Here is many a detail of secular life at a time when life presented many charms lacked in our own days of pressure. Artists of painting may cavil at the composition, but the unusual arrangement is one of the most reasonable things in the world. This tapestry is not only a picture but a decoration, and one subject to the alterations of its substance. It was originally hung loosely, with undulating folds, which divided the spaces at random into erratic groupings.

Modern rules of composition must be forgotten or much of the charm is lost. It is with ineffable pleasure that one sees them broken in such a hanging. The line of personages along the top, who are placed there without perspective, assert boldly their impor-

tance, which is that of individuals refusing to be placed in the background either figuratively or actually. This undiminished size emphasizes them and leads one to look long upon their peculiar beauty.

The figures in the lower row maintain equal importance, with the same frank insistence upon the right to attract attention. Trees at the right denote the boundless forest land, which in the Europe of those days was no rarity. With a fillip to the imagination, the weaver denotes the arboreal species, and crowds the numbers, but a smile of delight is caused by their impossible fairy-like size. It is a forest for the tiniest of insects, but surely the heroic lords and ladies who wait outside to hunt in its shades must needs shrink to miniature before galloping within.

**A**NOTHER delicious touch is the castle, showing the beholder at a glance how magnificently is the company housed when night sets in. From many such tiny castles of tapestry-land crowds of fair ladies thrust their heads, larger than the towers.

Of the marks that specially stamp the Arras work of the Burgundian inspiration, points in costuming are the most enjoyable to note. The head dresses of the noble ladies are of even more arrogant absurdity than the modern woman's hat, yet beauty and a bewitching distinction are theirs. Flouting the natural coquetry of softening curls, these ladies smooth back the hair, deny it, and wear instead a structure of silk and gems and linen lawn that declares their entire willingness to "*souffrir pour être belles*." The head-dress covers the ears with a plate of embroidery, joined to an undulating cushion which surmounts the head, and a delicate square of gauze veils the neck. Another contemporary style is marvelously fashioned of stiffened lawn resting on a foundation of embroidery. And both of these are reserved for ladies of high degree in the early Fifteenth Century.

And the vanity of man declared itself in huge rolled turbans of heaviest velvet which rise fold after fold to the place of toppling. But the most amazing and characteristic matter is the elegance of fabrics used in the dress of both women and men. Velvet in heavy brocading is freely portrayed, as though it were the usual material worn, even for the *costume des sports*, but a suspicion arises that the costume impeded the game.

Those to whom the study of fabrics is ap-

(Continued on page 336)



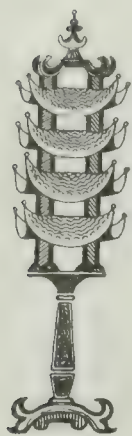
Arras Burgundian Tapestry, 1430. Detail of "The Conquest of Jerusalem," in the Metropolitan Museum



French Tapestry of the Roses, about 1430, now in the Metropolitan Museum



# The Theatrical Season Opens



Gail Kane, below, who stars in "Come Seven," a dramatization of the serial by Octavus Roy Cohen

George Gaul and Alice Nielsen in the "Lady of the Lamp," one of the most charming of the numerous Chinese plays with which the New York stage has been decorated

Ruth Shepley, below, whose Anglo-Saxonism is one of the assets of the romantic "Wild Cherry"



Florence Reed in "The Mirage," by Edgar Selwyn. This play is produced in Selwyn's new Times Square Theatre under his personal supervision

Mitzi in "Princess Billy" is the pivot of that whirling extravaganza

Helen Lyons in the "Rose Girl" will remind one of those ballet girls who are too pretty for the part



Gilda Varesi as Madame Lisa Della Robbia in "Enter Madame," successfully interspersed comedy and tragedy. This play by Giulia Conti and Dolly Byrne has been called one of the best comedies of recent years







Jeanne Eagels as the very much misunderstood young bride in "The Wonderful Thing," will continue for another season



O. P. Heggie as the accommodating bailiff in "Happy Go Lucky" has almost repeated the success of his "Androcles." The play is by Ian Hay



Grace Valentine in the title role of the "Cave Girl," a rather obvious reversal, is a popular figure



Maria Ascarra in "Spanish Love," a play whose title suggests many things and happily fulfills only a few of them



Edna Hibbard, who plays opposite Holbrook Blyn in the "Bad Man," lends a touch of piquancy to its conventionalities



Janet Beecher in David Belasco's production of "Call the Doctor," continues to temper impulse with a natural reserve



Marie Carroll, left, in Alice Duer Miller's "The Charm School"

Alice Brady, right, with "Anna Ascends," at the Playhouse, has been lured temporarily from the cinema







Man with Musical Instrument



Women Bathing

## Anders L. Zorn

*The King Is Dead, Long Live the King!*

By GUY PEÑE DU BOIS

IT is a question whether the physical death of Anders L. Zorn, reported August 22d last, antedated his artistic death. Like John Sargent—always his superior in elegance—he belonged to an epoch much more enamored of its virtuosity than of its thought. With Sargent it placed him, nearly as its fear and reverence of the mighty dead would permit, upon the same plane with Franz Hals, and went into many kinds of learned ecstasies upon the dexterity of his brush. He was

a hurried impressionist quite blind to the mysticism through which the barest fact is lent profundity, and quite content, also, despite that he was a realist, to retain the palette of the old masters which had been, to some extent, shattered by the scientific conclusions of the researching body of French *plein-airistes*. Even as a virtuoso with paint and

needle, he was in no sense an inventor. But if there was little behind the nimble gusto of his painting, if he swung his brush with little or no ulterior motive, if it was very difficult to discern a soul behind his acrobatics, there still remained the acrobatics. These may be comparable to those which, while serving no very definite material purpose, astonish and entertain audiences in vaudeville houses. Zorn as a painter or as an etcher could do a giant swing with the ease of any of them. He was



Nude

called a virile painter, a man among æsthetes. He was a superficial expression of a middle-class thesis—a much more common painter than Courbet, who vaunted his commonness.

Among the radical painters who will insist upon preferring the cosmos as subject matter to the turn of a cheek, Zorn has been laid aside as an illustrator and forgotten. He does not deserve that treatment—he was more than that. He was, however, of those realists who never delve beneath the surface of an objective fact—



Portrait of Zorn and his wife



The Frying Pan

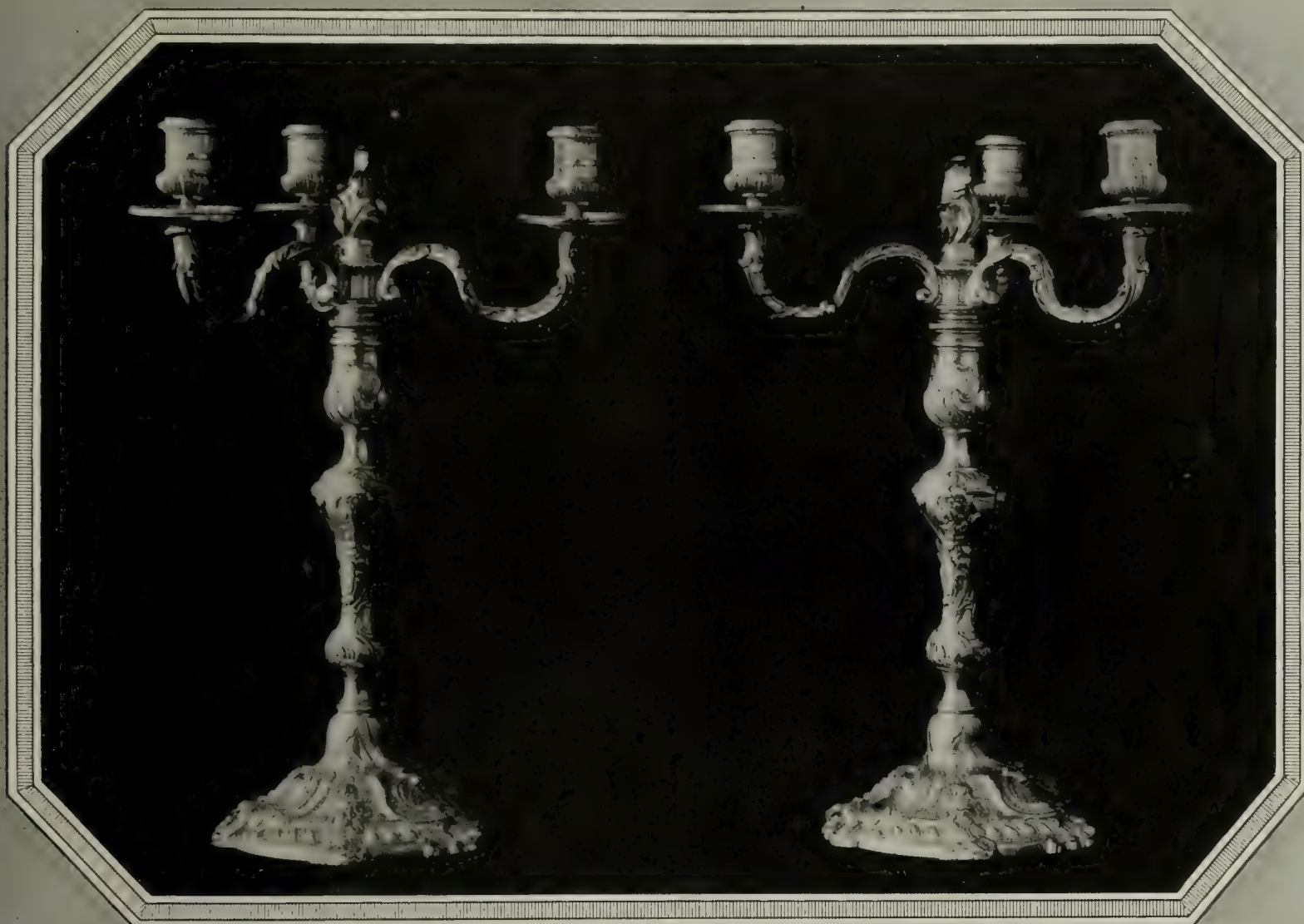
not, however, so great a stylist as Sargent, and in knowledge of color in no way comparable to that French virtuoso, Albert Besnard. Indeed, in this trilogy he was the vulgar brother—a man incapable of any kind of refinements, whether æsthetic or social, and utterly devoid of reverence in the face of nature. His nudes are detestable. They may be made to serve as well as any other examples of his work as proofs of this want of sensibility and reverence, along with a few of his portraits, notably one of Grover Cleveland.





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# The Present Outlook of Industrial Art Education in America

By W. FRANK PURDY, Editor Department of Industrial Art

Leslie W. Miller, Principal Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art

THE outlook for industrial art education in this country is excellent. Never before was its importance so generally recognized, or its methods and requirements so well understood. As far as "educating the public" and convincing school boards and legislatures is concerned, the battle is won, and instead of the unsympathetic, not to say hostile, questionings regarding any possible relationship that could exist between industry and art with which its advocates were familiar a few years ago, art schools everywhere are proclaiming an industrial purpose as the corner-stone of their systems, museums of art are stressing their function of conservatories of taste in design, and producers of all kinds of things that depend for success in an appeal to the æsthetic sense are frankly looking directly to the art schools for designers and executants. The most significant and concrete example of the light that is thus dawning in the business world is the fact that the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce has recently elected the Director of the Cleveland School of Art, Mr. Bailey, a member of its own body, in recognition of the direct and intimate relation between properly directed art education and industrial prosperity. In a general way, and commanding the kind of support that can be rendered by lip service, a good deal of progress has been made all over the land, but this action of the business leaders of Cleveland is, on the whole, the most encouraging sign of the times. It is certainly one of the most striking of the many illustrations that have been furnished in recent years by that enterprising community of a public spirit so intelligent, as well as alert, as to entitle it to a position of leadership among American cities in this field.

On the educational side, too, the growing determination among colleges and universities to extend to art the recognition and attention that were so pathetically lacking in the whole scheme of so-called higher education a generation or so ago, is most encouraging. Excellent work along these lines has been done among the colleges all the way from Bowdoin to Leland Stanford, and from Dartmouth to Toulouse, but none, perhaps, has been organized on broader and sounder lines than that of the University of Pennsylvania, where the recently established Department of Fine Arts contemplates cordial recognition of, and co-operation with, the other art schools of the city under the immediate direction of its own admirably conducted School of Architecture.

It is true, of course, that most of this work is done in the name of the "Fine" arts, but that is all right. The term is part of the academic lingo and is sufficiently inclusive, as well as distinctive, to serve the purpose. But the work itself is industrial art, there is no doubt about that. The industrial purpose and the industrial method are emphasized more

IN surveying industrial art conditions in America, in order to awaken some sense of our great need for a more clearly defined national industrial art, and to stimulate interest in the development of a thoroughly whole-hearted national industrial art movement, ARTS AND DECORATION has appealed to every factor involved—our great industries, our schools and educators, and the people themselves.

The facts and opinions obtained are both enlightening and fascinatingly interesting. In our two previous issues, heartfelt statements from representative, powerful men in the trades were published. Following are equally valuable opinions from some of our most prominent representatives in the field of art education. What the people themselves think, how they feel, is promised for next month. And how the museum, as a medium between the art schools and industrial art production on the one hand, and the public on the other, has a new and important part to play in furthering the cause of industrial art in America is a story for still another issue.

When this whole thought panorama is revealed, however, our great need with all the possibilities of rich national reward, both material and spiritual, should have been very clearly presented. What the next step is to be we will know better at that time.

industrial art production. But this national need should not be left to institutions and individuals, to the trade and to the educators alone. It is a national job that requires national attention and action. With a few honorable exceptions, however, neither our cities, our states, nor the nation have shown anything approaching an adequate appreciation of the importance of this principle, or until recently made any but the most feeble and hesitating efforts to supply the deficiencies in our educational system which this neglect implies.

L. Earle Rowe, Director Rhode Island School of Design

THE outlook for industrial art education is a matter of concern to everyone. Never before in our history has there been greater need of it. We have the possibility of great development, but we must use every bit of talent that is available. To do so means the use of present educational facilities and the development of others. Our age is a critical one, and it is right that industrial art education should justify itself, or be modified so that it is more effective, for without question it is one of the moulding influences of the future, touching the welfare of all.

As it stands today industrial art education needs many changes. Pedagogical methods must be eliminated if they tend to lose the individual in the group. More attention must be directed to the practical work of carrying out the design produced. We must bring to our students more of the inspiration of the fine arts and in turn familiarize students in these courses with practical problems in the industrial world. Above all, the superficial must be eliminated.

Industrial art education is not a fad, but an opportunity. It not only concerns our talented young men and women, but our manufacturers, buyers, merchants, salesmen and buying public. The machinery of the market works in a circle and not one of the groups can be ignored.

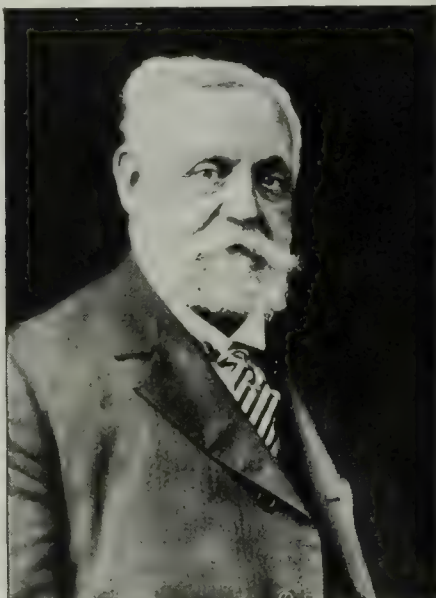
Many people think that excellent design is confined to expensive articles. This need not be so. It is only because our manufacturers of cheaper wares have not roused as yet to possible improvements in this direction that competition with European producers is so difficult. Our wealth of available talent, when properly trained, should aid us in reducing European superiority in this respect to a minimum.

At present there is little or no incentive for the person of ability to spend the time for an adequate training as a designer, since many manufacturers still turn to European talent for their ideas. This, however, is gradually changing. The manufacturer, too, is often ready to consider only the immediate gain rather than the ultimate larger profits.

On the other hand, there is a greater response to the opportunities presented by the schools where industrial art is taught, and greater interest by some manufacturers; for example, the Rhode Island School of Design.



L. Earle Rowe, Director Rhode Island School of Design



Leslie W. Miller, Principal Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art

and more unmistakably every day, not only for the sake of vitalizing the association of artistic aims with educational discipline, but because it is recognized that even in the teaching of art itself the safest and sanest guide, and the influence most likely to keep the callow Raphaels of the future out of the shallows and mires of "cubism" and all that sort of nonsense, is an adherence to those forms of study which lead most obviously to results that will stand the test of practical application.

But a good deal remains to be done. Official interest in high places lacks leadership, and official support of art education is in danger of being spread too thin to do much good, although the interest is alive and the support is assured, and the signs of the time are encouraging.

It ought to go without saying that as long as Americans insist, as they do, upon regarding education as the one and only solvent of all the problems with which civilization in our times, and especially in our country, is confronted, a very prominent place should be accorded to education in industrial art, and this industrial art education linked with in-



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# The Revival of the Mask

*The Contribution of Modern Arts and Crafts to the Revitalization of the Stage*

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

MODERN arts and crafts have come into their own in the revitalization of American stage production. In the world-wide break from realism back to *The Land of Heart Desire*—fancy, imagination, illusion—their is first aid in after-war drama.

Concrete fruition of the happy union of artists and crafters in beauty's service is the Greenwich Village Follies of 1920, produced by the Bohemians, Incorporated. Its unique, if not dominant note, making for happy illusion—suppression of the human ego—is the Benda masks worn by Margaret Severn, a young American dancer new to the metropolitan stage.

To John Murray Anderson, who devised and staged the Follies, aside from writing many of its lyrics, is the distinction of bringing back to the stage this oldest of drama deluders, illusion jolliers!

Erstwhile dancer and man of parts, Mr. Anderson is of that ubiquitous group of theatre radicals of whom Reinhardt and Gordon Craig are Old World leaders. Back to the primitive—the twilight of the drama, when scenic setting, costuming, properties, were unobtrusive handmaids rather than dominating forces—is the reputed shibboleth of the Twentieth Century innovators.

More breach than observance, however, is the Follies production. For rare to any stage of any epoch is its riot of color, rhythm of line, beauty of form, splendor of harmonious

costume, magic of light—largely expression of Greenwich Village artists and crafters.

The one call back that differentiates the whole is the mask. Its revival was inevitable. Is it not a contemporary of the age-old marionettes or puppet shows now circuiting America in wake of the Little Theatre movement—the pre-war revolt against photographic reproduction of the commonplace in stage production?

The masks are the artistic creation and personal property of W. T. Benda, the well-known artist illustrator, an offspring of unhappy Poland. They have little in common with the facial disguise inseparable in the popular mind from masquerade balls. For, unlike the latter, the Benda masks, after classic form, completely cover the face and much of the wearer's head.

Each mask is a veritable work of art. The interiors are no less decorative than are the exteriors vitally beguiling. Some are solidly lined with gold leaf, a costly item, as dentists and bookbinders discovered when France restricted its importation!

They are made out of cardboard and paper—rather literally built, as is a dramatic production.

"I never make two masks the same way," explained the artist in his Gramercy Park studio, where is his mask collection of three years' making—the collection from which the Follies producer selected the four Miss Severn wears in her interpretative dances: the Oriental Princess, the Queen with peacock head-dress, the Flirt or Silly Girl, and the head of a Monk. The mask obliterates sex—not the least of its economic values.

It was accident that precipitated Benda into mask-making, as it did Professor Dondo, of the Columbia University romance language department, to the invention of a marionette destined to

bring drama into home, school or club, as talking machines bring Grand Opera or popular music.

"I was forced at the last moment to make a paper mask to wear to a masquerade ball," said the artist. "It served well, and for days lay around the studio. Then I thought of preserving it in more permanent form, and began fashioning it out of cardboard. The fascination grew until mask-making became a hobby. A thousand dollars would not cover the time, study, skill and labor I put into each mask. But theirs is an hypnotic charm, as the Greeks early discovered."

Benda makes drawings of the face on card-  
(Continued on page 360)



*A drawing of one of his masks made by Mr. Benda for ARTS & DECORATION*



*Salome with the head of John the Baptist*



*Mr. Benda holding two of his masks*



*The flirt or silly girl*



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# Gordon Craig's "Living Theatre"

*A Note on His Recent Exhibition of Etchings in London*

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

GORDON CRAIG'S sojourn in England, after his seven or eight years in Italy, was of the briefest. There is a curious antagonism between this gifted and neglected artist and the land of his birth. An exhibition of his etchings was arranged at the newly organized "Dorien Leigh" Galleries in Bruton Street. Seventeen out of the twenty-five shown had been submitted to the London public twelve years ago. According to the press, Mr. Craig had returned to his native land once more, determined to lay the foundations of a "living theatre." It is rumored that his famous School of the Theatre, the Arena Goldoni in Florence, has been converted into a garage. Despite this misfortune, Gordon Craig has returned to Italy, leaving in London only the vaguest and most scattered enthusiasms.

GREAT pioneer and leavening force that he has been for all of those new ideas that have been carried out in the theatre of Europe and America—not always with complete success—this gifted son of Ellen Terry seems curiously lacking in the ability to think in terms of the theatre. He is a prophet, a Jeremiah, a voice in the wilderness, but a voice, one is led to suspect, not always coherent or effective. "With all the best will in the world," he wrote in the catalogue of his recent exhibition, "the public could make nor head nor tail of the whole business. It

was not your fault, for I had forgotten to put head and tail to my creation." He aims at what he calls "living decoration"—"if you could find something of which we could all say 'yes, it lives,' then it would be a good thing, indeed—for a "living theatre" is that which the Theatre of Europe is searching for—something big with life, and to have impelled even one wave in that sea would be to have done something worth while."

Can one not detect here a note of disappointment? Even in England, where art is not given to brilliant outbursts and sticks close to the traditional, things have moved in these last twelve years. Surely Gordon Craig must be either curiously indifferent to the opinion of his compatriots or serenely out-of-touch with the real development in the theatre, to be content to show these two-dimensional glimpses of decorations for possible plays in an improbable theatre. This exhibition in Bruton Street revealed him as a very clever and conscientious etcher and cutter of wood—an artist who has an instinctive *flair* for black and white.

THIS may be all very well in its place, but we have come to expect something more suggestive, something more stimulating, from Gordon Craig. It leads one to the suspicion that the genius of this man—and genius he surely is—is closely bound up with strands of laziness and unorganized effort. Possibly,

by secluding himself in Florence, he has acquired only a second-hand knowledge of the actual events of the theatre in Europe and America. These, from the point of view of the art of the theatre, have been few and far between. But the astonishing thing is that they seem quite as worthy and quite as important as those trivial and slightly shopworn suggestions of Gordon Craig. There was a streak of an almost childish charlatanism—of childishness, at any rate—in displaying these trivialities of years past.

UNCOMPROMISING enemy of the actual theatre, with all its fustian and imitation brilliance, its cheapness and waste and vulgarity, Gordon Craig, nevertheless, seems to have assimilated some of the worst characteristics of this very theatre whose child he is. If this seems unnecessarily harsh, we need only confess our staunch admiration for the man and his ideas. Yet we suspect that Gordon Craig always visualizes himself as the "star" of the performance, the leader of the "new movement," the actor to whom all of the best speeches are given. He holds the center of his own little stage, awarding honors and demerits to his loyal followers. With all due respect, one can name any number of honest, modest, and successful artists in the theatres of Europe and America who have been content, humbly and efficiently, to do their work. London, September 2nd, 1920.



*Day, by Gordon Craig*



*The Herald, by Gordon Craig*

Photographs Courtesy Dorien Leigh Galleries, London





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# The Japanese Puppet-Theatre

*An Art, Two Centuries Old, Which Has Resisted Western Influence*

By YONE NOGUCHI, *Editor Department of Oriental Art*

WHEN, bewildered by the unconditional surrender of the old Japanese stage to Western influence, I yearn for our true time-honored stage art, which, like the Ukiyoe art, sets decorative beauty above everything and makes the most unnatural appearance reveal spiritual harmony, I often turn to Osaka with delightful anticipation. There the Ayatsuri, or puppet-theatre, still flourishes as it did two hundred years ago. Indeed, the tiny dolls or clay actors can boast two centuries of public life uninterrupted in tradition and training. I thank them for their utter inability to compromise with the public degeneration which is always first reflected on the stage. Indeed, it will be due to the persistency of that puppet-theatre, if we can keep up the real old art. When I speak of two centuries of existence, I mean from the time when the dolls' stage had reached well-nigh the height of its development. Like any other thing in Japan, from the headgear to the chopstick, the dolls, too, claim their ancient origin; but what interests me most about them is not their old history, but the way in which they became active, influential, a large factor in human entertainment.

The importation of the Samisen or "three-string instrument" from Spain or Luchu in the periods of Bunroku and Keicho, i.e., the latter part of the sixteenth century, which was the age of artistic reformation in Japan, had a great influence on the singing of the so-called Gidayu or lyrical drama, which had then already reached a considerable development. The Samisen, more melodious at least to Japanese ears than any other instrument, was at once adopted for the performance of lyrical singing. And when artistic curiosity was still unsatisfied, the marionettes, which had hitherto occupied an obscure corner of Japanese entertainment, sacred or profane, were made to co-operate with the Samisen and Gidayu song—that is, to dance or mimic, accompanying song and music. This happy innovation has endured for two long centuries with undiminished favor. Nothing succeeding better than success, many famous Gidayu authors, among them Chikamatsu, began to write historical or genre plays for those actors of bone, of wood, of potter's clay, who apparently, with magic help, walked the stage with greater agility and more grace than any living actor.

The regular stage, on the other hand, which had then reached the third period of its development, began slowly but inevitably to abandon the element of dance from which it started. The living actors were therefore obliged to imitate the pup-

pets' gesticulation, especially when they had to act the doll-plays. While it would have been natural for the stage to degenerate from unnaturalness to artistry, we meet here with the inverse phenomenon. Not only in the olden days, but even today, the so-called Takemoto plays (Takemoto was the originator of the Gidayu songs) have to be played carefully, with strict observation of the old traditions and mannerisms of the puppet-theatre.

It may be noticed here that the art of the puppet-man can raise in certain cases the dolls' play to a higher effect than that of the actor. The main advantage of the puppets over their colleagues in flesh and blood is that they can use to the highest degree the elegance of silence.

There are several categories of puppet-

shows in Japan. One is a most primitive thing. Its head and arms will move with two or three strings pulled by a man who holds it in one hand. It is nicknamed Yama Meko, or "Wild Cat," from the fact that a wild cat is brought out customarily at the end of the play to surprise and amuse the audience; and if it is also called Kubikaka Shibai, or "Neck Theatre," it is because the puppet-man carries a little board hanging down from his neck, which is used as a miniature stage. Another single doll has the machinery within, and moves by itself; it offers more fun than the first named, as many new devices have been added to it. It has even been presented before the august person of the Emperor.

There is still another variety: dolls whose hands and feet have to be pulled from above; this is somehow like the European marionette, and makes us wonder whether it is not a foreign importation, probably from southern China. It flourished in the early age of Tokugawa feudalism. The most developed form of these puppets, however, is the Ayatsuri puppet, with which I am dealing here; it is a very elaborate affair, as two or three, or even five people are needed to make one doll play; therefore the theatrical expenses are quite heavy and as a result the admission is as high as for any regular theatre.

Osaka is the place where, together with the Gidayu singer and playwrights, the puppet-theatre originated and developed as we see it today. It was my fortune to find myself in Osaka a little while ago. The very first thing I did there was to visit the famous Bunroku puppet-theatre, where the Gidayu singers like Koshiji Dayu always secure a big house with their beautiful voices, not speaking even of the marvelous acting of the puppets themselves. The programme of the day was "Adasugata Onna Maiginu," that most human scene of the wine-seller's house.

It is an old play, in which the double tragedy of Hanhichi and his lover, Sankatsu, is pathetically interwoven with the story of Osono, Hanhichi's lovable and deserted wife. In the scene where she returns, accompanied by her old father, some days before she had been forced by him to leave there on account of her husband's dissipated life, she really rises to the heights of womanly emotion and most touching sweetness. At that moment the Gidayu singer, Koshiji Dayu, now began to recite the well-known passage of Osono's soliloquy when she is left alone by her father and parents-in-law. How full of pathos and emotion, how full of tears and truth and every human feeling, are indeed those old stories of Japan!



*A puppet handled by three men*



*The puppet itself is a real work of art*



*Two puppets in the action of a play*





[AFTER]



[BEFORE]

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# Valiant Flamingoes and Prairie-Chickens

## A Survey of Critics and Criticism

By EMERSON WHITHORNE

WHEN one swings a mace against modernism, be it in art, poetry, or music, there is the danger of bludgeoning valiant flamingoes or wafting prairie-chickens to high roosting places. In the demesne of art we have always had the opposing factions of revolutionaries and reactionaries—valiant flamingoes and prairie-chickens. And what a cackling among the prairie-fowl whenever a gaudy-plumaged flamingo has boldly risen in flight! It has been the lot of all great creators of music to hear that constant cry of the reactionaries—*modernism*. Yet how regularly recurrent has been this phenomenon.

In the soft Italian springtime of 1600, when Artusi attacked Claudio Monteverdi for his strange harmonic progressions—his free use of the dominant seventh chord and unprepared dissonances—flinging forth a pamphlet "on the imperfections of the modern music," he sincerely hoped to truncate the composer of "Orfeo." Mozart, whose music is to us like the sparkling of pellucid crystals tossed by a fountain into the morning sunlight, suffered the musico-dramatic disfavor of Paisiello and Sarti; Beethoven, that Titan of temperament and technic, endured tortures as a result of the Italian operatic invasion of Vienna; and Jean-Phillipe Rameau, father of our modern harmony, was forced to an active defense of his position against the "Encyclopedists" in the Parisian uproar of 1752. Imagine dear old Rameau being accused of "lack of melody, unintelligible harmony, and noisy instrumentation." Yet, when weary critics were seeking bricks of precedent to hurl in the controversy between the Gluckists and the Piccinists, they cited to the Gluckists the clarity and beauty of Rameau's style. And later the serenity of Gluck's muse was a missile heaved at the daring and formlessness of one Richard Wagner. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

BUT in the struggle between the battalions of the new and the old, why have the critics usually swung maces with the followers of convention? It is true that the predilections of the average critical mind rest with the established order, for there are ingenerate mental and emotional impediments in the complex of the non-creator when he attempts to visualize the tendencies of the future. That greatest of all attributes, vision, is a gift of the gods seldom dropped into the lap of the critic. Only occasionally does a truly active spirit choose as his life expression the maligned profession of criticism, and then, whether he casts his lot with the valiant flamingoes or the prairie-chickens, he must suffer the "slings and arrows" endured by a present-day baseball umpire. Indeed, the cloud of catastrophe hangs equally dark above the herald of the new and the defender of the old. Is it not the fate of false prophets to be buried in winding-sheets of their own making? Does not that inexorable god, Time, imprecate those poor defenders of the faith who failed to proclaim the new Messiah?

We have only to gaze into the crystal of modern Manhattan to observe the turmoil among the critical fraternity. There, fresh from his Maine vegetable garden—where he cultivates bulging specimens of the roseate tomato and the succulent onion—strolls Henry Theophilus Finck. The winds of art have

blown his hair into a permanent confusion, but never have his opinions suffered a similar disarrangement. He who wrote "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," he who waxes enthusiastic over the twist of an asparagus stalk, still twangs his lyre to the eternal folk-tune of the "transcendent" Edward Grieg, humming the while in contrapuntal ecstasy simple old Irish tunes decked out in Graingerese tango costumes—with democratic annotations in slang. A quaint character of mid-Victorian derivation and convictions, with a *flair* for press-agenting his favorites in the *Post*, and a consuming affection for Richard Aldrich. And Richard of aristocratic tendencies reciprocates this affection. His columns in the *Times* stand as sturdy proof. His critical cradle was rocked by the mighty Krehbiel in the hospitable children's ward of the *Tribune*, back in the spacious nineties. How we love to peruse Richard's pleasant prose on wintry mornings, with the sleet on the window panes singing a soft *obligato* of chill.

AND—to paraphrase G. K. Chesterton—"wallowing in the exquisite comfort of his own exactitude," we glimpse the massive figure of Henry Krehbiel, dispensing justice to cringing composers and performers, who stand before the *Tribune* tribunal guiltily fingering their cloaks in palsied fear. For was not the redoubtable Krehbiel trained for the law? How else could he so majestically pass sentence upon the upstarts in music who attempt to pilfer their way to fame—or a fall? Still another figure we descry, one who has found a permanent place on the *Sun* without going to battle for musical expansion, except perhaps of the larynx. We once defended Mr. Henderson when a well-known pianist insisted that he was only a Newark singing-master gone wrong. That was unkind and personal, meriting rebuke. Critics should not be made to suffer criticism, and surely not from those they criticise. It smacks too much of pique.

So there, clinging to the pillar of convention, are twined in affectionate embrace Messrs. Krehbiel, Henderson, Aldrich and Finck, stalwart members of the old guard; while Jimmy Huneker, Walter Kramer, Paul Rosenfeld, and Carl Van Vechten are busily building pedestals for their new discoveries. And even as we peep upon this idyllic melange of static and dynamic criticism we discern smiles upon the faces of those wreathed about the column, for a poor figure totters on a pedestal nicely prepared by Jimmy Huneker, and that mercurial prophet is frantically seeking cement.

Even now there passes sadly before my mental vision a much noised Russian composer-pianists of fistic and dissonant propensities; on his sallow cheeks large tears flash in pendant globules. Yet why should he not be grateful for passing fame? The grill of time may eventually broil him prettily, and he may be served up as part of an *hors d'œuvres* at a banquet of the immortals.

STILL, Jimmy Huneker need register no confusion, for he has ever sounded a lusty tocsin for the new in art, literature, and music. True, geniuses have not always flowered fast enough for his facile quill, but his enthusiasm for some near-genius has never failed to

save him from his dilemma. What more amusing human would one seek with whom to quaff a beaker of home-brew? With his fine satire pouring in flexible phrases from his mobile mouth, and his waxing enthusiasm waging a winning war against a galloping clock and a dying candle.

As we have intimated, critics should not be criticised, and far be it from us in our precarious position of composer to take dangerous liberties. But may we not—to use presidential language—in praising the verbal fabric of Paul Rosenfeld's prose, sometimes secretly wish that his musical background were slightly more solid in texture? Still, he and Van Vechten frequently almost convince us by the youthful assurance with which they publish their opinions. Of Walter Kramer, in his "Musical American" tower over 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, we hold only the most tender memories of lively combat over some new discovery, to the sweet accompaniment of carefully chosen luncheons and selected smokes. Nothing can cloud his joy of adventure, and he sings a sonorous song for his American confrères. A name must have no foreign flavor to enlist his energetic support, and if he sometimes slips—even so does Babe Ruth.

Truly, it would almost seem that the critic has but one important function in the scheme of things. That is: to trumpet at the gates of the city, either in praise or dispraise, so that the populace may be awakened to the roaring of genius or the mewing of mediocrity. The public must be the ultimate critic, the arbiter. The question naturally suggests itself: "What education does the public require for a just appraisal of an art work?" Technically, no demands can be made of the multitude. Culturally, there should be a background as varied in weave as an old tapestry. The sensitive quality induced by culture plus the intuition of quick-pulsing human beings blend in a perfect alloy for the crucible in which all art works must be tried. It was Walt Whitman who said that "to have great poets there must be great audiences, too." Likewise, to have great music there must be great and courageous audiences, too. With appreciation of those whose names are graven on the tablets of the immortals, these audiences must also hear and judge the newcomers among them, meting out, with equal courage, praise and condemnation.

But let there be no racial snobbery, no swinging of censers before strange priests when finer philosophers may be starving within the city walls. Let us accept all that is good from whatever source! And the sooner our critics and public assume this catholic attitude, the finer will be the art product of America and the world.

WHO shall say it is not better to encourage ten minstrels and find one singer, for eternity, than to discourage ten minstrels and lose one singer to eternity. What if the last song was dross? The new one may sing its way to the stars. The sentimentalist bewails the tragedy and fate of undiscovered genius; but the greater tragedy is that the populace should lose such precious gifts—brought by the genius in a chalice of crystal—because the guards slept who should have proclaimed his presence when he humbly knocked at the city gates.





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## MARCO POLO—THE ADVENTUROUS

A JOURNEY to distant China, whose period was three and a half years! It was a fitting preface to the life of that adventuring discoverer, Marco Polo, who, at fifteen, set forth with his father on their historic visit to the court of Kublai Khan—the "Great Khan" who "sent his emissaries forward forty days' journey to welcome them."

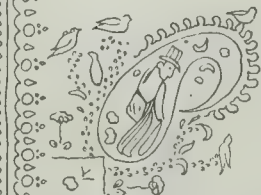
Kublai was the grandson of the mighty Ghengis Khan before whose sword even that of Alexander the Great, himself, seemed inconsequent; and to Marco, Kublai Khan displayed a rare constancy of friendship. Indeed, during the years of Marco's service the adventurer was sent on various missions to Tibet, India, Abyssinia, Borneo, the Philippines, Madagascar, the Malay Peninsula, and the Province of Russia. Marco, in fact, was even appointed by the Khan to act as deputy governor of the city of Yang-cheu-fu, holding the office for three years.

In his travels throughout China, Polo speaks continuously of the production of raw silk and its manufacture into "tissues of gold", as well as many other kinds and colors of silk. In India, too, he was observant: "There is a great traffic of merchants with their goods this way. They descend some eighteen days from Baudas and then come to a certain city called Kisi, where they enter the Sea of India. In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and brocades, such as *nasich*, and *nac*, and *cramoisy*, and many another beautiful tissue, richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds."

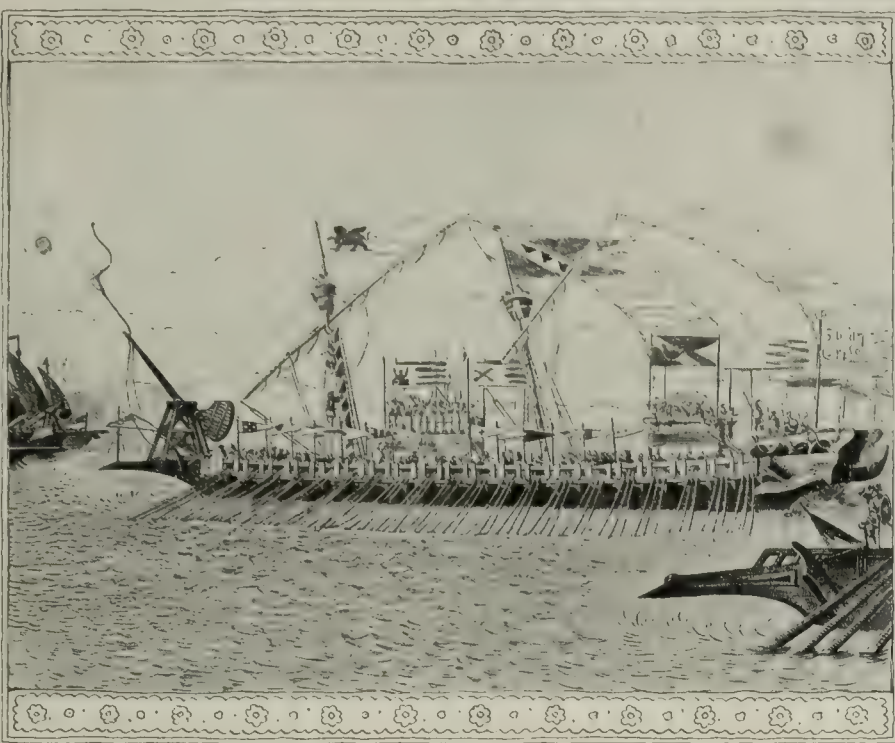
Marco Polo returned at length to Venice, after a long service to the mighty Khan.

CHENEY  
SILKS

The map reproduced above is part of the famous Catalan one of 1375. In this Marco Polo's influence, not necessarily on geography but on map making, is seen to the greatest advantage. It is an endeavor to represent the known world on the basis of collected facts.







MARCO POLO'S GALLEY GOING INTO ACTION AT CURZOLA  
A representation of a naval battle fought between Venetians and  
Genoese—at which Marco Polo was defeated and captured.  
—From a print of the period.



## MARCO POLO—THE ADVENTUROUS

All his party were dressed in rags, but the clothes concealed fabulous treasures in precious stones. Their friends, indeed, looked askance at them; but the Polos prepared a surprise—a banquet where their guests were received in garments of crimson satin, which were varied at intervals with those of crimson damask, and of crimson velvet—the cast-off garments being distributed to the company as they were relinquished. Finally were displayed the disdained rags from whose open seams sparkled rubies, pearls and diamonds—the harvest of the adventurers' magnificent wanderings!

From this instant the Polos enjoyed a tremendous popularity, Marco being later put in command of the Venetian fleet. But defeat awaited him and a Genoan prison—though even here he became a popular idol, the Genoese flocking to hear his remarkable story.

To Polo was due, in a great measure, the development of the silk industry in the United States; for the descriptions of his voyage awakened emulation in others, and great discovering voyages were taken and new sea routes achieved to the silk lands of the East. To Marco Polo, too, the oriental influence in western design may measurably be traced; and to this degree there may be said to be a far echo of Marco in the oriental motifs which distinguish various of the silks for decorative purposes produced by Cheney Brothers.

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The border decoration is from a cashmere scarf in the India Museum. "In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and brocades . . . richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds."—From the Book of Marco Polo

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# The Lesson of "Mona"

## Horatio Parker's Opera and Its Fate

By PAUL ROSENFELD

EVERYONE is eager to see an autochthonous musical art appear amongst us. At least, so everyone says. And, as a rule, one has to accept his word for it. For there exist so few truly living American compositions that this so vociferously alleged enthusiasm has scarcely ever actually been put to the test, nor have patrons and critics been made to reveal how fully prepared they are to welcome heartily genuinely representative American music. Yet there are recorded one or two instances when the test has been made. One of these was made when "Mona," the opera of Horatio Parker, was mounted at the Metropolitan Opera House early in the spring of 1912. And that certainly has not tended to convince one of the veritableness of a vast deal of the eagerness for the unclosure of a native musical expression so loudly, so almost universally, protested.

"Mona" was written in response to what at the moment appeared a most sincere invitation to American composers to work in the grand operatic forms. The directors of the Metropolitan Opera House had offered the sum of \$10,000 for the best opera by an American composer on an English libretto and promised to perform the winning work. Professor Parker, having found in Mr. Brian Hooker a satisfactory librettist, collaborated with him and submitted "Mona," a grand opera in three acts, to the committee of judges. The committee awarded him the prize, and Messrs. Gatti-Cazazza and Paul Cravath publicly recorded their satisfaction at having gained the work for the institution on Broadway at Thirty-ninth Street. And, without a doubt, "Mona" was a better response to the challenge made to American composers than anyone, in all sanguineness, could have expected. For the work is not only entirely superior to the sort of composition usually submitted in competition for prizes. It is, without the shadow of a doubt, the most artistic, the most solid and respectable operatic work composed by an American. Besides, it is what no other American opera is: entirely qualified to stand among the best contemporary works of the sort. One does not have to be a chauvinist in order to place "Mona" in a class with the operas of Strauss and Dukas and Bloch, of Magnard and Pfitzner and Schrecker. When it was produced, in 1912, one could scarcely refrain from marveling that an American composer should have been able to compose a work as virile, as individual, as moving; to make a score as musicianly and expressive and nourishing. The music had none of the sentimental and vapid and feminine character until then deemed the distinctively American musical timbre. Parker had already, in his cantata, "Hora Novissima," demonstrated that MacDowell was not the type of the American composer. Here, abundantly, was evidence that there existed an American with avoirdupois; an American composer who devoted truly subtle thought to the problems of his art, who had original ideas on the technique of the music-drama. Here was a New

Englander who expressed himself not in a negative, but in an affirmative fashion; was passionate; was severe and stark without being dry and bare; above all, made music that was rich and filling.

And to-day one's admiration for the little work is greater even than it was at the time of the production. Time has not worn away any of the power of "Mona." The score has borne acquaintance, borne study. Parker, indeed; wrote a number of pages whose colors cannot fade. The duet, with its glamorously straying voices, in the second act; the finale of the same act; the mournful introduction to the third act, and the orchestral outburst that follows upon the murder of Gwynn, with its bitter brass cutting across the orchestral mass,



Horatio Parker

still stand beautiful. Moreover, the art of Parker gains one's respect increasingly. The fidelity with which he made his work a *drama per musica*, seeking continually to bring out the values of the text, to achieve a musical declaration true to the genius of the English speech, orchestrating lightly the accompaniment to the declamation in order not to submerge the voices, is a sure sign of his artistic intelligence. *Mona's* narrative in Act I seems to us one of the most successful marriages of word and music in the history of English and American music. There can be no doubt that Parker succeeded better with his recitative than the singers at the Metropolitan made it seem he had.

And then, the opera has an individual coloration. The fine bitterness of the music, the tang and sparseness of it, the passion devoid of voluptuousness are quite original. The re-

enforced brass choir, with its two tubas, certain of the themes, particularly those associated with the Unspeakable Name, and with the insurgent Britons, give the music veritable form; make it indeed representative of the action, with its druidic setting, its hordes of incendiary Britons, its shouts and brandished swords. Parker had really succeeded in expressing himself, in finding a musical equivalent for himself.

To be sure, one cannot deny that the score has shortcomings. Parker was by no means the Walt Whitman of American music. He was like every American the victim of the manifold restraints and braces erected by pioneer society against the passions, and his score oftentimes reveals it. Although his thematic material is, on the whole, sufficiently contrasted and various, the harped wild music assigned to the frenzied Britons sufficiently opposed to the heavy regular march movement given to the Roman soldiery, the themes of *Mona's* "masculine protest" opposed to those of her love for Gwynn, the material is not always of equal distinction. The Roman march is a trifle conventional; the *motifs* assigned to Gwynn, especially the one that underlies his speeches at the commencement of the first act, are too sweet, too much of a relapse into MacDowellism. Indeed, nearly every one of the leading themes is finer in its contrapuntal deformations than in its primary state. Parker's puritanism is forced upon one's attention by the weakness of the lighter portions of the work, in particular the prelude to Act II and the dance and soliloquy of Nial. For whereas he was able to do justice to the graver and more impassioned moments of the drama, he did not quite succeed in limbering himself to the dance, to the capricious and fantastic sublunary. The strength and the weakness of the score are to be seen already in the prelude. Here the sheep and the goats are chained together as they are throughout the work. The poetical introduction in B major is succeeded by a theme in G major that suggests "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and Sunday evening song services. It reveals, as so much else of the score reveals, Pro-

fessor Parker's predilection for the organ. However, with the return to B major, the music begins to recover its strength. The metallic, bitter-savored passage in D flat that succeeds the great climax is a piece of pure inspiration. It is a great pity that the composer was not able to keep the remainder of the score at that level. Had he done so, we might have had another "Pelléas et Mélisande."

Still, for all its shortcomings, "Mona" was truly treasure-trove. It is still, to-day, one of the encouraging facts in American music. It was grave and dignified self-expression of the very sort for which American patrons of music, American critics, had been ostentatiously sighing so long. And, as soon as it was produced, patrons and critics and public promptly denied it. Let no New Yorker henceforward scoff at intolerance.





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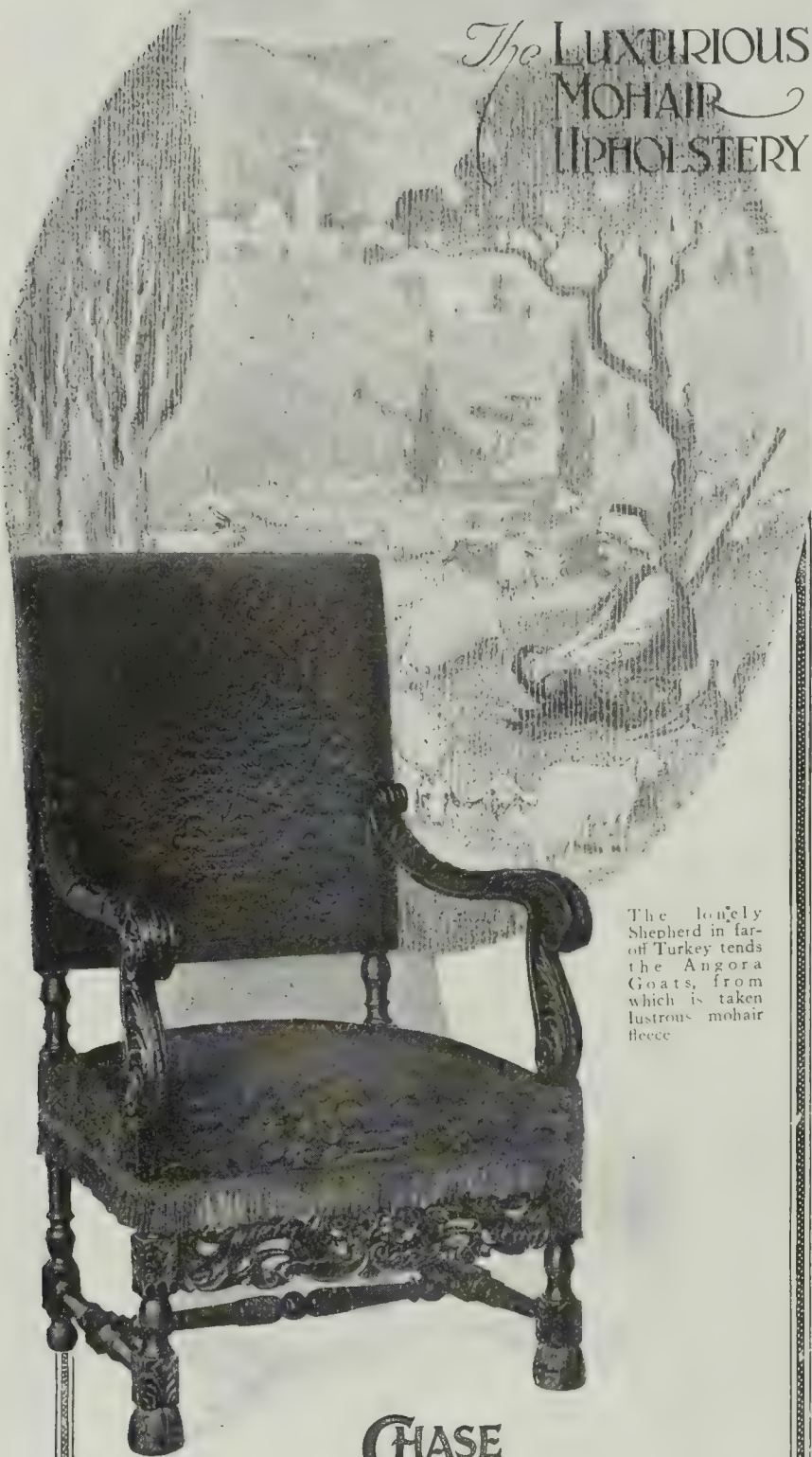
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## The Inspiration in Gothic Tapestries

(Continued from page 317)



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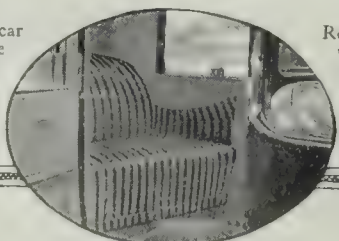
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pealing will note the simplicity between the design of the robe of the princess on the left and that which forms the background to certain of the tableaux in the *Sacrament Set*. There runs through all these fabrics the quality of boldness, almost crudity, a certain local feeling. Later in the century and in other localities there enters largely the gorgeous, more finished designs of Asia Minor.

As for little customs of life, these are shown by close examination. There is, for instance, the prevalence of the alms purse that hangs at the side of the nobleman. There is the shrinking pose of ladies, which prevails also today. There is the habit of wearing crowns—so much more useful than a Paris hat in detecting royalty. And there are the voluminous trains with their complex drapery which maddens any artist who tries to achieve the same without destroying the intricate pattern of the goods.

The tapestry of Minneapolis teaches of the ancient sport of falconry, an amusement which in our golfing minds ranks with other fabulous diversions when gentles and nobles lived as they should to the satisfaction of the serf who loved his lord, and liked to be the under dog.

If one approaches the tapestry with the heart of a child, which is the only way to approach a Gothic tapestry, there is pleasure in detecting the strange make of glove, worn on the right hand of the velvet-clad noblemen and by the lady with the bird perched on her hand. Also there is interest in the tool of the sport, the lure held by the man beside the castle, and in the attentions bestowed on the bird by the seated lady with ermined robes.

The border is missing in early Burgundian tapestries, not that it has been ruthlessly cut off or worn away by assailing ages, but that borders were not developed at this time. A narrow tape of solid color was considered sufficient: tapestries were hung as draperies, and, like our curtains of nowadays, needed no framing.

YET in the *Sacrament Set* is woven a pretty device which frames and divides the scenes one from another, and this is composed of architectural detail assisted with lines of lettering. That the lettering runs backward reminds us of the careless use of letters among the weavers, many of whom were not literate. In this case the cartoon was copied from the wrong side. But often and often the letters are so erroneously woven or repaired that a valuable mark of identification is lost to us.

Differences between the tapestries of Arras and those of France of the same time are so subtle as to bewilder even the savant. Northern France had her looms,

Tournai has ever produced her tapestries, while other lesser names are in the records. And Southern Flanders was close to Northern France. Therefore the tapestries need not be of vastly different cast, and thereby comes the name of Franco-Flemish.

Yet even so, there is a subtle difference which is only lately being appreciated. The tapestries of France show a more delicate feeling for color, and their cartoons, when proceeding from French sources, have a beauty and poetry rare in the Flemish work.

The school of Bruges perhaps is responsible for this. But behind the artists were the trio of royal art patrons. Louis of Orleans with his hundreds of tapestries, Jean Duc du Berry, the famous amateur of his age, and the Duc d'Anjou—all these, besides the king.

The series called, for want of a better name, the *Baillée des Roses*, is chosen to illustrate our point. It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, having come there from the Bardac collection in Paris. Contrast is profitable to the tapestry-lover, and much may be gained by comparing this set of tapestries with the *Sacrament set*. Both were woven at the same time, about 1430. The former was probably woven in Paris, artist and weavers all French. The latter was woven at Arras, under the order of that Duke of Burgundy who was known as Charles the Good. The Burgundians were ever a family of conquerors, with the qualities of brigands displayed in their tastes. The Flemish, whose territory they came to rule, were an industrious, conscientious people, who followed well a master. The Dukes of Burgundy, although such lavish consumers of tapestries, failed to supply with fine cartoons the weavers who executed them. The artists of France did far better, and the resulting difference is strikingly noticeable in these two sets.

The cartoon sets the fate of the tapestry. No matter how skilled nor how artistic the weaver may be, he is bound to reproduce the plan made for him by the artist. Rules of the weavers stipulated the amount of independence a *tapisier* might exercise, and this related mainly to accessories in the picture, but never to its composition. The cartoonists for the Arras tapestries of the early part of the century had a *naïveté* that is always enticing, but to judge with a critic's cold eye, they reveal the fault of overcrowding. Thus a picture becomes a panorama, as in the Minneapolis tapestry—better appreciated if the whole length were present, as in the hangings at Hardwicke Hall, and in the *Siege of Jerusalem*.

THE French work, especially that of Paris, avoids this fault. The difference cannot be set down to the era, however.





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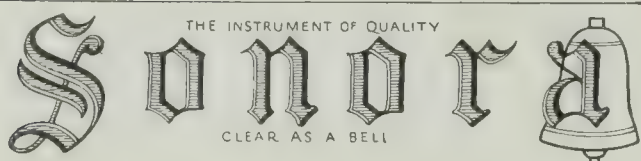
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A WELL-KNOWN Moscow collector of modern paintings had his collection seized by the Bolshevik authorities and made over to the public. He was courteously allowed to be present at the ceremony, when a lecture was delivered by some accredited Bolshevik aesthete, who elucidated the true principles of art by a comparison between a nude by Renoir and a head by Picasso of the period when he was most influenced by Negro art. The lecturer allowed that Renoir's painting had many excellent qualities of a technical kind, but he held it up to reprobation as flattering the bourgeois taste for luxury. The Picasso, on the other hand, with its neglect of all superficial beauty, its abruptness of statement and vehemence, was considered to represent adequately the ideals of the Bolshevik State.

Since then I have seen the French version of a Bolshevik poem, "The Twelve," of which it is said that two million copies have been sold. (It is shortly to be published in English by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.) It is illustrated with drawings by M. Lavionow. In these the artist has combined, as he usually does, a general formula of Cubism with something of the narrative and dramatic style of early art which has survived in Russia more than anywhere else in Europe. We are sufficiently familiar here, through the scenery of the Russian ballet and opera, with this peculiar mixture of the Russian peasant tradition and Parisian Cubism. It would seem, then, that the Bolshevik authorities have more or less consciously accepted this style of M. Lavionow and Mme. Gontcharova as the standard of official art.

One may be pretty certain that what Mr. Bertrand Russell has told us since his return from Russia that the motives which govern this choice are rather political than æsthetic; and that the Bolsheviks regard art partly from the point of view of what can be got out of it for propaganda or for satisfying the mass of the people, and have no real concern with art as a free expression of the human spirit.

The lecture on Renoir and Picasso shows this attitude clearly enough. What is reported to have been said in deprecation of Renoir and in praise of Picasso was clearly entirely beside the mark from any genuinely æsthetic point of view.

But what I want to consider is whether, from purely interested and non-æsthetic motives, the Bolsheviks have not stumbled upon a decision which may be on the whole advantageous to art.

The fact which we have to face is that art can very rarely exist in a state of perfect freedom. To do so is difficult enough for science and pure thought, but institutions like the Universities do provide for

them the possibility for such free activity, to however limited a degree. No such institutions exist for the artist who desires to pursue art in the spirit of the mathematician or the student of pure science. That during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries there have been a quite remarkable number of pure artists is true, but their situation has always been precarious in the extreme unless by the sheer luck of our capitalist system they have drawn a prize in the inheritance of a fortune. Even when they have managed to earn a livelihood this, too, has depended upon the support of a very small number of enlightened men who themselves have shared the excess private wealth of the capitalist system. Now I think it would be wildly Utopian to hope that any Socialistic or Communist State—any State in which social justice in the distribution of wealth was a chief consideration—would endow pure artistic research as it might just conceivably endow pure science owing to its past prestige. Therefore, if art is to survive, it must come to some terms with the needs of society; it cannot hope to be absolutely free, and it is interesting to consider what kind of terms it may make with society which will not utterly blight the æsthetic endeavor.

Of course the greater part of what is called art in Western Europe does come to terms with society even now. The fashionable portrait painter comes to such terms—terms which allow him, it is true, a considerable fortune and an honored social position, but in exchange for his giving up all hope of producing a work of art. The terms, namely, to produce highly falsified and conventionalized "likenesses," are really too disadvantageous for any genuine artist to accept. The sentimental story-picture is another compromise. Here, again, "likeness" is insisted on by the public, and "likeness" means a very elaborate statement of all that is æsthetically negligible in the appearance of objects, such, for instance, as the different textures of materials or those minute idiosyncrasies which have nothing to do with form in its larger and more significant aspects.

But if we look back on the history of art, we see that in many of the greatest periods artists have been able to make compacts with society which were in no way damaging to their art or difficult to accept. Thus the compact under which Giotto was allowed to develop an art of astounding freedom and purity was simply that he should tell the legends of Christian mythology with such complete lucidity that everyone could understand them. Provided he complied with that demand, he was free to express his purely æsthetic feelings undisturbed.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This article appeared recently in *The Athenæum*, London. Mr Roger Fry will be remembered as the former Curator of Prints at The Metropolitan Museum of Art.





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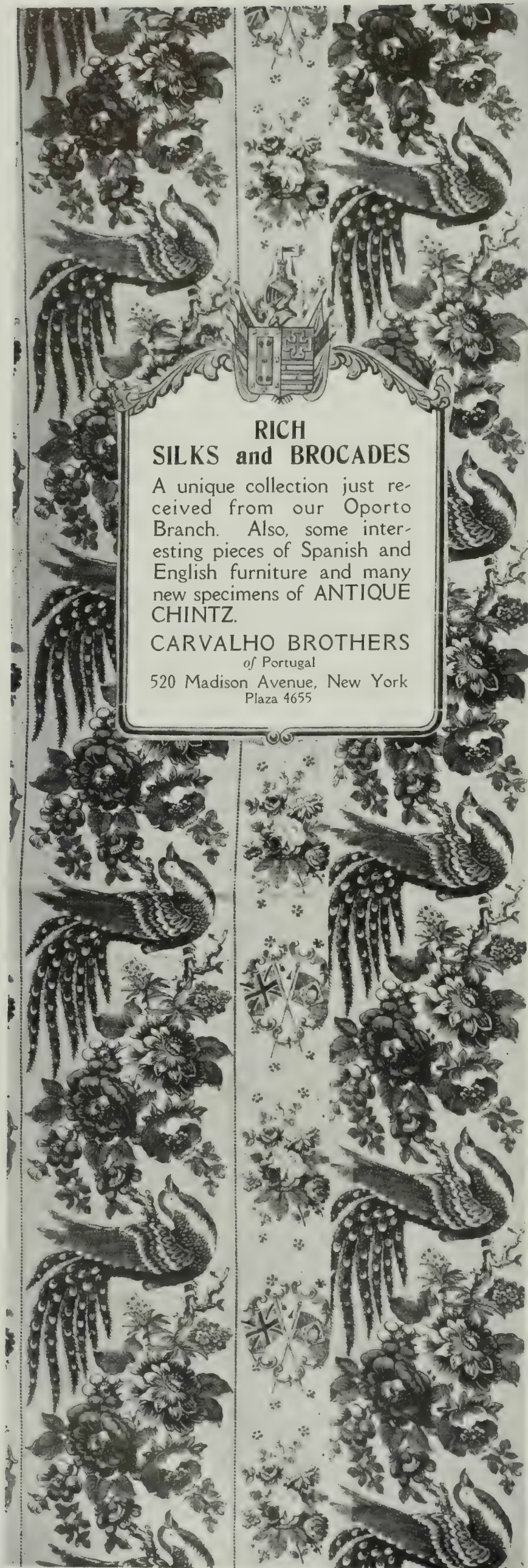
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*The Collector's office in the New York Customs House*

## Decoration in Business Offices

*(Continued from page 309)*

big stores, in the quarters of the executives of the banks and the trust companies, that business men are surrounded by furniture and decorations which are in themselves works of art. In the Italian style of adornment may be mentioned the offices of Dr. John A. Harriss, head of a huge industrial plant and incidentally a deputy police commissioner. He has for years been interested in Italian art, and at his home on Long Island he has a garden in which landscape architects and decorators have vied with each other to give charm. His offices in Fifth Avenue are furnished in Italian walnut, the paneling and the decorations everywhere being in warm tones of a golden brown. His desk, made of selected wood, is ornate in design, and upon it are telephone instruments and other accessories which in style and color match their surroundings. Here and there about the room are objects which suggest international trade and a contact with many lands.

Lawyers these days have progressed far beyond the era of ink-stained old desks and rickety tables and dusty piles of tape-tied papers. For instance, there are the offices of Mr. Thomas Chadbourne, corporation attorney, in the Bankers' Trust Building, one of the first in this city to which the interior decorator was invited to make a setting for the legal profession. The furniture in the Italian style, the massive chairs, the tapestries and the like, which were arranged by Mrs. Kate Wood, of Wood, Edey & Slayton, decorators, represent a far cry indeed from the dusty and musty inns of the Temple.

One of the first lawyers in New York City to bring the artistic in touch with legal lore was Mr. James N. Rosenberg, who is himself an artist by avocation, for he spends his summer vacations painting landscapes. In his practice he comes most in contact with mer-

cantile organizations, but when he wishes to be alone and to think out plans of action he has an inner office in which the walls are hung with raw silk, and adorned with rare prints, or he may sit before a huge brick fireplace where hickory logs glow while the winter wind roars through the adjoining canyons amid the looming skyscrapers.

Every man, be he lawyer or banker or merchant, may call to his aid the artist and the decorator to help him work to his best advantage. The human race is far more sensitized to its surroundings than it realizes sometimes. The maker of plows may do the better designing if he gazes on panels of stained glass showing pastoral scenes, if the green fields and the untorn glebe themselves are not at hand. Again, the vision of the man in his office may be stronger and clearer if the objects about him have no direct connection with the business being carried on there, often adds variety and charm and is a greater help towards concentrating on the matters in hand than seems at first blush to be the case. Writers on business systems extol the "clean desk" man, that paragon who is never hurried, never flustered, for the reason that he has somebody else to do all the pesky details in some cubby hole well out of view. He can thus concentrate his mind upon the one definite subject which is before him.

An office harmoniously decorated has the same restful effect upon the mind as has one in absolute order. To be thoroughly at home in such a mental workshop one must hearken to the voice of the decorator, who gives warning that a clash of periods is sure to make for confusion of intellect.

The decoration of a business office is a difficult task, and one which should not be undertaken without the best advice.



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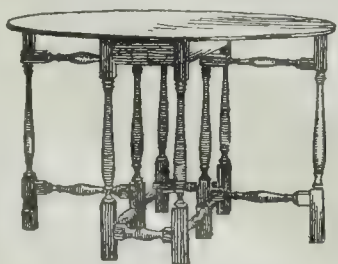
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## Censorship for Public Memorials

(Continued from page 303)

state of intellectual development which build philosophies in the face of havoc, he has had his intellect freed to such an extent by facts, by experience, that it will not very readily be bowled over by the roll of a drum or the grandeur of a conventional gesture. Indeed, it would be well, at this time, if the conscious or unconscious censorship of war memorials was removed—and if the design of their spiritual message was given over to men instead of to mechanisms.

Furthermore

**A**ND yet it is difficult to find a via for monumental sculpture—some sort of happy medium. The philosophy of patriotism has numberless interpretations—it can be idealistic, realistic, practical. It is as mystic as Catholicism—as egotistic as the philosophy of night, it is also a practical protective tariff or a vaccination against the diseases of nations. Perhaps, as a protective measure it carries a force or a strain sure to militate against the production of art. In art there are no political masterpieces, there are only the opinions of confirmed humanists, of men who may begin a work with an abstract idea but will end it with nothing else but an idealized replica of themselves. Art is full of narrow-minded pictures, full of self glorification. Dubois, to take a modern example, gives France a statue of one of her great heroines, of Joan of Arc; it is a statue that has stood some time and will stand a great deal longer.

But it never has stood and never will stand as a glorification of a French heroine, as a great example of patriotism. It has little or nothing of these things in it and whatever is there of these, if anything is there of these, is too greatly overbalanced by the impression of himself made upon the work by the sculptor. If Joan lives at all, then here she lives only as a creature of Dubois. This is not a radical statement. The disciples or even the master himself in that masterpiece, *The Last Supper*, have lived on the canvas only through the genius, which is to say, the courtesy of Leonardo. The greatness of the master could not alone make the picture. If the greatness of the master could do that, the field of art would be flooded with masterpieces.

Indeed in the case of Dubois, Donatello has a great deal more to do with the fame of his statue than Joan of Arc, and a school of taste much more to do with it than a governmental desire to proclaim and honor an inspired patriot who came to its rescue at a most propitious time.

**P**ERHAPS art deals only in fundamental egotisms—man to man stuff, the real as against the artificial. St. Gaudens' statue of Farragut, among the most admirable statues in this country, honors St. Gaudens much more than the

naval hero of the Civil War to which it is related only through a uniform. If we have a conscious liking for Farragut, that is simply because of the way the sculptor introduces us to him. He could do the same for us with John Doe; he has simply to reproduce himself again.

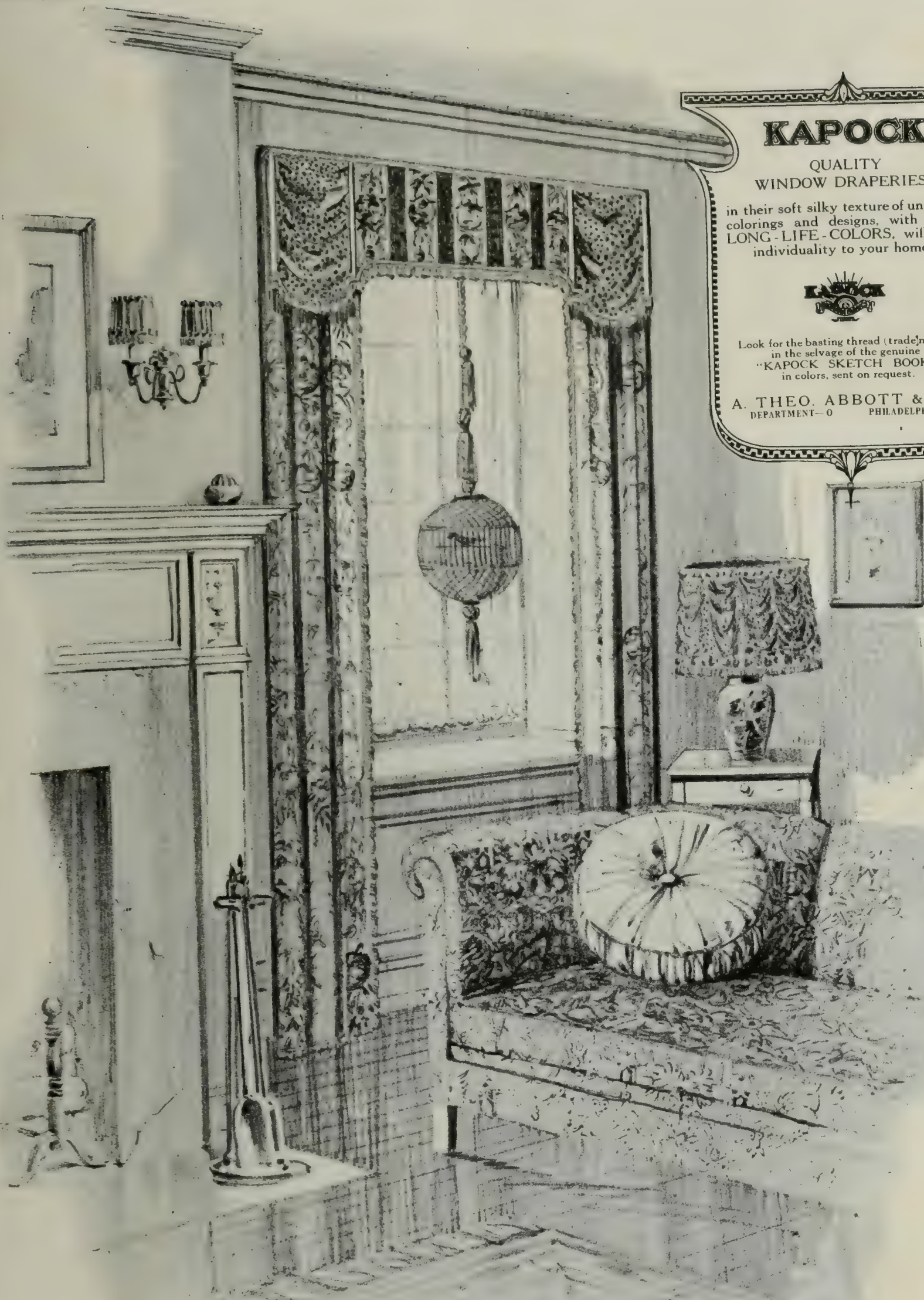
The real gist of all this is that the question of subject matter is altogether outside of art. Milton's rhythm makes beautiful a most ridiculous description of Heaven—a Heaven comparable to nothing else on earth but a circus pageant or a Luna Park display. Heaven starts the picture, Milton engulfs it. There are no great religious pictures by Michael Angelo in which the religion is by half so important as the man.

In art there are only artists. Periods inspire artists. The surrounding political, social, religious, moral life is food for them. But it is not them. It contributes to their strength or to their stature, but it can be of no significance and of no value to them until they have digested it, until they have made it theirs. It is not theirs when it is a theme dictated to them by a political censorship or by an administrative weakling who feels that the strength of his government is at the mercy of popular tradition. Our monuments cannot be dictated and of lasting value at one and the same time. They must come from within the artist. They must be the product of a man. They cannot be great and be the product of a policy. Policies are ephemeral. Man is permanent.

**T**HERE are no systems in monumental art even though a thousand of them be brought to bear on the execution of monuments. The second generation will generally uncover political clap trap, the third is certain to. Louis XIV demands of Le Brun that he present posterity with a record of his, *Le Roi Soleil's*, grandeur. Le Brun works as a propagandist. His pictures today are bombastic, are burlesques of grandeur, and inspire ridicule much faster than reverence.

**B**UT it is wrong to suppose that the public has nothing to do with its successful monuments. It has nearly everything to do with them. For it is the food on which that clairvoyant, the artist, produces, or it is an incoherent rumble which he straightens out, explains, makes coherent, to which he gives ponderability, weight, and significance. He is the barometer of his epoch. The politician who would dictate the monument has watched the superficial weaknesses of the people, he has pondered to them, he has heard the people repeat the words and the ideas which have come out of his mouth, and which are bandied back and forth between them without thought. The artist never listens to these words.





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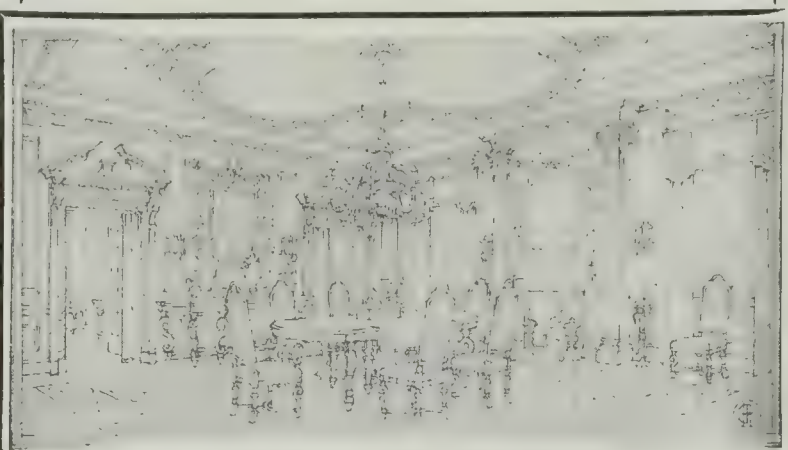
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## Modern Furniture of 18th Century Pattern

(Continued from page 312)

Besides the subtle matter of tained very near perfection. The proportions—a matter of exquisite care—the finish of the wood demands the utmost skill and an artist's feeling for texture. Add to this the upholstering, which varies in each style of chair, almost in each piece. It is only the man who knows well his art who selects wisely his model and produces the perfect copy.

**A** PROPOS of models, none is more beautiful to look upon, none is better suited to modern homes of moderate size than the chairs of the Regency and of Louis XV. A study of the examples given proves the case.

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Besides all this, they are dear to our hearts for the playful times that conceived them, the time when men's duties were so little sordid that satin was appropriate as a morning dress, and women were thought prettiest when arrayed in a silken rusticity. The Court was the thing in those days, and everyone who was great enough hastened to its territory, where intrigue reigned and amorous adventure was never damped with tears. The pretty daughters of the King Louis XV seem more exquisite than any other king's daughters in the portraits left by Nattier, their youth made elegant with silk and lace, made piquant with an apron overlaying brocade, as though a maid's duties occupied their slender fingers.

And of course the Pompadour thrusts her hard merry face into the reminiscence, and the tale of how she first attracted the attention of the king by driving her ponies under the noses of the thundering leaders which drew the royal coach. And du Barri, that other famous favorite, and a host of courtiers. It is to move in such beautiful company that one gives himself to reverie when in the embrace of the elegantly composed chair of the Louis XV fashion.

Heavy styles went before, overlarge, too, and cold classicism followed, but these chairs of the middle of the Eighteenth Century at-

men who produced by copying the examples given in the plates chose well their subjects. These chairs have lines which conform to the human form at ease. Their curves blend with the curves of the body and invite the sitter to an hour of elegant repose.

The composition of such chairs has its root in the decorative movements of their day, the flowing line, the eccentric curve, the use of lengthened foliations and of shells in ornament. Also is felt the fancy for the whims of Chinese decoration, showing itself in flame-like motifs. It was as though the builder of a chair took pattern of the sculptor, and made of his work a piece which might be viewed on all sides, perfected in every part. Up to this time no special thought had been given the frame of the seat, except in its proportions, but now it is a finished object, carved with decoration in low relief. It flows around the cushioned seat in wavy lines which unite with the curves of the cabriole leg, and this rule is followed even where carved mouldings replace floral ornament. It is an invention which gives lightness to the chair, and destroys the effect of utilitarianism, making an ornament of necessity.

The backs of chairs—before this they were but rectangles set slightly askant, and their base was hidden in the cushion of the seat. Here they are raised quite off the seat, and the wood that stays them is brought from obscurity, and converted into a frame of such lines and decoration as would not disgrace a mirror. Within this lovely frame is set the upholstery for the comfort of lovely woman and eager man.

**T**HAT the American copyist is also able as a worker in case furniture and tables is shown in such popular pieces as desks, and the little dressing table known as *poudreuse*.

Amongst such furniture as these was played the drama of life nearly two hundred years ago, and still is it played today by those who are fortunate enough to own the old chairs or to find an art-loving copyist who will supply them with the reproduction.

## The Cover Design

**"THE Departure"** by Eugene Mulertt is the cover for this month's issue of ARTS & DECORATION. Mulertt may be classed among the lesser known members of the Hague School of which Israels was the head. In color, however, he

is much nearer to Mesdag than to that much more characteristic modern Dutch sea painter Bloomers and in "The Departure" gives little of that joy which the other members of the school considered essential for the American market.



In looking upon our "Tivoli" suite, a portion of which is here shown, one cannot fail to feel the quaint quality of the Peasant furniture of Northern Italy and the Tyrol. Adapted in form and construction to modern needs it has retained the full values of the type it represents.



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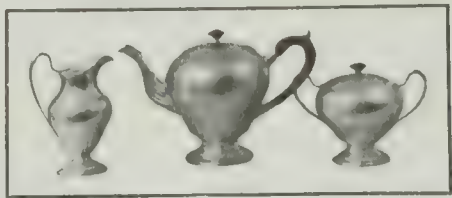
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## Current Art Notes

### Rebuilding Rheims

TO an American, George B. Ford, has been awarded the commission to plan the rebuilding of Rheims.

Town-planning experts are few, the work of reconstruction in France is stupendous, and civic planning in America has been given considerable organization during the last twenty years. To realize how much, one has only to remember the courses in landscape gardening at Harvard, the New York City Commission on City Planning, the Washington Plan, the Chicago Waterfront and the civic thought manifested in San Francisco, Minneapolis, St. Louis, New Orleans, Newark and many other cities.

After French artists and architects for some months had submitted various plans for the rebuilding of the famous cathedral town, after composites had been made of the plans submitted and after politics had muddled the situation, in January of this year Mr. Ford set to work, finished his plan in detail in February and had it officially accepted on May 29. He had previously prepared a report for the French Government on the "Renaissance des Cites."

Rheims being one of the chief manufacturing towns of France, Mr. Ford's plan provides a future population of 300,000, as compared to 120,000 before the war.

### Memorial at Pau to American and French Soldiers

FRENCH and American soldiers as comrades in arms in two wars, the Great War and the Revolutionary War, are to be commemorated in a monument to be erected at Pau. It has been ordered by Robert Cushing, of Boston, and the plaster group, by Charles Ayton, an American, has been exhibited recently in the Old Salon (Artistes Francais).

The monument will be a reminder or an informer that the 18th Regiment of French Infantry participated in the Battle of Yorktown.

### A Clearing House for Art Fabrics

THERE are many Europeans in the United States, experts in lacemaking, embroidery or weaving, who have found no appreciation of their skill, and who to help meet household expenses have resorted to office cleaning or some other uncongenial task. There are other individuals earning their livelihood by means of some needle or bobbin craft whose market is ill assured. Further, the great public needs education in art standards regarding textiles.

Wherefore, at the suggestion of the People's Institute, the Guild of Needle and Bobbin Crafts Club has been formed as a national bureau of information and organizer

of these allied industries. A similar organization is the Handicrafts Guild of Canada.

Interpreters are to make surveys of foreign communities, sectional museums will be established, and next Spring an exhibition will be given.

Already interested are such organizations as The Fireside Industries of Berea, Kentucky, where coverlets are dyed and woven; the Ipswich Society, where French knot embroideries are done in Colonial designs; the Alnwick Industries, where tufted bedspreads are made; the Scuola d'Industria Italiana, where cut work is done; the Sybil Carter Lace Association, where cut work is combined with bobbin, and the Calumet Works of Michigan, where filet crochet is executed.

### Recent Work of James Earl Frazer —The Victory Medal and the Ericsson Monument

JAMES EARL FRAZER has finished the Victory Medal for the United States Army. On the obverse is a Winged Victory, standing full face and full length; and on the reverse, the words "The Great War for Civilization." It will be suspended from a "rainbow" ribbon. In these general details it will resemble the Victory Medals which all of the Allied nations will give to their soldiers honorably discharged, each country, of course, selecting its own designer.

On the American medal will be the dates: April 6, 1917, November 11, 1918, the name of the holder and his number.

About 4,600,000 of these medals, made of ninety per cent copper and ten per cent tin, will be cast in the Philadelphia Mint.

The Interallied Military Commission decided on the general plan of the medals and the National Committee of Fine Arts, acting through Herbert Adams for the Department of Sculpture, appointed Mr. Frazer.

Mr. Frazer has recently designed also the monument to be erected in the Mall at Washington, D.C., in memory of Ericsson, builder of the *Monitor*.

### Honoring American Conductor

ONE of the most significant occurrences to add further to the increasing importance of Americans in music is the invitation just issued to Henry Hadley to become associate conductor to Josef Stransky in this coming season's Philharmonic Orchestra concerts. It is the first time in our musical history that an American symphony orchestra of the highest rank has created the post of "associate" conductor. Theodore Thomas was once an assistant conductor, the highest post held by an American until the present appointment of Mr. Hadley to his post with the Philharmonic Orchestra.





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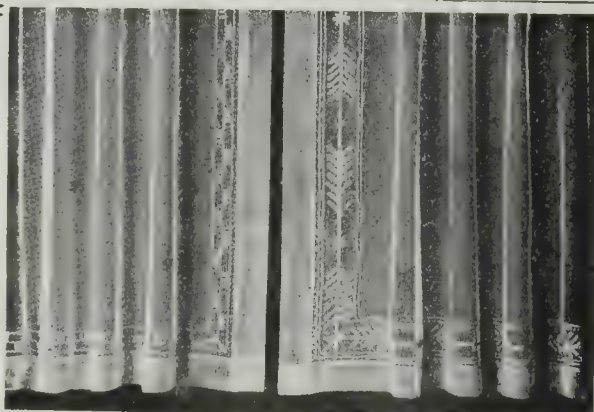
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## The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

(Continued from page 307)

ment, Development, Understanding, Expression of Music exist in every county. Prizes, medals, diplomas, badges are given in every town, concerts are opened by royalty, attended by aristocracy, made notorious by snobbery—but one hears little original music and the great music which comes only from the genius is totally lacking. England's music is fabricated rather than felt, it is built on foreign tradition without inspiration.

THE musician has, besides his many natural difficulties, one which puts him at a greater disadvantage than any of the other artists. An architect has only to produce a T square, some paper, ink and pen in order to present his completed building erected in its proper surroundings; and he can present a sufficiently lucid picture for us to be able to visualize his work. He can send it to anyone of a number of exhibitions where the public will have the opportunity of seeing it. The sculptor needs clay or plasteline and he may do likewise; the painter canvas and paints, all of which are within the power even of the poorest. A musician, on the other hand, cannot present a score to the public. The expense of giving the young musician a hearing is tremendous. It is no light matter for an orchestra to waste time trying the works of unknown men and when it comes to an opera—the money, time and talent necessary to its production make experimentation out of the question. So that in music we have far less opportunity of judging what our men have done or are doing than in any other art.

I once heard Josef Hofmann say that he liked playing to American audiences; they were intelligent and quick to grasp. "I think," he said, "there is no question that the American public is receptive to music." We hear it continually from performers. But how they love antiques! Will Kreisler or Elman play the Humoresque? If it is on the program we applaud as he steps to the front of the stage, if it is not, we pray that it will be an encore. The audience at a political meeting is interested in new thoughts and in new people. Why should not we have the same attitude toward music?

We know very little about the first music which existed on this continent, about its origin and development. It was not until Macdowell used the Indian melodies that much interest was taken in it. Then a certain group followed the idea and thought to use these tunes just as the folk-song of other countries had been made the basis of a new art. Later music came from Africa, brought here by the negroes. We still recognize the rhythm, the cadence of oriental gloom which eastern music possesses to such a

large degree. But it has undergone a change, it has become a thing of our country and of our time. The life of the negro is intimately connected with his music, or rather his music is part of his life.

These old-time melodies have individuality and are not like the tunes of other lands. They and the Indian melodies are our folk-songs. In the old plantation tunes the melody wavers in an unusual way between the major key and its relative minor, producing an uncertainty which, added to its sad cadence, is entirely original. It has changes of key which give a certain flavor. A line beginning in E flat will end in C minor. Rag time is based on these melodies, has taken some of its quality from them, but rag time has none of the refreshing and primitive strength of the old time tunes. The jerk which is so characteristic of rag time, a "jump away" from the note which is ordinarily marked, is not to be found in the plantation songs. They possess more beauty of rhythm, more genuine harmony and show real musical imagination.

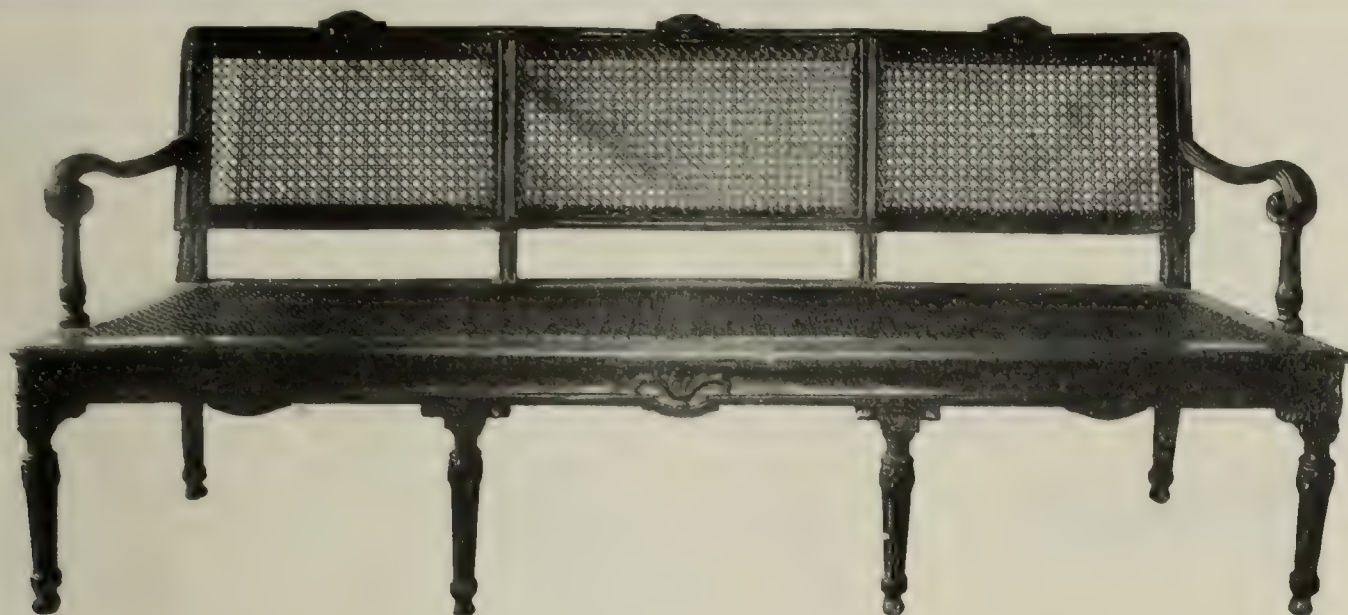
Negro music is like the people who made it; it is unsophisticated, dreamy and naive. Rag time is like the people who made it, too. It has a new note, it is distinctive and it is clever. It stands for the majority, the democracy of life, not the intellectuality. Of course we are not all restless and jumpy, nor are we all in a hurry or mad for excitement, we are not all superficial either. But there is much truth in this music. It is the day of italics. Newspapers try to outdo each other in the size of their headline, a jazz band howls at us while we contort ourselves around the room, violent colors predominate everywhere, extravagant acts appear on the stage. We run along the street, not because we are in a hurry to get somewhere, but because we do not know how to walk slowly. Rag time expresses the day of italics, and it is rather interesting to remember that it is almost the only American music known outside of America. To foreigners it represents our country and us.

HOW many people have ever heard of Paine, of Buck, of Lang, of Parker? We are told they lived here, produced oratorios, orchestral music and symphonies here, that their standard of music was high and that they were known abroad. Perhaps they were known to a few people, but why do we never hear their music? The answer is simple: it was no good.

Of course there has been Macdowell. We are never allowed to forget Macdowell and rightly so. He is sincere; all that he gives us has been through the mill of his own personality. His range is perhaps limited, but as he could only

(Continued on second page following)





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assimilate just so much he did not give us the reflections of other minds. He concentrated all himself and his faults are the shortcomings of a strong character which has limitations.

One scarcely dares criticise. It is not until the irresponsible to-day is over that we can well see our present day music.

There are Victor Herbert, de Koven, Nevin, Converse, Hadley, Sousa, Carpenter, Loeffler, Ornstein, Mason, Bloch, Ruggles.

Herbert and de Koven wrote comic operas, melodious and in good taste.

Nevin and Converse both have merit, though little force.

Hadley has a diverse talent and although he may lack depth is true to his ideals; besides he is intelligent.

Sousa created a striking march.

Carpenter has a really modern note and is besides a born American in every way.

Loeffler has been heralded as a man of promise. It seems to me he lacks vitality and is unreal, but he has originality and is well grounded in his art. If he can escape the restrictions of his nature one feels sure he will travel much further than he has as yet.

Of Ornstein it may be said that he represents the present day, its spirit of unrest, its frantic pursuit after unknown worlds.

Mason is reserved, a seeker after thought, an interpreter of fine points.

Bloch is the exponent of the blending of form and color. He has lived here only six years; one can scarcely consider him American.

Charles Ruggles is beginning to be heard of from different quarters. He is serious, intense.

WHAT, then, have our men done? There have been musicians with sincere aims, men who have striven, men even who have reached a certain degree of excellence, but can these men be compared with those others, the giants of foreign lands, the men who attained the heights, who stood on the mountain tops? And how many there have been who failed, some who delved into a musical dictionary, emerging with an overture which no one wanted to listen to. Some have never learnt how music is made; they have reached only the technical proficiency which is the surface of music. Some have stood still, and in art to stand still is to die. Some hesitate in their technique to the point of disintegration. Some cater to the poseur and flaneur. Some, like the man satisfied with epigrams and generalities, never reach the bedrock of truth. And many are afraid of the prejudices of other people.

A great musician holds hands with what has been and what will be. Having his roots in tradition, he creates a modern expression of melody, of color, of spirit which leads on to the unknown beyond.

NEW generations succeeding each other, making the same gestures, speaking the same thoughts, longing for the same happiness—except for the few who, by some strange impetus, upset old traditions and send into the air a cry so distinct as to be heard the world over. Such men have lived in architecture, in sculpture, in painting; they loved America, they were proud of her; they understood, thought, adored her and so expressed her. In music who has sincerely and truly sought the El Dorado of his dreams, or having sought it, has found it?

As we look into the past development of the music of other nations we see a flame which burns; it is the flame of genius. As we look into the history of music in England and America we see only a fluttering light. Truly, honestly, is there a single American or Englishman who can hold his own in company with Wagner, Beethoven, Liszt, Verdi, Debussy and many, many others?

Eins, bergs, steins, there are among us today indicative of the complications of America. They are not wholly themselves, they are partly ourselves, for we are now a hybrid country. Out of this may come an art characteristic of our mixed elements. Many clever men are of this opinion; but the Puritan stock, the folk who constructed houses, who piled one stone on another till the whole was the unconscious expression of their thought—of these folk, who besides went to nature in order to see, who wrote the history of themselves for the ages, not one has spoken in music. There is no genius among them, and worse than that there is no sign of a sincere effort to reach a definite goal. One distinguishes an irresolution, a lack of proper fundamentals. It is true but little encouragement has been given the musician, that he has had more difficulties than his brothers in the other arts; but let us face the truth. We have produced no seers, no leaders.

There must be a reason for this. Maybe it is on account of our ancestry, the Anglo-Saxon ingredients which make us—or just possibly it may be because of our apprenticeship. For years we have followed in the beaten track of other nations, we have favored Italy, Germany and France in turn. Now we look towards Russia and the results have been the same—unproductiveness.

In architecture, sculpture and painting our apprenticeship has proved itself productive, fertile and of inestimable value, so that we have now reached a pinnacle on which we can stand alone. In music our apprenticeship has led us to no goal. The complications, hopes and desires of our nation have brought forth no adequate expression. Let us face facts. Apprenticeship had led but a little way on the path of accomplishment. We are children reaching for the golden apple with hands far below its grasp.

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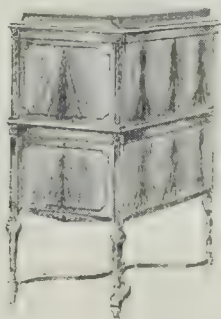
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## The Musician's Chiaroscuro

(Continued from page 306)

ity of what we may call an over-ripe one, will depend quite perceptibly on the length of the sixth note. If it is a grain too short we have matter-of-factness, if an iota too long, sentimentality.

Let us also not fail to note the curious fact that there is a distinct type of pianist—there is indeed one notable example of it row prominently before the public—explicable as a sort of miscarriage of the instinctive process of subordination through a meddling of the conscious will.

"Let me see," says a pianist of this type, "expression is a dwelling on certain notes. Well, which notes shall I dwell on?" Such a man is sure to go wrong, either in the dwelling or even in the notes chosen. Sometimes he even adds: "The sixth note is the one usually considered the most important. It will therefore be more original to dwell on the fifth or the seventh." Hence arises a school of playing which we may contrast with the instinctively right, and which we may call the conscientiously wrong.

### Values in a Composition

APPLYING finally our principle of subordination, or the hierarchy of values, to composition, we shall find that it works out there much as it does in painting. The deepest and most far-reaching problems of the two artists are surprisingly similar, and concern what the painter calls "composition" and the musician "form."

Merely to state the analogy in this way is to show that "form" is a far more vital matter than that mechanical sub-division or arrangement which certain "temperamental" critics are fond of supposing it to be. Form is indeed a highly inclusive term, indicating all that has to do with the coördination of the work, the organization of moods, of climaxes, abatements, and contrasts, the subordination of the relatively unimportant, the emphasis of the essential. And just as the composition of a picture so hangs together that the change in value of a square inch of canvas anywhere affects all the other areas throughout, so a movement of a symphony is a highly sensitive organism in unstable equilibrium: if you lengthen this theme, shorten that transition, or change the key of that episode, you may throw out the whole delicate balance.

As an illustration, take the repetition of the second theme, the more lyrical melody, that comes toward the end of a movement in sonata form. The layman, and even the inexperienced composer, may suppose that this will be a literal repetition.

A little experience will teach one that the music has acquired greater momentum at the second appearance than it had at the first; it is,

as a conductor expressively phrased it, "warmer"; and consequently the theme must this time be expressed more vividly and less deliberately. In fact, the themes of the composer, his keys, timbres and all his other means of effect, are just as truly hierarchies of relation, just as insistently demand adjustment in salience and subordination, as the tones of the pianist.

A COMMON fault of young composers, a fault indeed that it takes a curiously long time to outgrow, is that of packing a piece too full of interest. It is so natural, but so naïve, to imagine that the more sustained the tension the greater will be the effect. One gradually learns that this is not the case; human attention ebbs and flows, and the interest of a well-composed work will ebb and flow correspondingly.

No one has understood this better than Beethoven, and the overwhelmingly dramatic effect of his music often owes much to his grasp of it. How skilful he is in alternating the passages where the interest pulses thick and fast, where there is a rapid change of harmony and tonality, intricately interwoven polyphony, with others of almost completely suspended animation, audible pauses, where a single chord is sounded in featureless rhythm, and the music merely vegetates. There are two such passages in the Andante of his Fifth Symphony, which may be commended to all students who wish to see how far subordination may profitably be carried.

A COMPOSER and a conductor were once discussing, after a rehearsal, details of a symphony.

"Do you think," said the composer, "that at this point I have held this chord of A major too long? You notice there are eight measures of it, in slow time, nothing but the chord of A major, in an inverted form that keeps the hearer in suspense, with woodwind instruments holding, harp sweeping chords, and strings embroidering, and finally a touch of quiet trombones at the end. I don't quite know why I put it there, and I fear it may be too long."

"Not a bit of it," replied the conductor. "Look what is coming. You are getting ready for that oboe solo, creating an atmosphere for it. You know how the effect of a picture is enhanced by the blank margin which carries the eye up to it. Well, that chord of A major is your blank margin."

Planes, values, margins:—how shall we translate such visual terms into their audible equivalents, and thus learn to find our way better than at present through the mysterious auditory spaces our music inhabits?





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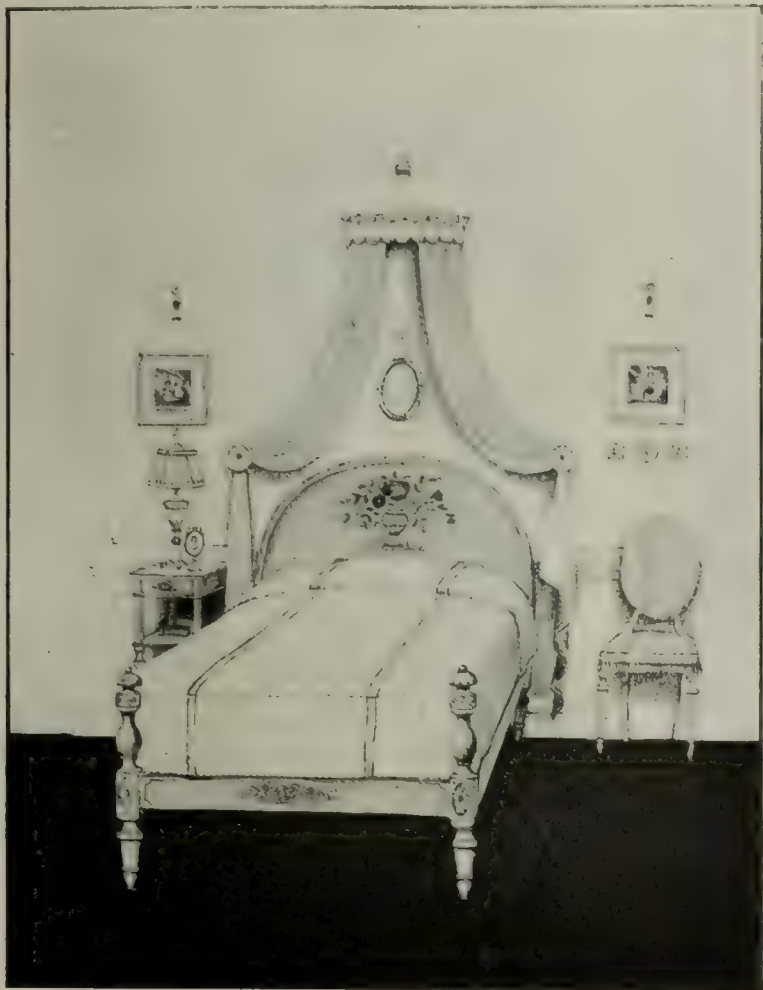
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## Art Collecting as an Investment

(Continued from page 305)

Europe should still lead in increased valuations. One of the earliest romances of American picture sales occurred at the Cardinal Fesch auction in 1849 in New York City. Cardinal Fesch was a Roman prelate with a passion for buying pictures, but with an equally marked reluctance against paying much for them. It is known that he had a standing order with his commissioner to buy any painting he could get for four *soldi*. At the sale of his pictures in New York a New Orleans man bought a canvas for \$6.50. When he took it to his home city he was persuaded by a local connoisseur to have it cleaned. The picture proved to be a Correggio and the original purchaser sold it for \$3,000. It was afterwards sold in London for 2,000 guineas. It is a far, but logical, cry from such a transaction as this to the Morgan-Raphael "Virgin and Child Enthroned" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for which \$500,000 was paid; to the "Panshanger Raphael" in the Widener collection in Philadelphia, that cost "over \$700,000"; to the great Altman collection of paintings, the Velasquez portrait of King Philip IV of Spain (that cost \$500,000) and Holbein's "Margaret Wyeth," for which \$250,000 was paid. Rembrandt's "Lucretia Stabbing Herself" was bought at the Demidoff sale in Paris in 1880 for \$28,000. Brought to this country, it was purchased by the Knoedlers

in 1913 for \$130,000 and they sold it a few months later to a collector in Holland at a profit. When it is known that Rembrandt's "The Mill," which was bought in 1798 for \$2,500, was sold in 1911 to P. A. B. Widener for \$475,000, it does not seem that too much stress has been laid by men on this speculative phase of art collecting.

In the field of prints there has been the same very great appreciation in values in recent years. A Rembrandt print at \$10,000 held the record for auction prices for years, yet in 1919, at the sale of the Halsey collection in this city, Janinet's "L'Aveu Difficile" brought \$11,000 and at a recent sale in Paris a print of Meryon's "Abside de Notre Dame" reached the new record figure of 71,675 francs (normally \$14,335). It is an accomplished fact that one collector of prints in New York City, by shrewdly buying two prints of the first plate made by S. Arlent Edwards, has amassed a complete collection of that artist's mezzotints by the simple device of exchanging his extra print for two copies of each new impression. The potential profit there is in that collection of mezzotints, which represents the original investment for the first two prints only, makes ordinary speculations pale into insignificance. And yet art speculation of this kind is open to everyone if he only knew it and exercised taste of the "precious" kind in his operations.



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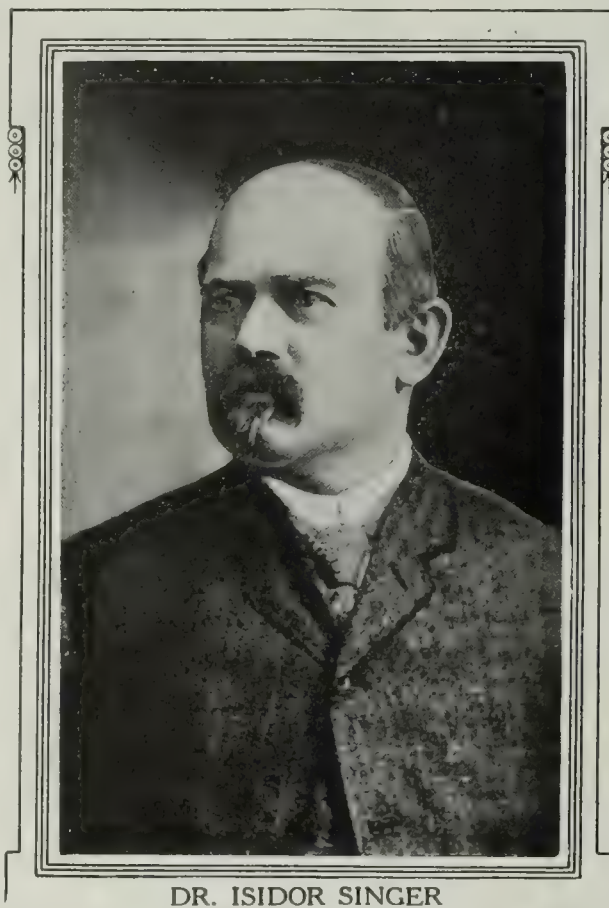
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assist you in any legitimate way, I shall be glad to do so.

DR. G. STANLEY HALL  
President Clark University.

I have been tremendously interested in your plans, as outlined in your letter. I wish you, indeed, the heartiest kind of a Goodspeed.

DR. H. B. HUTCHINS  
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I wish you abundant success in your efforts. I am quite sure you will have the general cooperation of American scholars.

DR. S. B. McCORMICK  
Chancellor University of Pittsburgh.

I sympathize very sincerely with your idea and if any living man can clothe this dream in reality, you are the man. It is a noble conception worthy

of a great mind. I wish you every possible success. Such men as yourself have enriched American scholarship.

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE  
President University of Utah.

For one I believe it will be well and possible to accomplish the purpose you have in mind. This is the right time. The work you already have accomplished will be good promise for the success of this new venture.

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*Mask of the head of a monk*

## The Revival of the Mask

(Continued from page 324)

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board. Then he cuts out the features and adjusts them, rounding contour, filling out depressions with strips of paper, blending and modeling as a sculptor with clay. The face, when ready for the painting in tempera or oil, is not unlike that of a human face after a major surgical operation!

The eyes, as in the Flirt or Silly Girl, favorite of Folly audiences, are painted, the pupils alone pierced to admit light. Not infrequently a slit is made for the entire eye, as in the Oriental Princess. Eyelashes for chorus girls to envy are achieved by solid strips of paper painted dark brown. The nostrils of all the masks are open—practically their one breathing spot, for the mouths of most, unlike the masks of Japanese or Greek drama, are closed. Hair is painted on the forehead or top of the mask.

Real hair ear muffs as worn by the American girl cover the ears of another mask, and a long veil is attached so that in donning it the dancer is practically made up. Often jewelled head dresses of elaborate design are brilliantly painted on the mask top, or floral figures on the cheek, as shown in the illustrations, achieving the illusion of a figured veil.

The Benda masks average from six to seven ounces in weight. The elaborate peacock head dress, however, so increases the weight, that Miss Severn's dance while wearing

it is restricted to leisurely curves.

"I am now experimenting with a mask from the living model," said Mr. Benda, who, with Miss Severn, regrets the speed with which the Folly masks are on and off in interest of the modern "speed-up"—art's arch enemy. "From careful drawing of the model's face I cut out the profile and fit it to the face, filling out the discrepancies with bits of paper until all is rounded to the contour of the original—in short, a perfect fit. It is delicate, tedious, exacting work, that eats up time. When the whole mask is feature proof I shall paint it as would a portrait painter."

The Benda masks, not having been made for Miss Severn, naturally are interior misfits, particularly the Flirt, whose mouth, the dancer tells me, scrapes her nose.

Fifteen minutes is the time limit for the continuous wear of a mask. In pantomime where they are worn throughout a scene, as in the pantomime written by Austin Strong, inspired by the Benda masks, they were removed at the curtain call.

It was the Strong pantomime, produced last spring at the Coffee House Club, whose presiding Merry-maker is Mr. Frank Crowninshield, that introduced the Benda masks and revealed to that little bunch of art innovators the talent of Margaret Severn. The Greenwich Village Follies of 1920 innovation is the outcome



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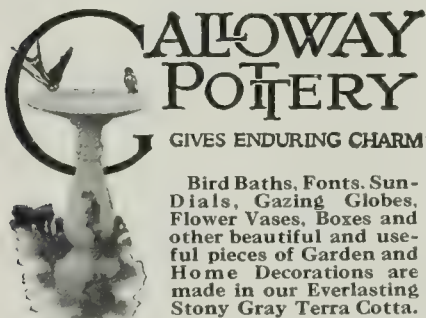


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## The New Art Season

ALL that which follows may be taken as finally as the predictions of race track and baseball reporters. It is built on experience, on past performances and on those murmurs which stir the air without taking definite shape in it. Every year something similar to this appears in magazines and pages of newspapers devoted to art and is read by the wise with a generous smile and by those who want to believe the predictions made with something akin to the gullibility of the infantile belief in Santa Claus.

For the prophet, false or otherwise, who writes it, it is the opportunity of a season, a chance to erect whimsical structures on prejudicial premises. He will make much of his summer's mooted. He will let his desires run away with his logic, or even, in peculiar instances, with his sense of justice. He knows that that which he writes will be forgotten by his public, if he has one, at the very time when it might rebound to his discredit.

THE summer in the city has been quite barren of any significant art activity, although there have been a number of meetings of the Mayor's Committee on Public War Memorial, meetings dominated by the super-authoritative voice of Mr. Paul Bartlett, and one or two of the new Society of Artists whose exhibition, trying to be an annual affair, will be held again at the Gimpel and Wildenstein gallery. Mr. Bartlett here again has been heard, although in what particular way no one seems willing to tell despite that shakes of heads sometimes suggest knowledge, and almost lead to a belief in its existence. The superiority of inner circles is anyway delightful.

As to the modernists and the possible explosions that may this season ruffle the white whiskers, symbolic and real, of the academicians and their followers, conservative radicals, there are no pronouncements and therefore a wider and freer range for authoritative speculation. They are always a great temptation to a writer who believes in the fertility of his own wit and has the weakness to let it run. Most of his readers, if he be vitriolic enough, will turn to friends, or, if good fortune favor them, to enemies and point out with an I-told-you-so air how the youth of the country has been wasting its energy.

Now for an Elijah attitude and the hope that a successful costume is in the closet. Chicago and culture need not be taken into this account. Besides, the vast majority of the Chicago modernists have taken all the available studios in the vicinity of Patchin Place, and when Chicago meets them at all, it is, not seldom, under another name.

There is the promise of the natural death of eroticism in the works of many of the bad-boy extremists who have read Freud on dreams and been led, despite Freud,

to believe in sex as the lead string of all thought. Very pretty this in a Puritan community. Still New York is not so Puritan as the Middle West. Indeed, it is almost safe to declare, without subtlety, that New York could produce neither a Harding nor a Cox. And safe to say also that eroticism in Manhattan (Brooklyn being out of the question as the mere goal of all Manhattanese jokes), since it need not be quite so secret as in other parts of the country, has less reason for existing at all.

Indeed the early love of preciousness and Beardsley dies with the return of a general interest as against introspection or with the meeting of many people.

But in modern art it dies harder than elsewhere. Your modernist has the will to isolate his personality. He is a theoretical anarchist. He cannot believe himself, not wanting to, the representative of a group, the disseminator of congregational ideas or lore. He wants *réclame* above everything, some one differentiation that will mark him in a mob. He, in other words, champs at the bit of obscurity. Every artist of any value at all has done this. But, in many cases, too young yet to have found himself, and too impatient to await the slow arrival of that discovery, he (the modernist) pushes at the first rare thing that will place him, if only in the vein of notoriety, in a perceivable niche. That impatience which was unknown to the apprentices of former generations is probably due to automobiles and aeroplanes. They have made him believe that long distances could be covered in a short space of time.

In the way of memorial exhibitions it is to be expected that the late Anders Zorn will be recalled more often by his etchings than by his paintings and that the exhibitions of the former throughout the country will be numberless.

IN any case the coming season will undoubtedly show a change away from preciousness on the part of the moderns. A great many of their names in ten or fifteen years of constant drumming have become known to the public at large. Rare expedients are no longer necessary. In some cases they have found themselves, in others they have been found by art lovers of greater generosity than wisdom.

In the other side there is not need to apologize for a prophecy. We have watched the other side of art for nearly twenty years and in all that time there have never been any but slow, gradual, easily foreseen changes. No bombs, no upsets, no shocks. If there have been unusually rapid technical advances they have not brought with them any philosophical advances. Indeed that side of art is too busy with that which it calls art to bother with any researches so intellectual as those of philosophy or with anything so vulgar as life.

—G. P. B.





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## The Cleveland Museum of Art

A TRUSTEE and former benefactor of the Cleveland Museum of Art, Mr. J. H. Wade, has again evidenced his interest in the work of the Museum by a gift which will materially increase its usefulness. The ground upon which the Museum was erected was given by Mr. Wade for that purpose; and the collections have from time to time been greatly enriched by various gifts presented by him. These comprise an important collection of textiles; a group of laces originally in the Wilson collection; European and Oriental jewelry; tapestry; Philippine, Javanese and African weapons; a small collection of Colonial silver consisting of pitchers, beakers, tongs, spoons, and a teapot; a collection of snuff boxes and fans, and thirty-four paintings by European artists. This collection of paintings includes two canvases by J. M. W. Turner, while other artists represented are Cazin, Dupre, Van Dyck, Delacroix, Rubens, Constable, Romney, Isabey, Jacque, etc.

Announcement has now been made of the establishment by Mr. Wade of a trust fund, to be known as "The J. H. Wade Fund," the income of which, estimated at about \$30,000 annually, is designated for the purchase of works of art, preferably along the lines indicated by the donor's previous gifts. In itself, the gift is an important one, as it will go far toward filling the needs of the collections; and the clear, unbiased manner of its presentation increases its value.

The Museum has also received from donors, who for the present remain anonymous, a memorial gift of \$250,000, of which about \$50,000 is given for the installation of a fine organ and accompanying equipment, and the remaining \$200,000 for the endowment of a Department of Musical Arts.

The Museum has, for two years past, under the direction of Thomas Whitney Surette, offered freely to the citizens of Cleveland very definite opportunities for a greater understanding and appreciation of the art of music. Illustrated lecture courses and informal talks have broadened the vision of many music lovers. Short talks preceding concerts given in the Museum and informal interpretative talks on the programs of the Symphony Orchestras have increased their pleasure and understanding in these concerts—as has also the course of lectures given last winter on the instruments of the modern orchestra, illustrated by members of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. There have been weekly periods of group singing, open to all who care to come, when old folk-songs and chorals were sung by the audience. These hours of singing have proved one of the strongest factors in creating a love of good music, for in producing such music, under direction, the singer clinches the knowledge gained by making it a part of his own experience.

Children as well as adults have benefited by the musical activities of the Museum. Two public school classes come daily to the Museum for a lesson in drawing, and their program includes a period of directed singing. Singing also precedes the Saturday afternoon entertainments for children, and the children of members have the privilege of Saturday morning classes.

With the establishment of the Department of Musical Arts the work will be continued on a permanent, endowed basis. The installation of the organ will, of course, greatly enlarge its scope, as organ recitals, etc., are added; but its character will remain essentially the same. There will be no attempt to train musicians (as there is no attempt to train artists of painting and sculpture), and the emphasis will be placed on beauty.



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## A New Era in the Use of Color

By PAUL POIRET

**POST-IMPRESSIONISM** and the Russian ballet are responsible at least for the education of our eyes. Everywhere now we see barbaric primary colors combined in a way that would have made us shudder only a few years ago—we see them in scenic decorations, in women's frocks and hats, in fabrics destined to adorn our homes.

The present time—as regards decoration—is characterized by a revival of the art of interior decoration as practised (though in a very different manner) by William Morris many years ago.

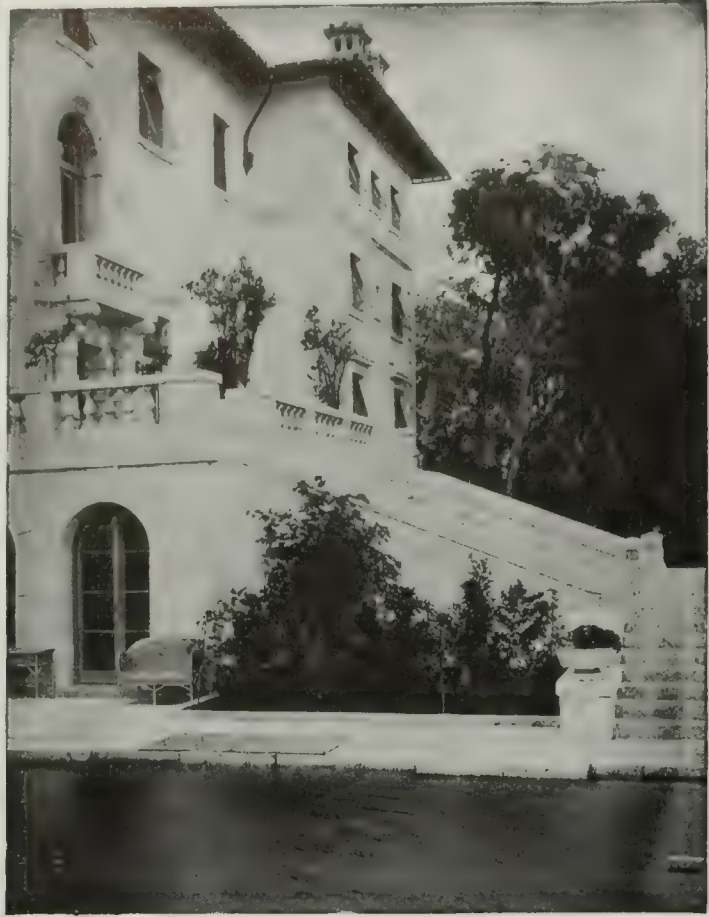
We have been through many phases before arriving at the present taste; through the era of heavy mahogany furniture, sofa tables, red reps, curtains, and anti-macassars; through the age of "art colors": dull green, dull red, dirty purple, and yellowish white; through the phase of bouquets of flowers, badly designed and brightly colored chintzes, and chiffon shades. We have endured the period of quaint decoration, the sham antiques, the revival of would-be French Louis XVI lacquer, Chinese Chippendale, and now, at last, we begin to appreciate bold colors and the beauty of simplicity.

**THAT** is why the appreciation of primary colors and of simplified drawing—drawing and coloring which have in most cases the naïveté and even the crudity of the primitive paintings—is really the *comble de la decadence*. It may be true that only hyper-civilized people can appreciate barbaric works of art.

Of course, many people like this new art without going into the psychological details of it. They do not even realize that flowers in modern cretonnes are done in flat colors, without shades or detail of petals; that they are more a suggestion of a flower than a copy of nature; that the fruit is sometimes abnormally purple and the roses are frankly blue; that the geometrical patterns of the most modern French prints do not represent anything in particular—the fact remains that most people educated by the artistic events of the last few years now admire these modern products and feel their charm, while they would have laughed at them a few years ago.

Alas! for years manufacturers have slept in security, lulled by the regular routine of their affairs, whilst those whose business it is to produce novelties have become slack in research. The creative faculties have been suspended; draftsmen and designers have worked only in museums, copying and reconstructing the past—a valuable exercise in classicism, but which, if over-prolonged, puts the

*A  
Detail*



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imagination in danger of atrophy. The public, at first attracted by ornaments of a former age, has quickly grown tired of the types imposed upon its taste.

No doubt little rooms hung with flowered or striped cretonne, a clock under a glass case, arm-chairs covered with *toile de Feuy*, a print in its original frame, are all very charming. But what relation do they bear to our new activity, our need for intense life and movement, and to the present fashion? Modern life needs modern forms of expression.

AS for the great country or town houses, what do they look like except museums, with their priceless Gobelin or Aubusson tapestries, their gilt consoles of the great century, and other *pieces de Musée*? The atmosphere is heavy with so much splendor and so many souvenirs that often boredom results from the unconscious contemplation of so many things which have no relationship to life.

Why not live in our own century? Our way of feeling, our manner of living, are especially modern. Why cannot our environment be also typically modern? If we have an arm-chair which belonged once to Louis XVI we ought not, strictly speaking, to sit in it, since modern fashion in dress does not allow us to use a chair as it was used in the days of *le Grand Monarque*. It is only in being modern that we create a past for the future—that is, if we are worth anything. Even the old masters were once daring innovators.

EVEN the medical authorities are most unexpectedly giving modern decoration their invaluable support. Without going into the purely scientific side of the case—color hospitals and the medical value of color—let us take a more prosaic view of the subject. Is there anything more depressing, more conducive to nervous breakdown or melancholia, than the usual waiting-rooms of doctors or the quarters of patients in nursing homes? Why stick to the dirty-white ceilings, brown paint, art greens, mildewed grays, and dull reds that are traditional in such places? Why not give the patient more cheerful or more soothing surroundings?

There is such a thing as suggestion. It may be said to be a moral form of mimicry. If the octopus can instinctively change its color according to the color of the rock or the seaweed he is walking over, surely the patient can subconsciously change his mood according to his surroundings, and rise from depressing brownish-green depths to soothing pure blue, to the cheerfulness of bright yellow, or the refreshing acidity of Veronese-green states which are but stepping-stones leading to the higher altitude; the joy of living.

Editor's Note—This article from "The Furnishing Trades' Organizer," London, shows Paul Poiret in a new field.



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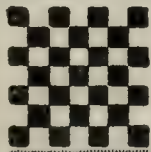


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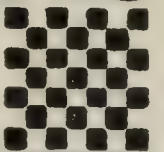
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## Decorative Arts in Paris

By LEON MOUSSINAC

DECORATORS and furnishers in Paris continue to follow the policy, which has now been practised for some years, of subordinating the details of a furnishing scheme to the operations of some master mind, who has complete control, and dominates every one concerned, even the client. One cannot, indeed, deny that there is something seductive in a drawing-room, bedroom, or dining-room tastefully composed by an artist who, summoning every available resource, utilizes the work of other artists in wall-paper, printed textiles, carpets, tapestry, pottery, glassware, pictures, statuary, lighting and heating apparatus, and so forth, and produces a satisfactory result. Nevertheless, such an artist-decorator puts together an ensemble according to his taste alone. Nobody else could carry it out in the same way, and it represents simply one man's solution of a furnishing problem. It may be unique, but it is inclined to be narrowly individualistic.

NOW the decoration of domestic interiors means too much to allow of our accepting in their entirety the ideas of other people. There are thoughts, preferences, memories and usages which hold our affection for reasons derived from our very nature. Not even to the greatest of artists would we care to entrust the complete arrangement and furnishing of our homes. We permit his suggestions, but there we stop. Everybody, therefore, is inclined to carry out his (or her) ensemble, the details of which jointly make up what we know as home. Complete schemes, therefore, done by experts, appear to us merely realizations of ephemeral fancies, embodying arrangements of line and juxtapositions of color which we have no objection to utilizing, provided they conform to our tastes or can be made to tally with the impulse of our private feelings.

MODERN schemes originated by artist-decorators are of two kinds. One kind purely and simply an attempt to continue past tradition, while bringing the style up to date; the other an unqualified adherence to the mode of to-day.

These two tendencies are providing us with a number of interesting works, certain of which, if judiciously picked out, would testify to a veritable French renaissance and to the inauguration of a style possessing character of its own.

After being misled for twenty years by that "modern style" (*l'art nouveau*) which was so offensive to our eyes, and whose only performance was the contortion of the straight line, our craftsmen ap-

(Cont. on second page following)

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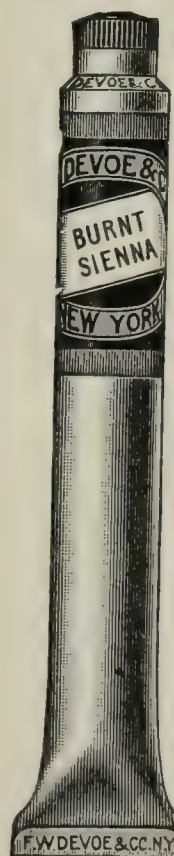
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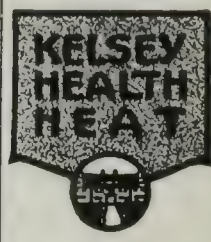
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pear to have awakened to the fact that a piece of furniture ought to be capable of being juxtaposed against another of any period *without either doing harm to the other*. Here is undoubtedly a direction in which a true modern style may be evolved, and it is to-day being followed by a number of artists. True, their art is reminiscent of Persia and Japan, and sometimes betrays infatuation with the Russian ballet, but that is again not a loss, for the tendency to the bizarre asserts itself more and more as each year elapses.

SOME decorators sacrifice almost everything on the altar of fashion, utilizing Japanese shapes and borrowing from the decoration of other Eastern peoples the most extravagant colors and fantasies. Thus, at the last Salon of Artist-Decorators was a complete scheme by André Groult, cleverly carried out in black, red and gold. Spirit and taste were not lacking, yet one felt that to live for any length of time in the midst of such an ensemble would be painful. Although suitable enough in the theatre, or in any other place where one seeks to gratify a passing caprice, it could never last over a season, and would disappear as completely as last year's millinery. The danger of this method is obvious. We do not cast off furniture as we do clothes which have gone out of fashion. Furniture is always associated with the idea of stability—as something intended to share for a long time in the intimacy of our lives, as a friend, so to speak, with whom our relations are all the closer because they are constant.

DECORATORS are seeking to obtain effects of richness by making use of raw materials, and, in particular, delicate lacquers, the red and the black being especially favored. The wood, too, is often of rare kinds, such as *loupe d'ambouine*. Gilding is applied very cleverly, as in a recently exhibited dressing-table and chair, in which striking production gold plays an important—possibly a rather too important—part.

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NOVEMBER, 1920

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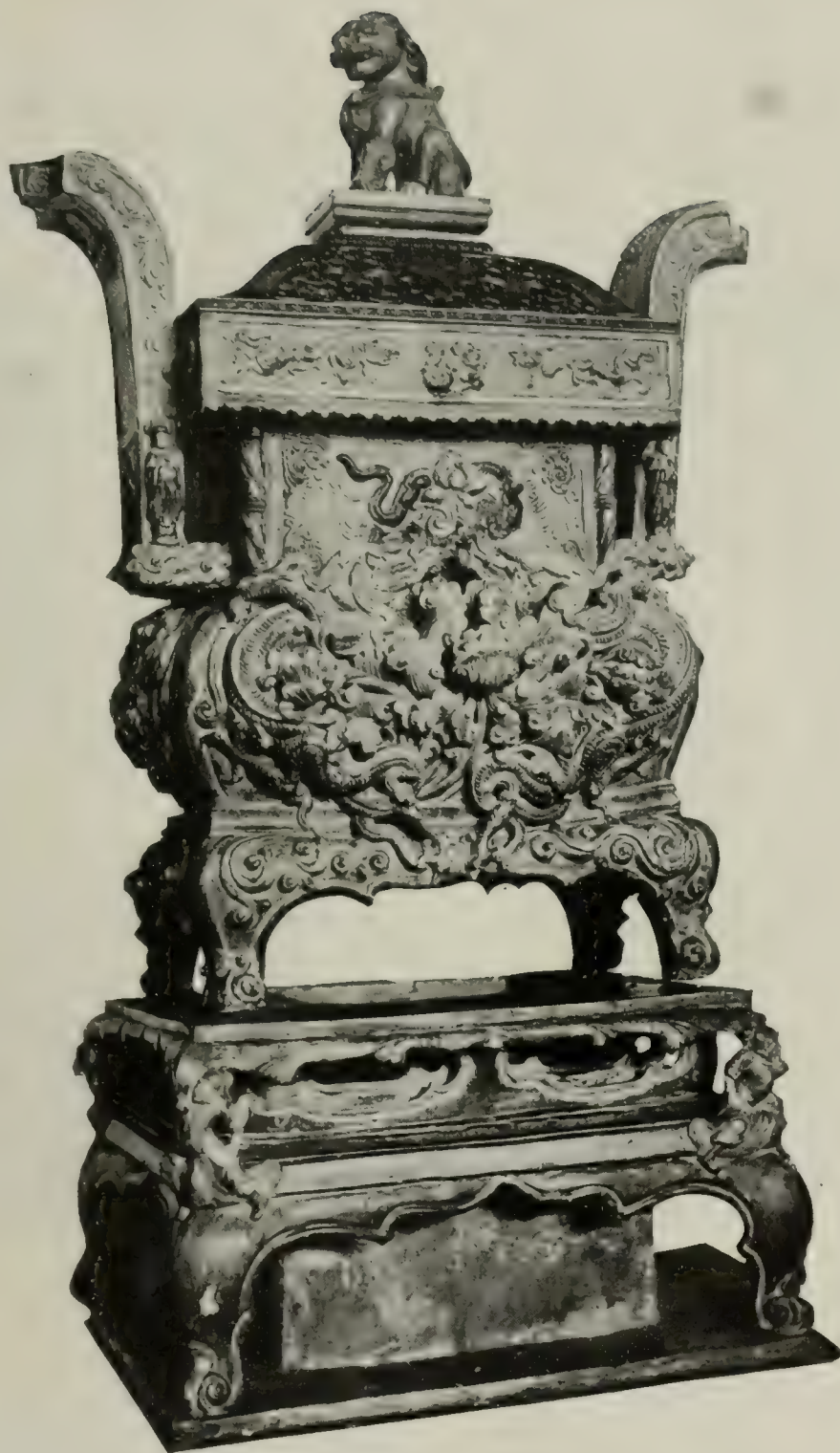
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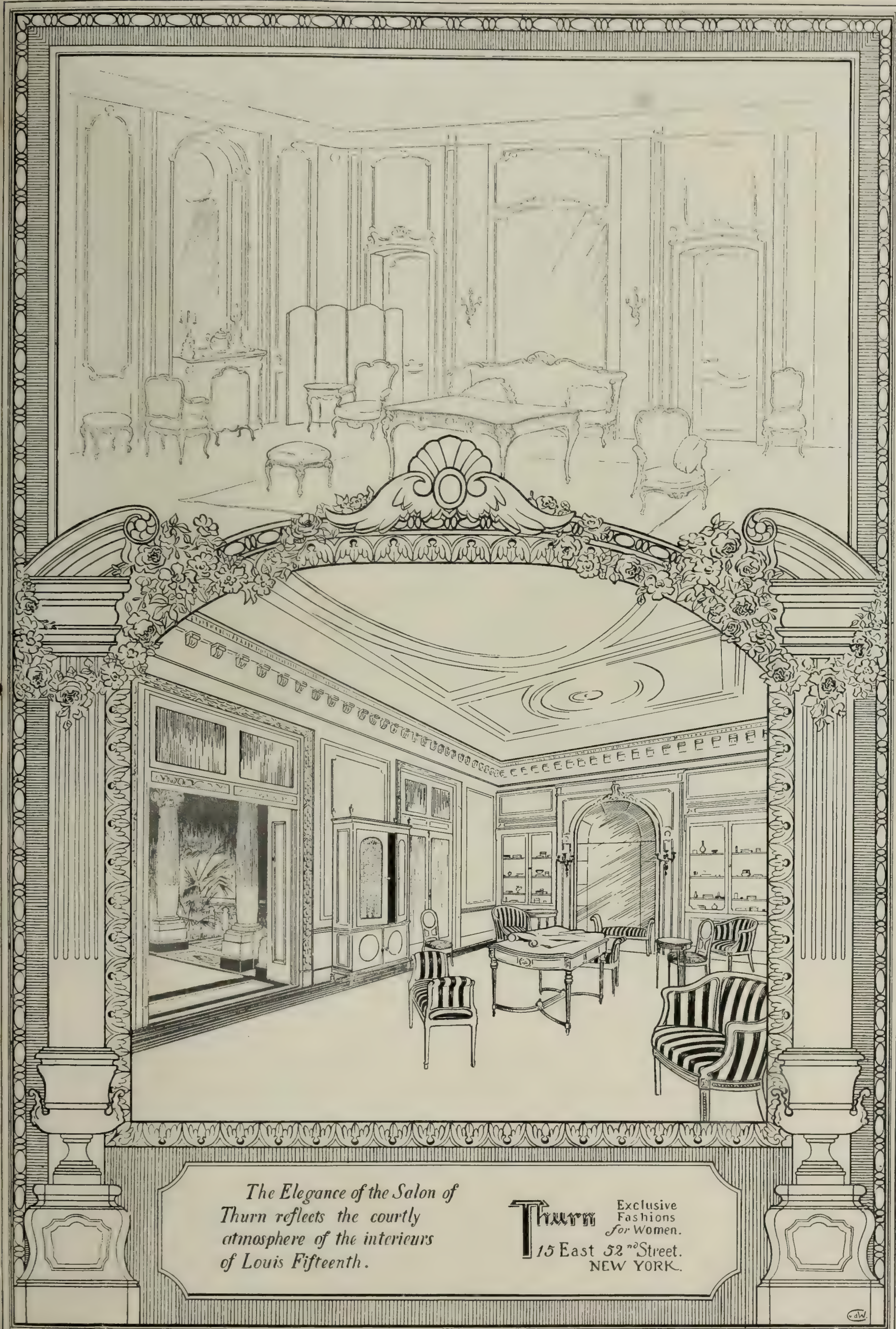
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BACCHANAL, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI

ONE of the pictures in the fiftieth anniversary exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art which has been most admired by artists. This Bellini is the property of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton's name will appear to many as a new one in the list of our collectors. Among those who know his admirable collection he is mentioned as a possible successor to those giants of American collecting who, with the death of Henry Clay Frick, were said to have gone without leaving a similar progeny. It is possible that there is still truth in this, for the newer American buyer of the works of the old masters is less comprehensive or, if you will, less broad-minded. He may begin like Mr. Friedsam, securing the sophisticated works of the full Seventeenth Century, but he soon is swerved further back to panels by the primitives of Italy, France, Germany and Flanders and once he arrives at that ancient station, it is nearly impossible to rout him out. Mr. Hamilton contributes a Mantegna to this exhibition, a Mantegna as fine as a miniature, which would show that he has already heard the case of the earlier men. The spell of Bellini himself should, in any case, lead that way.



# ARTS & DECORATION

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## Systems Are Crutches for the Lame in Art

THE EDITOR

ANY essay on systems will have a prejudice leading in one radical direction or the other. Systems are made for the ignorant or for those without talent and without genius who are humanity's sheep. The genius whose vision gives him a real touch with the life of the time or with its philosophical and psychological direction will put, as an example, soda crackers into boxes and call the boxes sanitary. After him even handkerchiefs will be wrapped in sanitary packages. He will have created a new system out of a popular tendency. That system, as do all systems, will have numberless adherents. It will, out of a free or undirected populace, find a number of sheep willing and even hurrying to follow its one direction.

Thus Thomas Jefferson arises in the might of one idea and we have a Democratic party. Thus Calvin and Calvinism. Thus Darwin and the Evolutionists. Thus Rembrandt and the little Dutch masters or Cézanne and the Cubists.

It is the custom of those who feel a natural antipathy for art to find that there are more sheep in it than elsewhere. It is also the custom of those whose antipathy to business knows all extremes to find that most business men are visionless sheep. They are both right, and since in both cases there is no sign of vision at all, they are both wrong. The important people are the people who make the systems—the unimportant people are those who follow them. They are lazy people. They are people who buy ready-made clothes because they are unable or unwilling to visualize a suit in a piece of cloth and buy their clothes in one shop or another as their taste is fanned by that of their class.

ART lately has been flooded with systems. Every day or so brings in a book which practically promises to make the production of beauty a simple matter of mathematical calculation. The first system maker, to our knowledge, of recent years, was Hardesty G. Maratta. After him the deluge.

It is difficult to know at this date whether the genius of Maratta is equal to the genius of the man who first made the inner seal boxes.

Mr. Maratta is not a producer—he is an analyst. To his orderly mind, some twenty years ago, art was a chaos in which its practitioners, with neither aims nor arms, wal-

lowed about. He could find no strong swimmer in this turbulent sea because none seemed to be following any but a whimsical isolated notion. There were a great many men and not a single system. Mr. Maratta had himself been an artist, an artist without positive direction, or an artist without inspiration. And though he had nothing in particular to say, he still wanted to talk, and not only to talk but to talk with authority.

Now we all know that a child, whether it is a child in art or a child in life, learns to talk in proportion to its needs. When these are few his words are few or vice versa. The artist who has nothing to say and must still cover a canvas with paint marks of more or less coherence is in a very trying position, except in the case where he remembers that other men have covered other canvases and that in these canvases there is a system, or some palpable basis on which to build one.

When this idea came to Mr. Maratta, instead of becoming a copyist, like so many placed in the same position before and since him, he became a philanthropist, or rather started upon the way of philanthropy. For it came to him that a great many men must have suffered as he suffered, and with the joyous feeling of a great deliverer he started to relieve their suffering.

IT will be seen by all that precedes this statement that while Mr. Maratta owned no intuitional force, no creative force, no message, he was not without a degree of intellectual activity. It will be seen, in other words, that he was above everything a Western spirit armed with the patience or the industry required for the carrying on of objective research. Thus, where he could not create, he could analyze. Thus, while he could not make an art out of which a system might grow, he could take another art and make a system out of that, by putting the two and two of that art together until by pure mathematical logic he arrived at the four of it.

It is impossible to gauge the enormity of this philanthropical work. This last because while there are, indubitably, a great number of people too indolent to study life long enough to arrive at an individual conclusion, there are just as many people too indolent to inspect those conclusions long enough to arrive at a real understanding of them.

INDEED, the greatness of Mr. Maratta's philanthropy cannot be better explained than by just this—that he has made it easier for sheep to be sheep, to be themselves, and the world owes him something also, for there can be no doubt that sheep in regimental order are a more likable, as a more readily understood sight, than sheep who, altogether out of character, are running hither and thither showing a far greater worry upon their brows and not an iota more in their heads. Longer life, then, to systems.

AT the present time, however, while we shout so blatantly for systems, it might be well to look, but not intensively, for the price of paper is too high, into the systems which those who read works on art have lately been asked to examine. They are, to mention just two, the conclusions of Jay Hambidge and of Samuel Colman, N.A., in collaboration with C. Arthur Coan, LL.B. They are both built, like Mr. Maratta's, upon an ancient Greek basis, and the latter is termed further "studies in the science of beauty." They are both that. They are both expositions of ways and means by which the painter or the sculptor or the architect who is unable to discover beauty in life will be able, seeing or not, to make it figure in his art.

The acceptance of this theory will be easy for the unspeculative person who has gone on the supposition that art or that beauty could only be possessed by the man of vision. Artists, to these unspeculative persons, are not the followers of systems—they are the makers of systems.

Indeed, it is undoubtedly true that any system of beauty, whether it is a created or a followed system, is built upon rhythm. That all beauty is a matter of rhythm. Mr. Hambidge has followed the Greek rhythms down to their last possible analysis or almost there.

We can have, on this ground, but one quarrel with him, viz.: the rhythm which he has so carefully studied is an ancient rhythm, and that it was built to express a period which is not ours.

And ours is, after all, the one which should move our artists into speech. It is to them that we must look for the record of the civilization which we are making. It is to their ability to record the impressions of their time, which is ours, that we, dumb persons, must leave our contribution to civilization.



# A Plea for the Spirit of Art

*When Will Music Be Allowed a Healthy Normal Development?*

By HARRIET BISHOP LANIER

HOW various the paths by which art in different ages has been brought to a ripe perfection of fulfillment! Will it be brought to its full development in this age of iron, and how? Whichever way we look, the prospects are not propitious, and yet should we despair when we consider the full might and force of genius, of creative power, which from earliest times has asserted itself because its might was wrought by necessity?

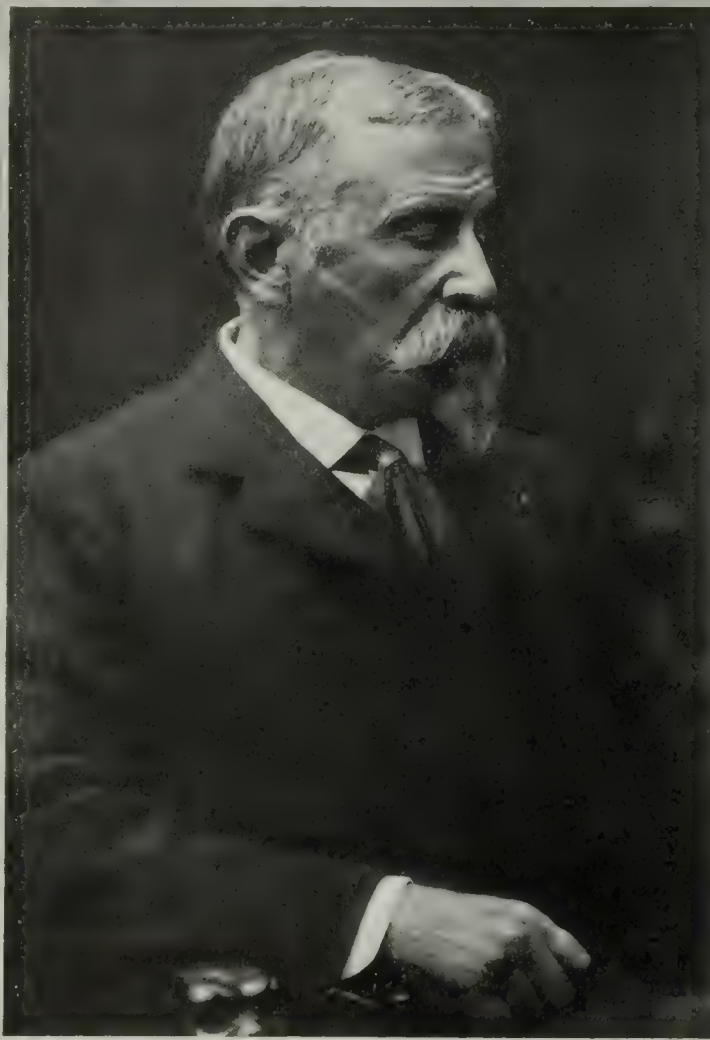
Religious feeling has been the inspirational and motive power of all great art from earliest times, and amongst savages of the present day, elemental as their religion is, so is their art. Religious feeling amongst Christians is at a notoriously low ebb. Amongst the Eastern nations, the followers of Buddha have long since lost their cunning in reiterated symbolism. In modern times, the newest, the youngest of the arts is music. Is it to win a glorious future and development, or are we with our lack of religious feeling, and suffering from the inevitable materialism and brutality of the most appalling war in history, to turn it to the baser uses of the vulgar world in which we live? Europe is suffering too intensely financially to carry on the beautiful traditions of the past—so the young and eager artists, born with the traditions and talents of the gifted European races, are turning to us and expecting us to carry on the torch. What is the character of the soil on which they expect to plant their gifts?

The true artist, who will bring us golden gifts, comes here burning with enthusiasm and believing in this land of milk and honey that he has only to appear to find opportunities, and finds in reality what? He must arrive in New York, and he must there make his success, for it begins and ends there; the Western cities do not want him unless he has earned a reputation in the great metropolis. First he finds a "manager," without whom nothing can be done and to whom he must pay so much before he has a concert that he is half ruined already. He is forced to play inferior music, if he is of a timid disposition, as he is told no one wants to hear the great works, and if he wants a public, he must begin that way; later on he may perhaps try other things.

He plays the wretched transcriptions and popular or sentimental works suggested. Alas! it is very pleasing to the audience! Or, if he is courageous, he gives a fine programme, and is prodigal of his great talents as well. Disillusionment awaits him when he finds that the proceeds of the concert do not nearly cover expenses. The critics—well, we know the critics—and they are very tired and very overworked. They have had time to listen to one number only, and then must rush to the opera to hear some worn-out aria sung by some tired but ever confident diva. Yet the public, having no opinion of its own—I have not forgotten there are exceptions to every rule—reads the criticism of his concert next morning, and if unfavorable, dismisses the artist's name.

After the managers, come the orchestral organizations. Now how do they at-

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Harriet Bishop Lanier is well known as the President of the Society of the Friends of Music. She has done a great deal for the advancement of music in America through her ability and efforts in connection with this society. The object of the Friends of Music is to produce the best music, old and new, and to bring before the public American composers as well as the latest European compositions.



*The late Henry Lee Higginson*

tend to their responsibilities? Their responsibilities should transcend the thought of whether the public is pleased, whether they have chosen artists who fill the house, or whether they come anywhere near meeting their budget—but now even far more is added to their burdens. They must make a sensation at whatever cost. They must climb into social prominence over the back of the orchestra leader whom they have chosen, not because he is a genius at his task, nor because he has the acclaim of his fellow artists, but because *they think* he is great, for he has met them at dinner and they find him charming. He is then hedged about with conditions like a cinema artist, or a variety show singer—he can do only just what they want. His art and what he has to show in all its various phases or departments must belong to them.

When will the time come for this new, young art to be allowed a healthy, normal development, honest competition, broadly disseminated work and opportunities, not by one-night stands through thousands of miles of territory, but by means of a great conservatory, music schools (they now never have enough money—it always goes to the

institutions already well supplied)—choruses and orchestras of the people and by the people, and who are taught by great masters not "Old Black Joe," or the "Swanee River," but lovely old chorals and the beautiful liturgical music of the old Flemish and Italian masters, the delicious secular music of the French and Flemish schools, and the folk songs of virile peoples, as well as the great classics magnificently played (which has never

yet been done for the people) yet out of which all modern music has developed? Is it to be Tschaiowsky or Bach and Beethoven? Who will educate the public? People brought up on the best music will be not only a great people but an artistic people as well. After proper nourishment, who wants to be fed on sickly sweets?

Is the splendid donation of a Juilliard to be managed so as to carry out his great project, or is it to be thrown away on those who have already more than they deserve? I ask this deliberately, for have not these rich organizations betrayed their responsibilities? Much of it has come through inadvertence, and as we are in our infancy, we cannot expect anything else; but it can be expected that we should acknowledge and feel the necessity of professional advice—not of the pseudo-artist gifted with pleasant speech, but of the artists whose beautiful and sincere work crowns their youthful years of devotion and reverence to their art. Aye! there it is—reverence. Must money and love of display and vulgar motives crowd out such a necessary attitude towards art, the fine flower of the race? I for one cannot believe it, even after the repeated blows to my optimism and my hopes that New York should be the Ideal City. It has shown a most perfect and wonderful growth in the splendid Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, where refinement and taste combined with knowledge have

won a splendid victory. Why not do as well for music? The Western cities have done wonders. Consider the Detroit Orchestra. In two years it has already become one of the most beautiful and well-balanced in the country. A beautiful hall with fine acoustics has been provided for it, and the leader given an opportunity to develop both his talents as a pianist and as an orchestra leader. We can well follow their example.

When gifts are made to great composers by which the repose and quiet they need for their great works may be achieved, when a broad-minded, healthy co-operation exists among the different musical organizations, when money no longer rules, but taste, and when the methods of a Henry Higginson (how far we are away from those) are followed, art and artists no longer exploited, petty jealousies and personal animosities put aside, and when courage takes possession of our hearts, then, and then only, will New York be a great art centre. Let us all work for it, for how can it be supposed that without the traditional training, our minds are ready to absorb so profound a message as that which music brings? Let us remember art is a rare plant.



# The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

## Drama and Democracy

By GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

THE stuff of which everyday life is made is dull, drab, prosaic, sometimes threadbare, but we all have our castles in Spain and they are akin to the stars. The stage, in a sense, is the castle or the star. It is realistic enough to seem real, it is close enough to be ours, it can be the outlet of over-charged emotion, the peep-hole through which we view the world, with a pink light deftly attached, and it may be always the just-beyond of our dreams.

The average man expresses all this when he says he does not want to be harrowed at the play, he wants to be "taken out of himself." It is not out of himself, it is into the inner recesses of himself that he wants to be led, the place where optimism reigns. This longing draws the public to exaggerated sentimental plays, to melodramas, to plays which lie on the border-line of possibility and fringe the mantle of the real.

A tremendous danger has inevitably threatened the art of the stage. The danger that its colossal appeal be used purely for purposes of reforming something or someone, or that its appeal be used for the purpose of uplift. No cause is great enough to justify debasing the drama, or, in other words, to give art any reason to exist except by itself and for itself purely and solely.



Edward Sheldon

peasant, the middle class problem taken out of its importance into the unreality of other world aristocracy, shrugged his shoulders, and something new began to happen. It was a rather exciting something new, it was truly a mixed adventure.

The first American playwrights were interested in human emotion, elemental and native. And, besides, they composed plays eminently constructed for the footlights and entirely made for the people who would see them. It must have been with a sigh of relief that the man on the street greeted the simple problem which he was now to encounter when he went to the theatre. The distant, elusive, unimportant-to-him "sexual struggle" of the French dramatist was not the only form of recreation to be found on the stage!

These new plays embodied homely actions and words. They obtained often tremendous effects by such simple motives as sentimentality, tears and blood. Harrigan and Hart were their first inaugurators. The brush work which went into their makeup was often coarse, but their optimism was refreshing. It is real people who take their places on the stage. The country bumpkin, the maltreated maiden, the black-haired adventuress, the gambling villain, the pie-

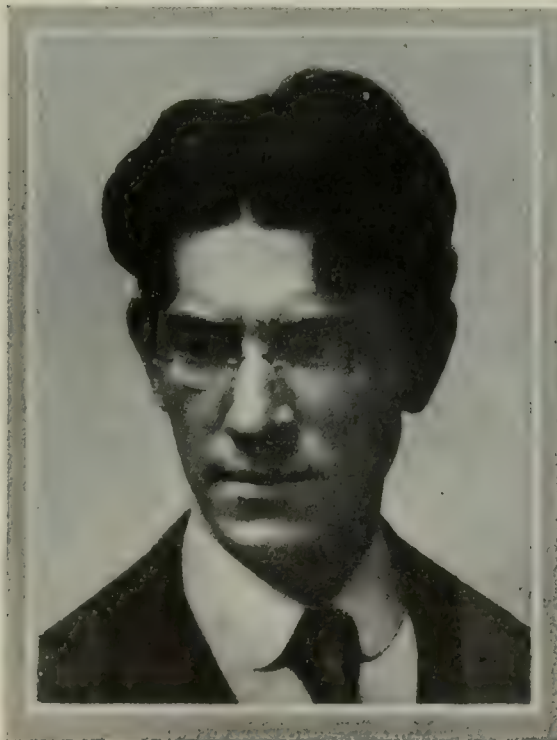
ferred from the beginning of the world, for in it there was no light. There were foreign schools transplanted intact. Then growing bolder, we rehashed, reinterpreted, readjusted foreign ideas, problems, points of view, and grafted them onto our soil. The French suited us best, we adopted their methods and



Eugene Walter

A madness of uncertainty hangs, like the sword of Damocles, over our heads. What shall we do next? Where shall we go? With what shall we now be clothed, fed, satisfied? We are not like the lilies of the field and we cannot be philosophical as they are. The stage is made the market-place for vending the goods of dissatisfaction. All the isms and ologies are the bane of dramatic existence. They spring to life like weeds in a garden not sufficiently cared for.

The beginning of the dramatic world dif-



Percy Mackaye

lines in drama just as we originally did in painting, and always have in dress. The style was becoming, the ready-made garment, with its smartness, its air of grandeur, suited us. Finally a few people appeared, spoken of rather derogatively at the time, who laughed at the good old farmer dressed as a foreign



Augustus Thomas

turesque hero pass before our eyes—they are a part of life so close as almost to be a part of our own life. They are the day dreams that are just within our reach; they are life, a pulse of its beat. Their intrinsic value lay in that they possessed one or more faithfully observed characters, usually taken from country life. Their plot was almost negligible, purely conventional, and had it not been for the development of the local characters and the human appeal, would in themselves not have had much significance. But the char-

(Continued on page 68)





PORTRAIT OF KATHERINE, BY EUGENE SPEICHER

ONE of the few portraits in the second annual exhibition of the New Society of Artists, which opens November eighth, this one by Eugene Speicher will interest those who have been seeking through the roster of American portrait painters for a sensitive and conscientious brush. Mr. Speicher has tempered his borrowings from Renoir with the timidities of a fundamental integrity. He is a fine example of the push away from the pyrotechnics of Sargent, which has lately been manifested by our figure painters. His color has none of the full maturity of Renoir's, his brush none of the sophisticated boldnesses of Sargent's. Perhaps he is a typical example of the trend of the more serious American painting.





Three etchings which are typical of the recent work of Lee Hankey



## Figures in Etching

*With an Incidental Reference to Mr. W. Lee Hankey*

By LAURENCE HAGUE

*Pictures courtesy the Mussman Galleries*

ETCHING in the last quarter of a century or so has busied itself with subjects in which figures counted only as designators of the scale of buildings, as uprights in flat landscapes or as spots of color. Landscape and architecture, the latter more than the former, has predominated as subject matter. To-day there appears a trend here and in England toward the figure. It would be difficult at any time to explain how English workers in any graphic medium could keep their productions clear of the human figure. This has never been difficult in America. The Royal Academy, which does more reverence to the taste of its public than our National Academy of Design, has always aimed to give it pictures in which a story interest might hold where an art interest failed to hold.

The most widely recognized of our painters (Whistler and Sargent really belong to Europe) have been landscape painters, and our etchers have dealt in architectural subjects. John Sloan was for a long time an isolated exception. He has in men like Arthur B. Davies, Kenneth Hayes Miller and Mahonri Young a number of companions now, but none who repeat, as he does, a literary English tradition.

It is a curious fact that of the English etchers who to this time have come to be known over here none was so literary as Sloan, the American. Mr. Brangwyn's figure things have been just that, just



figure things, arrangements in which figures helped to break sharp contrasts of light and shade, to vary the monotony of great planes, to lend action to lines. As human beings they have not counted at all. Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. D. Y. Cameron and Mr. McFee have introduced figures with only the slightest reference to their integrity as human beings.

We have had a great many decorative landscapes from the needle of Mr. W. Lee Hankey, some of them in color. In these, for the most part, one felt that the forms of trees and houses and fields, that the black streak of a river counted no more as such than did the decoratively useful figures in Brangwyn's bold and brazen machines. Indeed Mr.

Hankey for a long time seemed to belong to that school of art which flourished in Paris in the early nineteen hundreds and speckled the Salons with canvases in which the spotting of masses into swinging arrangements was considered of more importance than the explanation of the masses. Trees, as an example, might suggest trees generally; it was unnecessary that they depict them particularly.

The etchings which he has recently exhibited here show that he has, for the moment at least, and probably definitely, answered to the pull of the English tradition at the head of which is William Hogarth and at the tail such minor tattlers as Orchardson, Collier and Richmond, or Mr. Dandy Sadler.



*Landscapes by Lee Hankey*

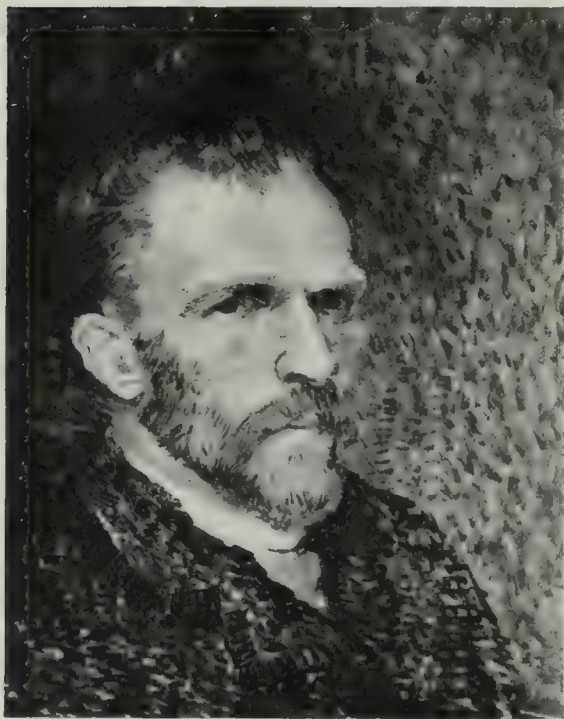


*The Weaver*

## Vincent and the Family Heirlooms

*First There Was Cézanne and Then Gauguin and Now Van Gogh*

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

*Self portrait*

ARTISTS, like dogs, have their days—days in which they are placed upon high pinnacles and admired or adored from way below by a mass of submissive enthusiasts never so happy as when sent to their knees. The funniest thing about art is not the artist. He is jumped from obscurity into the thrones of the mighty, into the realm of genius without turning so much as a hair.

Perhaps the admiration of pictures may be resolved into an admiration of personalities. Perhaps the intensity so generously and generally described as the main attribute of Vincent Van Gogh, as an example, is a reflection of the fact of his suicide. Who can tell?

The exhibition of the work which has remained in the possession of his family, held at the Montross Gallery, must leave the most enthusiastic admirers of Vincent—they grow in number rapidly this year—in some doubt of a particular aspect of the ground for their enthusiasm. Among the paintings in that collection not one suggests an intensity of enough

isolation to have led to suicide. The man is enjoying the world as he paints these canvases and especially a world of art which gives color to many of his impressions. He is far from isolation. He is far from that soul-eating intensity so much beloved by his romantic biographers. We might almost conclude here, knowing less of his history, that his des-

*Diggers*





Man sowing



Landscape

perate final act was the result of a despair engendered exclusively by impotence.

Instead of finding a subjective giant marching roughshod over the objectivities of nature, marching thus armed with a formidable vision, we find a very humble little man seated before nature with every faculty open to that which she may have to tell him. Every faculty, with the exception of one or two or even three, which have been closed or directed by art influences. No artist is ever entirely rid of these. Vincent in Holland was a low-toned painter, in France he became an Impressionist. It is difficult to decide from the evidences of this collection whether he ever successfully ceased being an Impressionist. The most convincing of his canvases have their root in that school of painting. The later ones, which seem to reach further technically, do not carry a comparable conviction. They are almost empty shells. They have the fabric of a dogma, but none of the meat on which it grew.

I do not mean that it is an uninteresting collection. It is, on the contrary, a mighty interesting collection. And particularly at this time when the star of Van Gogh is in the ascendant popularly; when, indeed, it appears that Cézanne, Gauguin and Matisse are, this year at least, to make room for him, are to be forced to make room for him. The art public, in its consistent fickleness, has decreed the arrival of his turn. He will on that account bear a very close general inspection. It is unfortunate that that cannot very well be done within the confines of the Montross Gallery show.

It is an early Van Gogh that we view—the artist in the making—a man with a sensitive and timid brush, in some instances, and those the most successful, and in others belaboring his canvases with heavy swabs of paint, bold loads of it, which very seldom hide the want of anything comparable to them in boldness or might of message. He shouts things in these instances that should

have been hardly worth the weight of a whisper.

Indeed, the man who painted the postman, a too decorative canvas to belong to Impressionism, is a man who has lost or momentarily discarded much of the sensitiveness, delicacy and sobriety which informs his purely realistic earlier portrait of himself, who has gone wilfully rather than naturally or progressively from being humble to being arrogant. We even spy a stutter in the arrogance, a want of assurance, a weakness. He is not certain of the validity of the pose he strikes. He wonders a little. He stumbles a lot. But he begins to be the Van Gogh which the world will later acclaim as a contributor to the sum of its knowledge. He is no longer content to receive from nature. He must now put the conclusions of his long assimilation into concrete shape. Return the debt with interest. Still, he is only the fledgling of the man who will later make vivid a picture of the dynamic forces of nature, who will show us the shooting of trees toward the sky, who will give us an almost madly energetic conception of the push, of the vitality of growth.

He is making marks of a new and of a different character in two or three of these landscapes, marks which are in the style of the full-fledged man, but which, through want

of potency, fall very short of the man. This collection was shown before the war in Munich and Cologne. Could it be that the more convincing examples of the later work have all gone from it into the collections of the assiduous German buyers of the works of that modern trinity, Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh? This modernist of the Montross show is not comparable to Cézanne and Gauguin. (We are dealing with the paintings.) Indeed, he would appear casually to contribute less than Matisse, whose translucent color has given a new note to painting, or, at least, accentuated an old one. The Primitives lose considerable clarity through the amber veneer of many coats of varnish.

The drawings, which fill an entire gallery, will give a very definite or a very intimate conception of the force and patience and conscientiousness of the man. They are in many styles and mediums. They show the progress of the man toward the style which was ultimately to express him. He borrowed as much from art, we see here, as he did from nature.

Some of the interiors, the two of farm houses especially, might have come out of the Hague school; one, the weaver, while going much less into the literal reproduction of a fact still suggests those stories of the life of

Christ drawn in water color by Tissot; others bring us to certain Germans who have felt that the rendition of strength is reached through the exaggeration of anatomical factors, while through the collection is to be found a constant recurrence of the influence of Millet. Apparently the man who liked to sign himself simply Vincent was a tireless investigator whose humility permitted the honest reception of all kinds of influences.

Apparently also, as may be seen in such a drawing as the View of Mt. Major, or in one of willows in a country garden, it was when he forgot the precedence of art and devoted himself exclusively to nature that the master began to make his appearance. It was here he found himself.



The Reaper



## Recent Acquisitions

*This Museum, the Richest  
Been Reopened*



*Portrait of Mme. Le Courtois, by Jean François Millet*



*Apollo and Daphne by Giambattista Tiepolo*



*A portrait drawing by Ingres*



*Roman bust given in memory of Gustave Dreyfus*



# of the Louvre

*in the World, Has Just  
After the War*



*A painting from the love idyl Rinaldo and Armida, by Tiepolo*



*The Mender by Théodule Goujon*



*A bronze cupid from Asia Minor*



*A drawing by Barye*



# Architectural Impressions

By AYMAR EMBURY, II  
Editor Department of Architecture

## Fashions in Public Taste

HERE is probably no other word more frequently used in discussions, either written or oral, about art than "taste," and there is probably no word which is so difficult to define. The word is very often employed when *good taste* is meant, as, for example, in the common colloquial expression describing a poorly dressed woman, "she has no taste," and far too frequently *taste* is confused with *fashion*, as when one describes a house furnished in "perfect taste," when the speaker really means that the house is furnished in the current fashion. It is very difficult to set up standards for things æsthetic, including things architectural, and to say that that which departs from these standards lacks taste, and that which conforms to them is tasteful, is far from correct, for there has never been a period in art in general or in architecture in particular when good and bad were not commingled. It is customary to think of all Victorian work as having been in execrable taste and it is probably true that during this time the proportion of ugly things was far greater than at any other historic period, but to condemn all things Victorian shows lack of discrimination, for many times articles of the Victorian period showed that indefinable quality, taste, as clearly as do those of the Renaissance of today. I have said that the Victorian period was *probably* bad on the whole, instead of damning it completely, for we are still too near the period to be sure that our current judgment is correct and not liable to reversal by the generations to succeed us.

IT so happens that the Victorian period is the only one which practically everybody is united in condemning, just as practically everybody today regards the American Colonial as being universally good quality, and yet I doubt whether the public taste of the two periods differed very largely in degree. It was simply that the fashions of the two periods were entirely unlike and the great mass of the public followed blindly and without discrimination the fashion, rather than exercised their taste.

It is said that the reasoning powers so proudly claimed by the human race as distinguishing them from the brutes, lie dormant for a good part of the time and are not exercised by the average individual so often as once a week. Our daily affairs do not require the exercise of reason, but only of knowledge; the knowledge, for example, that if we leave our offices at five o'clock we will have time to get the five-fifteen train home; this train of thought is no different from that of the dog who has learned that if he scratches at the door long enough, his master will let him in; neither is an exercise of reason. In the same way, the woman who goes to a decorator's and buys what are reputed to be antiques, very rarely exercises taste, but only conforms to fashion.

EVEN in antiques, fashions change. Personally I have never cared for the grandiose French design of the periods of Louis XIV and XV, but I can perceive that much of the design is beautiful and that for certain methods of living it is appropriate. It so happens that today those periods are out of favor and the person who furnishes his house in the

style of Louis XV is spoken of as being tasteless, or if there is a shadow of ground for the suspicion, is regarded as "nouveau riche." On the other hand, the person who buys old Italian furniture or old Spanish furniture or old English furniture, or even all three, and furnishes with them alone, is regarded as being tasteful in the extreme. The quality of design of the articles thus does not seem to enter very greatly into the public opinion of what is good taste.

Everyone will remember that eight or ten years ago Mission furniture was all the rage and Mission houses were thought to be the last word in cottage design. Extraordinary sentiment! Today the Mission style is as dead as the Victorian and I know of nothing which will damn a newcomer in a town more completely than to say that his house is furnished in the Mission style. This is not fair to the period, which did have as its basis a sound bit of reason, namely, that furniture should be solidly constructed and able to stand considerable wear and tear. We have also to remember that we owe to the Mission movement one very great debt—the education of the public to realize that a piano finish on golden oak and a cherry-stained mahogany did not take the place of good design, and that soft tones and dull finishes were more valuable in bring out the grains of woods than varnish shined up like a nigger's heel.

ARCHITECTS are inclined at times to believe themselves the sole representatives of a nation's taste, and that those who fail to agree with them are Philistines to a degree. I wonder if during the Gothic period the architects of the cathedrals which we so much admire, felt that the wealthy men of their day who persisted in living in what remained of old Roman villas were Philistines. It is quite likely that they thus thought, and yet it is amazing that the public taste which could produce the Gothic cathedrals so completely failed to preserve the relics of Roman art so profusely strewn about Europe. We are accustomed, through what I imagine to be false sentiment, to regard the mediæval builders as giants in design, and the public, which contributed money and labor to putting these conceptions into concrete form, as being universally tasteful. Yet I cannot believe that any community which would submit to the use of the Roman amphitheatre at Nîmes as a quarry could have been composed of people of very great public taste. Likewise in Roman times, I think it was fashion rather than taste which led to the imitation of the Greek forms of architecture, and since then everything Greek was regarded as being the acme of perfection, there must have existed in Rome the same blind worship of Greek furniture and Greek art that is today our attitude toward the Renaissance; and just as the Romans despised the Etruscan, so do we despise the Victorian.

Our modern architects hear over and over again that, with all their knowledge of things past, they should far surpass the designers of the Classic age or of the Gothic period or of the Renaissance, and I think the public as a whole is inclined to feel a scornful surprise that we are not able to achieve more greatly. It is, after all, rather surprising that each generation does not surpass the preceding one in sheer

ability, yet such is the fact, not in architecture alone, but in every creative work. One of our foremost archæologists has said that there probably never existed a race which was intellectually the equal of the Greeks of the fourth century B.C., for a country with a population of a poor half million produced twelve men so eminent that the world since has not produced another dozen who were mentally their equals, and the achievements of these Greeks were not in only a single line, for they included a mathematician like Euclid, a philosopher like Plato, and a sculptor like Praxiteles. I do not believe that our architects compare less favorably with those of the past than do our mathematicians or our philosophers. The Greeks honored their painters, sculptors and architects as they are never honored today, not so much, I think, because of any difference in human nature, as because the Greeks had so little with which to compare the works of their men. It must have been obvious to every Greek that the Erechthian at Athens was a far better gateway than the portal at Mykenai, and as the average in building in Greece was of the rudest possible description, the temple of the Parthenon was almost without a competitor. In our time very lovely works of art pass unseen by the many and unnoticed except by the few, not because public taste is worse, but because our great buildings are not, as a rule, buildings for the public use or entertainment and we have no proprietary feeling for them.

THE lack of appreciation of the art of our own time is not to my mind as important an indication of the state of public taste as is the lack of discrimination in praising all works of the times which have preceded ours. Colonial furniture, while perhaps not the most sought after of all types of antique furniture, is still sufficiently in vogue to illustrate the point I wish to make. Immediately succeeding Colonial time, during the transition period from Colonial to Victorian, there was made a great deal of mahogany furniture that is miserable in design, heavy and clumsy beyond that of the Mission period; and yet this furniture, labeled as Colonial, is bought nearly as eagerly and at prices entirely comparable with the real Colonial. Nor can this be explained on the ground of the collector's instinct, for this so-called American Empire furniture has little value to the collector. Much furniture is, of course, purchased for collections purely because of its oddity or because of some historical fact in connection with its manufacture, although it is not useful as furniture and is ugly in design. With the collector I have no quarrel, providing that he does not assert that beauty is a concomitant of rarity, for the collector is a person in a different frame of mind, at least as regards his hobby, from the normal human being. On the other hand, the wealthy man who knows little about art works of any kind and who buys any old piece simply because it is old, is the man who makes a bigger mistake than the chauffeur who goes out and buys good, strong, ugly golden oak chiffoniers and bedsteads, for the chauffeur buys utility, whereas the rich man spends uselessly.

I have said that the fashion of the moment is for Italian furniture and objects of



art. I wonder how many people who buy old Italian furniture know anything about the periods in Italian art, or to how many of them it has occurred that just as there are periods in Colonial and periods in English work, there were periods in Italian? Much of the Italian work is unquestionably very beautiful, even of the ugly and degraded baroque, although Russell Sturgis, in his "History of Architecture," defines baroque as being "in bad taste because excessive." I believe that taste, to be really taste, must be catholic; one must be able to appreciate the good in every style and to condemn the bad. By this I do not mean that one should have no preference as to style, for no two individuals have the same likes or dislikes. We men agree reasonably well as to whether a girl is or is not pretty, although her beauty may have no appeal to us whatever; so with architecture or any other art, we may like English work or French work or Italian work the best, but we should be able to tell whether work in the other styles is good or not. Of course, habit has much to do with our feeling. It is difficult for a European to see much beauty in a negress, yet unquestionably there are standards of beauty as positive and as definite in that race as in the Caucasian. I would not say that the public taste among the negroes is inferior to ours—it is simply a different variety of taste.

On the other hand, it is very easy to become accustomed to things which are positively ugly if there is no object of quality with which to compare them, or if the public taste is sufficiently debased to actually prefer ugly things to good. I have been in several cities where everyone I have met, knowing that I was an architect, has asked me if I did not like certain buildings; which I found at times to be extremely embarrassing, for the buildings were only expensive and not in the least beautiful. On the other hand, buildings which

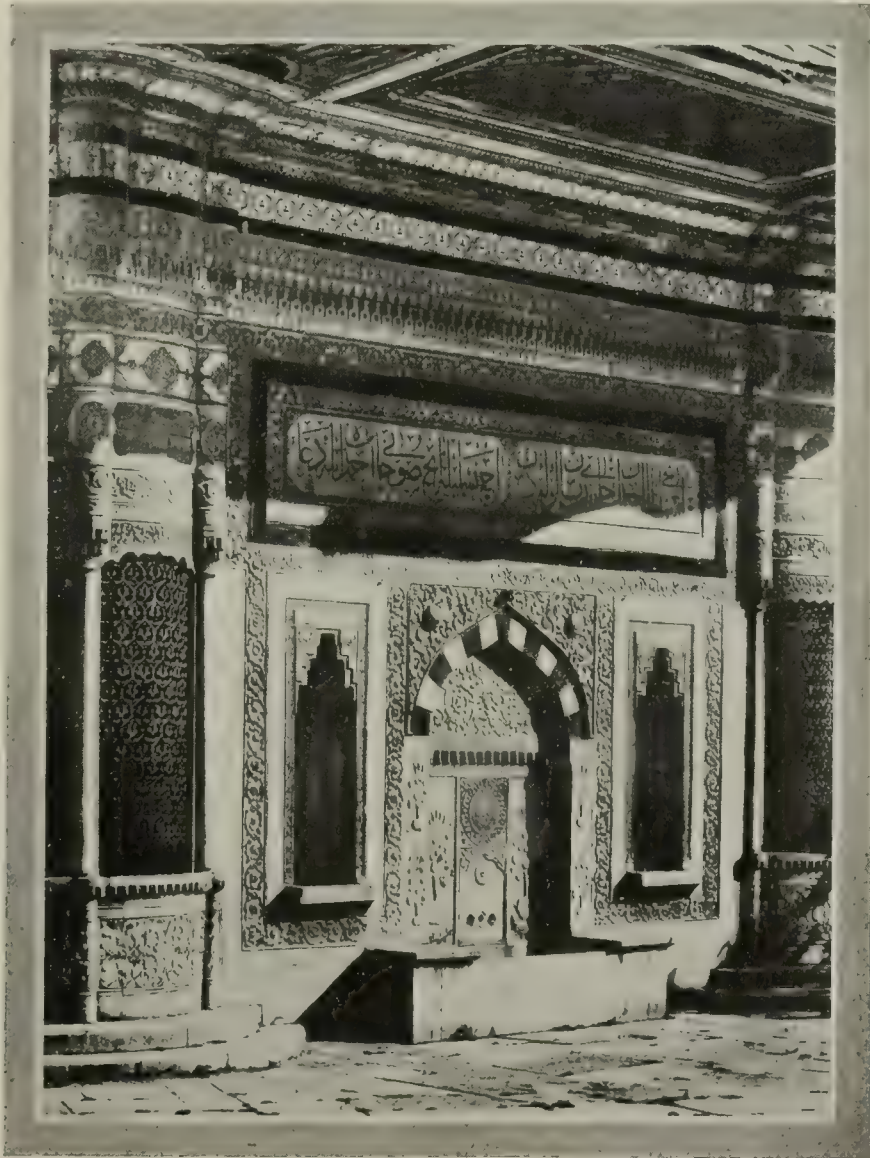
I have pointed out to the people in these towns as being the sort of thing I liked had apparently passed unnoticed, for they were too plain, too simple or too inexpensive to attract attention, and because they were out of fashion in those towns, were condemned unthinkingly. Of course, I felt that I was right and they were wrong, for each one of us believes himself to be a person of infallible taste and that those who disagree with him have none. Each of us should continue so to feel, and not be willing to surrender his opinion to that even of trained artists, providing that his taste is founded upon his instinct for what is correct, and *not* upon fashion or cost.

AS soon as we Americans arrive at that happy stage where we will really think for ourselves in art matters, we will set up a new and very high standard of public taste. So long as we consider values in terms of dollars, or taste in terms of fashion, we will arrive nowhere. Fortunately the fashion of the day is, in the opinion of most trained artists who are reasonably familiar with the products of the past and are able to discriminate between them, one which is thoroughly in the right direction and almost amounts to good public taste. This fashion may educate the nation to a real appreciation of the values in art; although, since it is founded very largely on somewhat unreasoning worship of one or two old styles which happen to be good, it is quite possible that our current fashion may be succeeded by one which is as bad as this is deserving. Public taste in this country is led to some extent by the artists, but only as they may be able to interest their clients, and in the final analysis the public taste of the nation is set by the very wealthy. I think the careless buying of the rich, whether it be the services of an architect, or a piece of Italian needlework, does more harm to the public taste than can the work of any archi-

tect or any painter. On the other hand, a just appreciation and a catholic taste among the wealthiest of the American will in the end be reflected down to the very poorest, and it must not be forgotten that the public taste of a country is composed of the opinions of poor and rich alike. In the Colonial town there were practically no ugly buildings—there were mediocre buildings and beautiful buildings—and because there was only one style, with which everyone was thoroughly familiar and which everyone had learned at least to some extent to appreciate, there was small chance to go wrong. Today our cities and suburban communities are heterogeneous collections of imitation of architecture from all known sources, and the problem of educating the public taste to appreciate good English design and good Colonial design and good French design and good Italian design is infinitely more difficult than was the problem in Colonial times especially, and it is unlikely that any of the buildings are really good exponents of the styles which they profess to represent.

THE tendency of the present age seems to be less toward novelty than used to be the case, but even so the novel is very often acclaimed as beautiful, just as the exact duplication of an old English manor house, wormholes, bad design and all, is considered beautiful. It seems almost hopeless to expect, under these conditions, that the standard of our public taste can be very high, and yet I believe that it is steadily improving, in spite of all these things.

I hope for a time in the not very distant future when the American public may have sufficient knowledge to discuss the achievements of Charles Platt and Cass Gilbert with the same intelligence with which it now discusses the works of Eddie Collins and Babe Ruth and others of similar character.



Two pictures taken by the Red Cross showing details of the old French church at Perigueux built by the early Venetians



# Gardening in the Sky

## *The Landscape and Architectural Possibilities of Undeveloped Roof Areas*

WHEN they built the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which history inscribed as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, it is safe to assume that the builders had not at their disposal the engineering and constructive facilities which are ours today, and also that real estate values in ancient Babylon did not even approximate those of our larger metropolitan centers today.

The answer is that we are neglecting a rich possibility in failing to make use of the vast undeveloped roof areas of our great cities, not only in the instance of dwellings, but of commercial buildings as well. It is true that certain hotels have devised roof-gardens which attract visitors from near and far, and that at least one large metropolitan public school utilizes its roof for a recreation and drill ground for the pupils.

So much more, however, might be accomplished on small as well as large roof areas. This is admirably illustrated in the accompanying photographs of a roof in Brooklyn. Here is an instance of imagination and ingenuity inspiring architecture. And how beautifully simple it is! It is so gracefully achieved that to many it may even seem obvious, and occasion wonderment that there are not more such delightful oases in the urban desert of barren roof-tops.

Here is charm and romance and seclusion, a real retreat from the city's many crudities. You can have ever-loved, picturesque Italy, old Spain, or a bit of Algiers on your own housetop. And the adaptability of Chinese and Japanese gardens to small areas unfolds infinite possibilities. When an entire landscape may be designed, by the most artful utilization of scale, to occupy a porcelain bowl no larger than a handkerchief—think of the delightful Eastern garden you may contrive upon a city roof-top.

Although the Ritz Hotel in New York is not a large building, and the area occupied by its Japanese garden is relatively small, yet you sit at tea beneath a straw thatch, and hear a running brook, which tinkles under miniature bridges and between old stone lanterns,

and you are far away from the time and fact of a great Occidental metropolis.

The roof-garden which is illustrated on this page can be accepted as unusually well done, because it has not yet achieved the softening and aging charm of fully grown vines and planting. It stands forth a beautiful thing,



*Entrance hall in the apartment connected with the Spanish roof garden*

on the sheer merit and ingenuity of its architecture.

Certainly the quaint tower and stairway at one corner is a delightful device, and the covered arched loggia, with its tiled roof, is as appropriate for roof-architecture as it is charming in itself.

While the secret of all good architectural design is *scale*, nowhere is this essential element so important as in designing a roof treat-

ment such as this. Here, within a very definitely limited area, there is suggestion of considerable space, and also of the large exterior aspect of full-sized buildings flanking an open courtyard. To handle such a problem as this is to design with excellent sureness in *scale*, and both architect and owner are to be congratulated on having achieved an unusually successful thing.

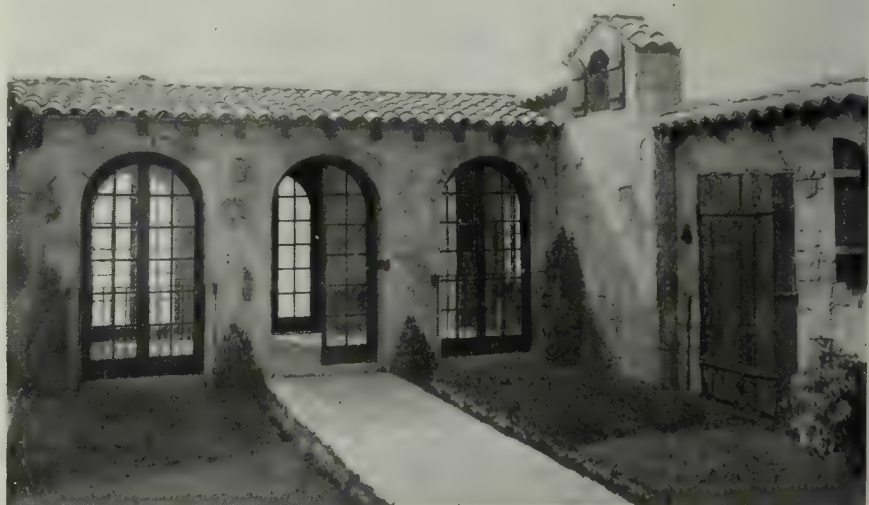
For a great many reasons it is to be hoped that the publication of so successful a piece of roof-architecture will send many a building owner out upon his roof-top to visualize its latent possibilities. Water-tanks and elevator shaft-houses can always be picturesque towers, and the roof area itself is only waiting to be laid out in tiled walks and flower beds, with pergolas, pavilions, garden furniture, sun-dials and all the delightful garden things which now are so unnecessarily far away from the dweller in the crowded, gray city.

Indeed, it has come to be a part of the romance of this city, that the most intimate, which may be to say the most revealing parts of it, psychologically or philosophically, are hidden away from the eyes of the casual observer. Only in the most congested parts of Manhattan, the populations of which overlap the buildings designed to house them, do we get any sort of contact with its family life. That life in the richer sections, which at least outwardly are the most Puritan sections, will never be subjected to public observation, never entirely. But we have learned since the war that even in the big European cities, or, to be more specific, in that American idol, Paris, a great deal of the life of the people is carried on outdoors.

Part of the joy of eating and drinking upon the terraces of Paris cafés rests in that they are vantage points for the observation of passing people, of the life of the city. Roofs offer no such view of the human comedy. But it is probably not too great a flight of imagination to suppose that, with the progress of aeroplanes, there will be born a public on which the eyes of the roof dwellers may feast, and also, that the decoration of the roofs will inevitably follow the arrival of that public.



*A delightful suggestion of old Spain or picturesque Italy is achieved in this relatively small roof area*



*A tile-roofed loggia closes one end of this highly imaginative and romantic roof garden*



# Many Periods Contribute to Modern Taste

Photographs courtesy Wm. A. French Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

**E**NGLISH Jacobean oak dresser of the Welsh type. Such a piece held the household pewter of landed English families during the early Seventeenth Century. Carefully "antiqued" by softening the sharp edges and producing little irregularities of surface, it has, in addition to the careful joinery, a mellow atmosphere and the soft patina of Seventeenth Century oak. The two oak side chairs are of the same type and period and are a portion of a most interesting dining-room suite. The embroidered curtains done in crewel wools are reproductions in design and effect of that type of needlework that was in vogue in England from the time of Elizabeth through the reign of Queen Anne. As a modern product, they become a beautiful accessory for the correctly appointed Jacobean room



**O**N the left, painted console and mirror.

A fine application of Italian Renaissance detail to modern design. The predominating colors are blue and rich deep cream, with such enlivening touches as in the faded scarlet of the carved drapery on the mirror frame. The entire piece is finished with an antique crackle. Taking the entire breakfast suite, of which these pieces are a part, or the various separate units, as the above console, they are all pieces of striking beauty, fine design and careful workmanship

**O**N the right a late Georgian commode of the type introduced into England by the Adam brothers and executed by such craftsmen as Pergolesi and Cipriani. The vase is painted a warm Sienna with flowers in natural tones. The entire surface is enriched and made interesting by a fine, evenly distributed crackle. The chair of the French Regency shows a refinement of the Louis XV type. The frame is of maplewood covered with needlepoint fabric and finished with finely set brass tacks



The davenport in this grouping is covered in Jacobean wool tapestry; above it is a portrait by Frances Greenman



Jacobean oak dresser showing details of Elizabethan carving and a pair of contemporary oak side chairs



# Decorating the Apartment

## The Advantages of the "Co-operative" Apartment Plan

By EMIL BAUMGARTEN

NED WEATHERBY and his charming wife had motored over to our country place to spend the week-end, and I was delighted to hear that they had just purchased an apartment in one of the large "co-operative" apartment houses that have recently become so popular among New York residents.

"My dear Robert," said Mrs. Weatherby, "what a problem it is to decorate and furnish an apartment and to achieve a really artistic interior, and at the same time make it a home that is livable! I have given the matter a great deal of thought and study since we decided to buy the apartment, as we are, of course, anxious to make it very beautiful and just as comfortable as our country house. We shall certainly want your advice and, as they have just completed the building, all that we need now is your 'magic wand' to transform our apartment into a real home. Ned and I have a hazy mental picture of how it is to look when finished, but we would not attempt to work out the details ourselves, with the dire results that would be sure to follow."

I was keenly interested and promised to inspect the apartment the following day. In the meantime, during Mrs. Weatherby's visit, I gained a very fair idea of its size and arrangement.

"Do you know, Robert," she said, "owning it in this way, we do not feel that it is an apartment at all; and you have no idea what a satisfaction it is to know that we do not have to take a lease and then worry about its renewal in a few years. Many of the apartments in the building have fifteen to twenty rooms, but ours is a smaller one. You enter a small hall from the elevator, and then pass into the long gallery. The salon, dining-room and library are located on the same side of the gallery, with the bed chambers, dressing-rooms, baths, etc., at the end of the gallery and at right angles to it. This arrangement, you see, makes all the rooms outside ones and insures us light and air."

The next morning I visited the apartment with Mrs. Weatherby and found that she had not in the least over-estimated the possibilities of making it most attractive. We spent considerable time going over the treatment of each room, developing Mrs. Weatherby's own ideas and deciding in a general way

on color schemes, "periods," etc. One of my designers was with us, and after the discussion he returned to the studio to reduce the suggestions to paper, with the help of our

could place an antique Aubusson rug and a small Chinese rug, treasures purchased by Mrs. Weatherby in Paris some years ago—and we had completed the room underfoot.

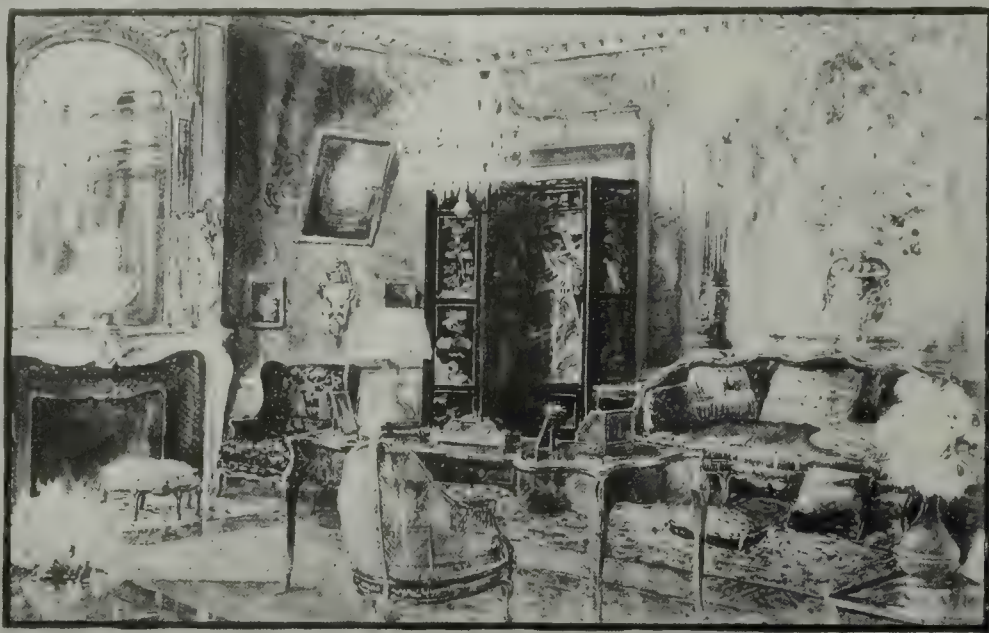
Blue taffeta silk was selected for inside window curtains and écru net for the glass curtains. We furnished the room with a chaise longue covered with blue silk; a three-fold screen in blue and cream broché; an antique marqueterie commode and secrétaire; a painted desk chair with canné seat and back; several painted arm-chairs covered in blue and cream striped silk; a painted slipper cabinet with glass shelves; and a marqueterie book case, with long French doors filled with a light wire grill, through which could be seen the beautiful bindings of books representing a life-long collection. And now the walls—to hang a pair of antique flower paintings, framed

very simply, and a number of original French color prints by Janinet and Debucourt, was the natural solution. Interesting lamps with simple shades and wall fixtures provided with wax candles gave a quaint and homelike atmosphere, and Mrs. Weatherby was to complete the room with small objects of her own individual selection.

For the main bedroom, we decided on light blue glazed walls, with cream mouldings, and apricot-colored taffeta for window draperies. The bed and canopy Mrs. Weatherby had bought from us years before and required merely to be repainted and remade. For furniture—a marqueterie night table with a marble top, a slipper chair in needlework, a pair of inlaid tulip wood commodes and a painted dressing table with a triplicate mirror framed in tortoise shell. This dressing table was to be so developed as to add charm to the room rather than to be of service, one

of the latter class being reserved for the large bathroom. Ample closets had been provided by the builders, containing sliding trays, boot racks, spaces for hats, canes and umbrellas, hanging space for a large wardrobe, etc. Later, I also found for this room a charming little antique prie-dieu, which pleased Mrs. Weatherby very much.

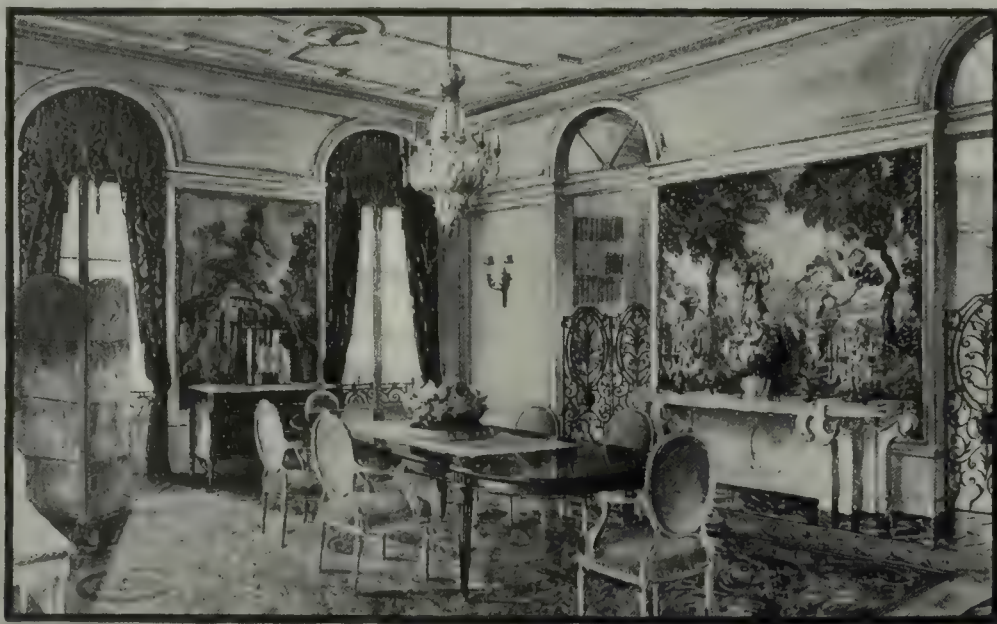
In the bathroom we showed the walls paneled in wood and painted a warm cream color. The floor was to be of tile of a large design, and several small antique hook rugs with pas-



*The salon is truly catholic in its decoration*

library and collection of sketches, so that studies embodying our ideas could be submitted as soon as possible.

We decided that the bed chambers, Mrs. Weatherby's boudoir and the bathrooms



*The Louis XVI dining-room has a feeling of hospitality*

should all be done in the French taste, as Mrs. Weatherby agreed with me that for intimate rooms this style presents the greatest possibilities.

In her own boudoir, the walls were to be painted a rich apricot color, heavily glazed—"rust color," let us say—with applied mouldings picked out in cream. As an overdoor decoration leading to the bedroom, we found later on in our studio a charming Grissaille painting that was just the thing. A putty-colored carpet for the floor, over which we



tel colorings were selected. All metal fittings were to be bronze finished; and here was to be the real dressing table, with pedestal ends containing drawers and a glass top, with a large triplicate mirror on the wall.

A day or two later, Mrs. Weatherby called at our showrooms, and I took her up to our "English Floor," where we found many suggestions for the library, and where she was able to choose a number of pieces, and also decided to have reproductions made of some of the antiques. Other objects in our collection helped us to elaborate the scheme which we had agreed upon, and in the tapestry gallery we found a panel, most appropriate for the salon as a companion piece to the one which Mrs. Weatherby already possessed and planned to use in the apartment.

"Well, Robert," she said, as she was leaving, "I feel that we are pretty well launched. I have been looking forward to this morning and have enjoyed it all ever so much."

Our sketches and plans for the main rooms were quickly made and discussed, and the work of decorating the apartment was soon under way. On the day that we were completing our work I dropped in to see that all was in order; and the picture that greeted me was indeed charming. The gallery was entirely finished and had developed most successfully. Our problem here had been to provide a suitable background for a large Sixteenth Century tapestry with small scale figures, which Mrs. Weatherby had greatly admired, and a pair of architectural paintings by Paninni, and we solved it by finishing the walls in rough plaster of a pinkish stone color, after the Italian manner, and providing an interesting cassetted ceiling. The doors were of walnut, in a simple and dignified panel design, with arched heads; and the floor was of stones, random-

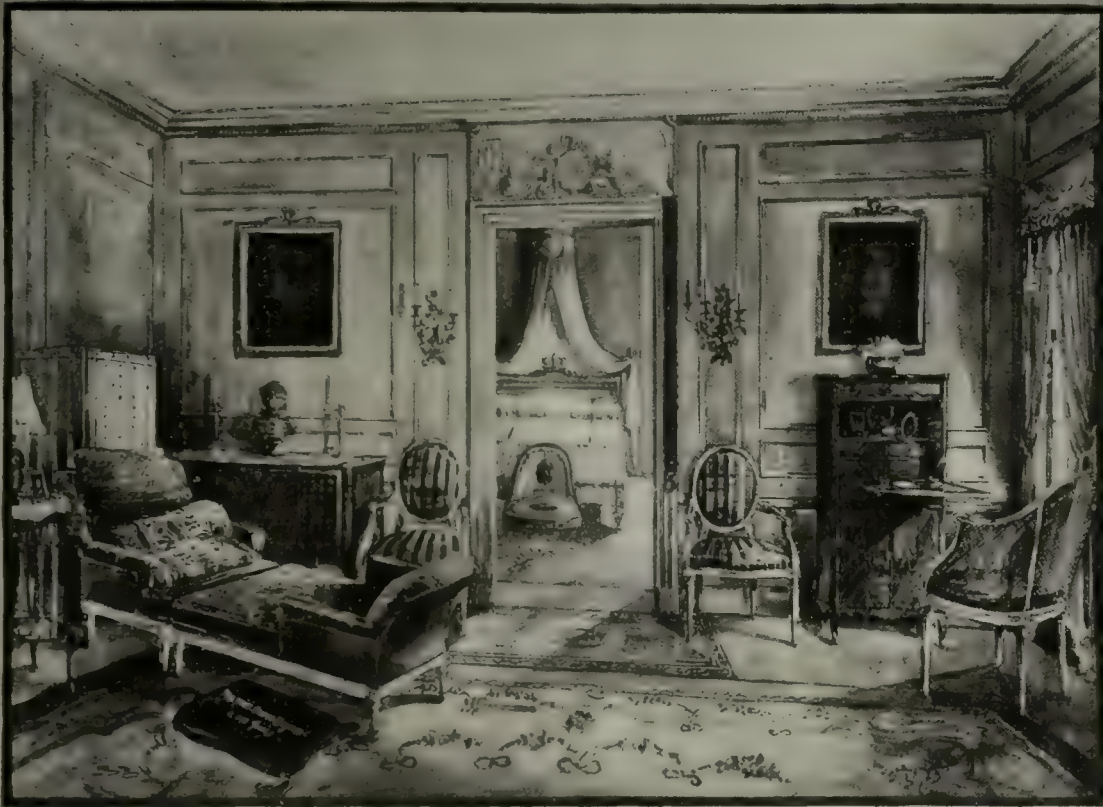
In the library, I found our upholstery foreman superintending the hanging of draperies, and my assistant was arranging the furniture and adding the finishing touches to the room. "Don't you think, sir," he asked, "that Mrs. Weatherby will be pleased with this? For my part, I think it's about as nice a library as we have done for some time." I quite agreed with him. A visit in England the previous year determined Mrs. Weatherby on a Geor-

desk, a needlework sofa, a pair of needlework armchairs, a walnut day bed and a Queen Anne wing chair, completed the ensemble. Finishing touches were being put on the lacquer doors and I was greatly pleased with them, especially so because I had had difficulty in convincing Mrs. Weatherby of their desirability. The room, to my mind, possessed refined luxury with modern comfort.

"The dining-room is finished, sir," said my



*A dignified room which combines library and living-room*



*The bedroom and boudoir are in the French taste*

size and random-laid, over which were placed a number of antique rugs and two large white bearskins. The furniture, consisting of an old cassoni on a platform, a Venetian lacquered cabinet, a narrow refectory table and a pair of walnut consoles with mirrors, was arranged along the walls, together with chairs covered in antique brocatelle of a soft rose color, all with an idea of balance, but avoiding undue stiffness. The treatment of the gallery was simple; but it had an air of welcome, making one expectant, I felt, of finding a real "home."

gian room for her combined living-room and library. We had painted the woodwork a soft green, heavily glazed, and a sienna marble mantel with white marble ornamentation accentuated the Georgian feeling which we had developed. Over this had been placed an interesting carved gilt mirror of the period. Several choice Oriental rugs were in place, and a workman, who had just put up the brise-bise curtains of écu figured silk on the windows, was hanging a two-tone green damask on the inside of the windows. A red lacquered

assistant, as we left the library. Here, indeed, Mrs. Weatherby and I had scored. This room had been a matter of much discussion between husband and wife, and in this case I had found it easy to agree with Mrs. Weatherby's ideas without exception. We had made a charming Louis XVI dining-room, without sacrificing dignity, warmth or the feeling of hospitality. The walls had been paneled and painted a soft cream, heavily glazed. On the floor we had a reproduction of an old Savonnerie carpet. A built-in sideboard with marble top formed a perfect support for the tapestry above; and a mahogany table and contrasting armchairs in paint, a marqueterie commode and a screen covered in damask completed the furniture. The sunlight beamed through the openings of the window hangings, a splendid striped silk in blue and cream; and, in place of the usual glazed muntin doors, our eyes beheld the unusual sight of wrought iron gates, through which we had the vista of the salon beyond.

The following Thursday afternoon she was "at home," and a host of her friends attended the "house warming." I was curious to hear the comments of her friends, just as I had been delighted the day before to hear her grateful and extravagant expressions of delight. I was glad to find Mr. X—the well known connoisseur and critique, among the guests. His home is one of the most beautiful residences in America, and his commendation of the apartment was most gratifying. He was particularly pleased with the salon, and I am going to quote exactly what he said to me about this room. "I expected to find an apartment in good taste, of course, but executed doubtless in a manner I have seen in many apartments done by decorators. You can imagine my surprise to find a salon which reflects perfectly my idea of a catholic decoration—I use the word in its broad sense."



# Mid-Winter Tendencies in Dress

By CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

AND the word went forth to be slim; and slimmness characterized the fall mode. . . . Milady took violent exercise and sought attenuated lines . . . and there was reduction and rejoicing . . . when of a sudden the Oracle of Paris was vexed with slim offerings and decreed fulness of width for the mid-winter styles.

This is not a parody or a burlesque, but the plain truth about the irresponsibility of the decrees of fashion.

No competent dressmaker will assert that it is difficult to reconcile fashion with the principles of the art of dress. It can be done, and has been done. But it is not sensational, and in order to attract attention it is the policy of the jury of designers never to agree.

For the late winter the fashion purveyors are using Moyen Age, Spanish influences, while the Orient is still regarded favorably by those designers who are influenced by the theatre. The use of period influences is not to be deprecated, if the results are right. The art of dress is justified in representing the influences from every cultural and artistic source; again, I repeat, it is only the results that count.

The use of a period inspiration in order to conceal lack of inventiveness is quite another matter. And the woman of taste will readily discriminate in this matter.

Is there any period or any extinct civilization that has been overlooked by our ambitious designers? Have the Peruvian motives and the craters of South America anything more to offer? Have the researchers exhausted the North American Indians, and have the museums discovered nothing new about the natives of Borneo?

VERY soon we will be tricked into surprise when an American designer will have the boldness to interpret American life and American customs. If he does this with artistic results, history will prepare a monument for him.

In our review of the fashions we have no wish to quarrel with the facts; facts must be respected. We have striven, however, to reassert elementary principles so fundamental to good taste that they will survive even if all the designers in the world were, for some mysterious reason, to stop designing. Fashions are secondary to the personal equation. There is art in dress to the extent that there is personality. It is, however, difficult to define personality.

Personality is not a fixed thing that can be measured scientifically, but is more like a landscape under changing skies. The variety of useful activities in which the modern woman is engaged and her broad range of interests make her an entirely different figure from that of her grandmother. Especially in American life, our surroundings constantly call us to new duties and new moods. I have always felt that time and place govern costume more fundamentally than any other art. I have seen a woman transformed as much by her surroundings as by her dress. At the opera, or at the horse show, or traveling to winter resorts, the American woman and her younger sister represent a far different picture than when engaged in some form of social activity, or art movement, or any work for betterment.

The secret of a truly great designer is his or her ability to create an individual dress without departing from the general principles

of art. The principles have been given to us by all of the arts of designing; the interpretation is a native talent that can be developed by close study of beautiful productions in all the related arts—painting, sculpture and decorations.

WHEN a John Sargent painted the portrait of Elihu Root he did not think of types, but he created an individual. So the dress designer should sympathetically interpret the individual woman. If this involves an economic problem, there is but one solution; every woman should be so trained in a knowledge of dress principles that she can join her own good taste with the talent of the designer and select from the existing fashions only such productions as are really artistic. If this seems Utopian, we must remember that it always takes a minority to start things.

There is valid ground for drawing an inferential picture of the fashions for the late winter and the early spring of 1921. Paquin has projected a number of interesting designs and his suits are of special interest because they are developed along a younger type than has prevailed. They continue being short (and for the American woman shortness is a very relative thing), and many are without a flare at all. Another designer promises to feature large sleeves with a larger arm size than formerly. We are reassured in learning that the waistline will respect natural law.

There is promise of an extensive use of broadcloth in suits, while for afternoon and evening dresses, lace, chiffons and satins will be the accepted fabrics. There may be nothing startling in this announcement, inasmuch as the available materials are strictly limited.

It is intimated that the French designers will devote special attention to sport goods. In this field American dress has accomplished very much, because we have interpreted ourselves and our outdoor life.

In the matter of colors, while Parisian dressmakers favor old red, the new color card issued by the association in this country speaks festive colors. Brilliant colors are sponsored. There is quite an interesting aggregate of new names for old colors; thus we will have Cascade, Niagara and Grotto, which are soft greenish blues. There are also Honeydew, Shrimp and Tangerine, a triplet of orange-yellows. Sweet Pea is a delicate pastel tone of violet. Browns are prominent and the cardinal colors are used in many combinations.

## *Broader Tendencies in the Field of Dress*

IN these articles we have endeavored to trace the evolution of the art of dress and to report such tendencies, both in America and in France, from which lovers of good taste might deduce progress. In line with this general aim it is proper to refer to two outstanding developments which are reported, not with any controversial purpose, but to appraise their significance. The first report concerns a movement on the part of French dress houses to establish branches in this country. For a time, prominent manufacturers and dressmakers in New York scouted the reliability of the report; but a recent consignment of responsible French journals indicates that the movement is more than a rumor.

It is stated that the purpose of this movement is to exploit original French creations on a larger scale and at the same time to protect them from the copyists. The former purpose

is one involving an economic problem with which we are not competent to deal; the latter object is most laudable, but we cannot see how it is to be achieved. Copying cannot be prevented; in fact, it will be made easier if the source for copying ideas is moved nearer to us by 3,000 miles. Moreover, a genial inventor has issued an alarming statement that very soon he will have an instrument by which a photograph or a drawing can be transmitted by telephone or cable. M. Belin is his name, and if he is successful it will be a name worth remembering. He claims that he has already successfully transmitted photographs and signatures from Paris to Lyons, a distance of 270 miles. Such an invention, if successful, will cause the American manufacturer to celebrate. Under present conditions he must await the descriptions of the costumes and the arrival of the sketch or the original model before work can be started on copying the gown. If M. Belin is successful, the American manufacturer would be in a position to duplicate any model shown in Paris on the day after the showing. It might be added that this invention will also be gratefully received by newspapers and fashion syndicates.

RETURNING to the significance of the French movement to establish branches here, it should be welcomed by those of our designers who have always believed in native recognition and have been without that artistic atmosphere without which art in dress cannot flourish. French dressmakers on Fifth Avenue should provide an excellent background and source of inspiration for any American designer worth his salt, and the competition may have the unexpected result of developing genuine ideas in style, instead of the present variations on and imitations of old themes.

After all, there can be harm in Mohammed coming to the mountain!

The other movement referred to arises from the fact that Miss Mary Pickford saw fit to give a French dressmaker the exclusive right to her business. This aroused the indignation of many American dressmakers, and one of them had the temerity to write her a letter of protest, in which he inquired whether the French genius had thus far produced an equivalent of our Mary Pickford. The question is somewhat disingenuous, and, as Miss Pickford explained, it was merely a matter of good business with her that she made the contract she did. She insisted that she did not wish to make any invidious comparison between Parisian designers and American dress houses. Her frankness in this explanation is as engaging as her "moving-picture personality."

Right on the heels of this report came another disquieting rumor that three stars of the screen had followed her example, and our dressmakers went into executive session to commune on this succession of blows. Now an enterprising American designer suggests the formation of a society of American dressmakers to offer these stage stars examples of native talent, without any charge.

INASMUCH as our favorite screen stars influence so many of our young ladies throughout the country, they would perform a useful service to the cause of good taste if they were to select the most artistic dresses made by American houses. For this purpose, American designers should compete for the award.



# Straight Lines Dominate the Winter Mode



## EGYPTIAN LINES

**T**HE straight lines of the evening frock symbolize the uniform tendency of the present mode. Whether the influence be Oriental or Western, straight lines restore to dress the dignity and the simplicity which it had lost during the War. This gown is of silver beading, over a similar tone silk. The drapings of black net are appliued with dark red velvet leaves. Just as the featuring of straight lines is a return to nature, so is the embroidery and garniture in the new styles developed around natural themes

Courtesy J. M. Gidding



## SIMPLE SUITS

**T**HE three suits illustrated on this page were chosen not only because of their artistry in design, but because they illustrate the fundamental principle that simplicity in dress need not imply monotony. It should be noted that the designer, in order to achieve complete harmony, has avoided undue ornamentation and has permitted the fabric to express itself, so to speak, through the draping of the cloth. It is needless to add that each suit adheres to the natural lines of the figure, with the final result of enhancing it

Courtesy Mme. Frances



# Forecast of the November Automobile Salon

## A Showing of the Finer Domestic and Foreign Cars

By BLAKE OZIAS

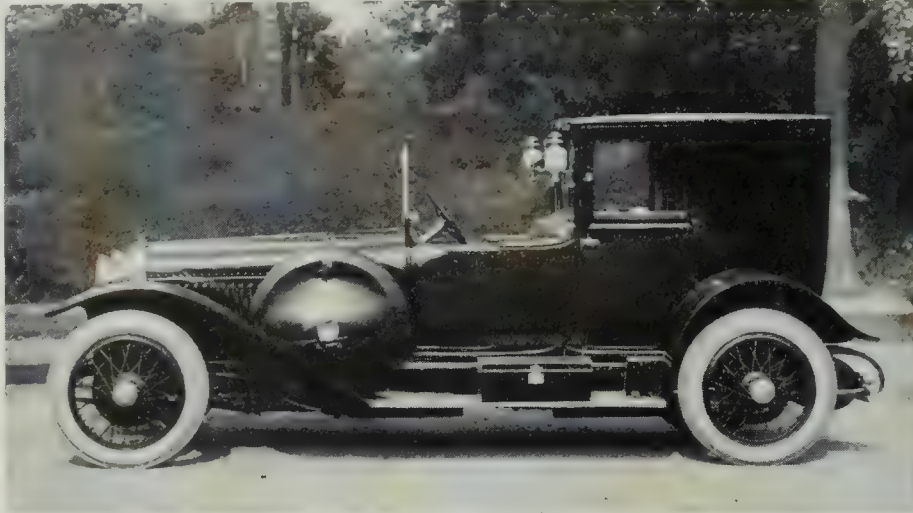
ARTS & DECORATION is a publication whose field and purpose are accurately and adequately described by its name. It deals not alone with the fine arts but also with those accessories to life by which we express our individuality and indulge our personal tastes. It feels, therefore, that the modern fine motor car with its custom-built body and its many particularized appointments and features comes naturally and legitimately within the field of its observation and comment.

This year's Automobile Salon, to be held at the Hotel Commodore during the week of November 15-20, will present a very complete showing of the finer cars of both domestic and foreign manufacture. At the time this article is written no less than twenty-five exhibitors have booked space, and in this number are included the following famous foreign cars: Delage, Lancia, Lanchester, Minerva, Napier, Panhard, Renault, Rolls-Royce and Sunbeam. Of this impressive list two, the Lanchester and the Napier, are quite new to the Salon, and, as far as the writer can recall, have never been exhibited in this country. A few Napier cars were imported before the war, but the Lanchester will make its American debut at the Salon. Those who have known this car in England in pre-war days will undoubtedly be most agreeably surprised on seeing the new chassis, for it is a complete departure from any of its predecessors. The old Lanchester had a funny-looking sawed-off-in-front appearance that gave it a peculiarly archaic look, but the new chassis is built on conventional lines, with a long sloping bonnet. It is regarded in England as one of the best cars being built there today, and the chassis is said to be thoroughly modernized in every respect. It is a six-cylinder 40 h.p. motor with overhead cam shaft and valve mechanism of the modified aero engine type. The car to be exhibited is a standard seven-passenger touring car, finished completely in gray tones.

Napier, as stated above, is not entirely unknown in America, but the chassis to be exhibited at the Salon is quite different in many respects from the pre-war product. Throughout the war the Napier factory was chiefly engaged in the building of aero engines, and the motor in the new chassis shows that it has been strongly influenced by this experience. It is a six-cylinder job, 4 x 5 inches in dimension, with enclosed overhead cam shaft and valves, with dual ignition from magneto and battery. The Napier exhibit will consist of a chassis and a six-passenger sport model, with body by The Cunard Motor & Carriage Company, Ltd., of London, with whom special arrangements have been made to supply the coach work for Napier chassis.

Another novelty will be the

new post-war Minerva chassis, with a six-passenger sedan body, by The Brooks-Ostruk Co. The Minerva car is not new to the New York Salon, having been exhibited for several years before the war and having enjoyed a considerable vogue in this country. In fact, there are many handsome Minervas of pre-war vintage still in service in New York and vicinity, testifying eloquently to the excellence of this Belgian product. Details of the chas-



*Delage chassis with coupé body by Duquet et Cie.*

sis design are not available beyond the fact that the motor is a six-cylinder with sleeve valves, and is of the clean design one is accustomed to associate with Continental practice. We regret to be unable to print a photograph of the car to be exhibited.

It is expected that the Panhard will be represented by a complete exhibit, but we have been unable to secure details other than that the complete Panhard line will be shown. This famous French car was not exhibited at the Salon last year owing to the fact that the cars intended to be shown did not arrive in New York in time. A more or less private exhibition was held at the Waldorf-Astoria in February, where the cars were very favorably commented upon. The firm of Panhard & Levasseur is one of the oldest builders in France, and their advertising slogan tells us that "*rien ne peut remplacer vingt-cinq ans d'expérience.*" The writer's recollection of the Panhard exhibit at the Paris Salon last year leads him to believe that there is something in it. At any rate, the Panhard exhibit is sure to be interesting.

Another French chassis, the Delage, exhib-

ited for the first time in this country at last year's Salon, will be represented this year by a considerably more extensive showing. Delage Concessionnaires (U. S. A.), Inc., the American agents for this famous car, will show a stock chassis and a complete car fitted with a very handsome cabriolet body by the Brooks-Ostruk Co. This body will have several novel features, among them a new type of running board copied from one shown in Paris last year. The color of the body will be light tan, set off with an inlaid walnut belt line meeting over the cowl. The top will be of black leather and the upholstery of a light shade of imported fabric. In addition to this exhibit, Messrs. Brooks-Ostruk will show a very smart two-door four-seater sporting trap on a Delage chassis, and The Holbrook Company will exhibit a town brougham of original design, carrying out the long low hood and cowl line that has already become recognized as the distinctive feature of Delage cars. All of these cars will be equipped with a specially designed and copyrighted type of head lamps.

The Delage chassis is of a remarkably clean design with a six-cylinder monobloc motor, clutch and gear box built into one compact and unusually accessible unit. The chassis frame is very low and offers exceptionally good opportunities to the coachbuilder. It also possesses a very important feature, again to be wholly unique at the Salon: the four wheel brakes, a development that is sure to be adopted sooner or later by all fast and high-powered cars. One or two other European chassis are now fitted with this equipment, so necessary to real safety and comfort; but, unfortunately, these makes are not exhibiting at the Salon this year.

While we are discussing French cars it may be noted with regret that the famous and well-beloved Renault are not exhibiting this year—their only representation being a town car of the six-fender type to be shown by the United Auto Body Company. Renault will be conspicuous by their absence, since in the past their exhibit has always been an interesting one. It should be noted, however, that their absence from the Salon is not to be taken as a sign of inactivity at the American headquarters on Fifth Avenue.

Rolls-Royce of America, Inc., will exhibit four cars at the Salon, all built on the imported chassis, the model now being built in England. This chassis was exhibited at the Salon last year, although it did not arrive until nearly the end of the week. The coach work of the four cars can be outlined as follows: One limousine brougham by Hooper & Co., St. James Street, London; one sporting type open car by Barker & Co., of London; one sporting type car by Frederick R. Wood & Son of New York, and an interior drive four-passenger car



*The strikingly plain interior of a Holbrook body*



*The severely classic lines of the French body*



by Brooks-Ostruk, who designate it as a "sedan élite." The new Rolls-Royce chassis being built in Springfield, Mass., will not be ready in time for the Salon. The type and model, however, will be an exact reproduction of the English chassis to be shown. In addition to the Rolls-Royce exhibit of four cars, there will be shown by The Brooks-Ostruk Company a salamanca cabriolet built on the standard Brooks-Ostruk lines, already so well known.

The Salon this year is to be distinguished by four famous English cars, three of which have already been mentioned. The fourth is the Sunbeam, which made its début last year with an exhibit of chasses only. This year, the exhibit will include a four-passenger coupé, a cessionnaires, will consist of two chasses, one a four and the other a six-cylinder, and four complete cars, all of the coach work being done by the Brooks-Ostruk Company. This exhibit will include a four-passenger coupe, a salamanca cabriolet, a four-passenger sport model open car and a brougham.

The Lancia exhibit by Thos. E. Adams will consist of a cabriolet built by Locke & Company on the well known four-cylinder chassis, and a very attractive four-seater runabout built by Hays & Miller of New York. The excellent coach work of this company, long associated with the Lancia, is so well known as to require no detailed description. The model to be exhibited has a disappearing rear seat and a victoria top that can be placed over either the front or rear compartment. Mr. Adams will also show a new design in a flat top cabriolet by the Aircraft Company of New York.

American builders exhibiting will include Brewster, Cunningham, Daniels, Meteor, Packard, Porter and Winton, with examples of Locomobile and Pierce-Arrow to be shown by coachbuilders. Individual exhibits by coachbuilders will comprise Brooks-Ostruk, Fleetwood, Healey, Holbrook, Kimball of Chicago, Locke & Company, Rubay of Cleveland and the United Auto Body Company of Rahway, New Jersey.

The Brewster exhibit will consist of five cars on the Brewster chassis and with Brewster coachwork, comprising a town brougham

in the well known Brewster method, a design that follows very closely the lines of the old horse-drawn brougham so completely characterized by Brewster & Company for generations past. Other examples are a cabriolet seating four passengers in the rear compartment, a glass quarter brougham, an enclosed drive and a club runabout. The inside drive is an extremely comfortable car and is becoming increasingly popular for all-year use. In this model the roof and the upper rear end of the body are covered with leather, resulting in a considerable saving in weight. The upper interior of the body is built with the bows and framing exposed and finished to harmonize with the trimming. Space does not permit of a detailed description of the color schemes of these five cars, but they present an interesting variety of treatment in two and three tone effects.

Mr. John G. Dale, distributor of the Cunningham car, will have a very complete exhibit, consisting of five cars with exclusively Cunningham coachwork. There will be an enclosed drive model seating seven passengers, a limousine, a landaulet model of the cabriolet type, a six-passenger touring car, with the characteristic sod pan and individual steps, and a special four-passenger speedster.

The Daniels exhibit will comprise a chassis of the eight-cylinder model previously shown, and four complete cars, open and closed models, of which details are not available at present.

The Meteor Motors, Inc., have announced that they will show two complete cars, a standard four-passenger open car and a two-passenger sporting model. Information as to the details of the coachwork is not at hand.

The Packard Motor Car Company is a newcomer to the Salon, with its own exhibit, although the chassis has frequently been shown by coachbuilders with examples of their work. This year the Packard Company will have its own exhibit, showing two special creations by The Holbrook Company, one a four-passenger touring car, the other a new design in a six-passenger inside drive limousine. There will also be a six-seater limousine brougham by Farnham & Nelson of Boston and a cabrio-

let by The Fleetwood Company of New York.

Messrs. Morton W. Smith Co., Inc., distributors of the Porter, will exhibit five cars, of which four are fitted with closed bodies—all by Brewster & Co.—and one open sport model. The Porter chassis, which had its première at the Salon last November, has not been changed.

Another new participant in the Salon showing is the Winton Company with its own exhibit, where four cars will be shown, consisting of a four-passenger sport touring car; a seven-passenger touring car, a four-passenger sport sedan and the standard seven-passenger limousine sedan. The coachwork is exclusively by The Winton Company, and will doubtless present some very attractive features as to interior trimming and finish.

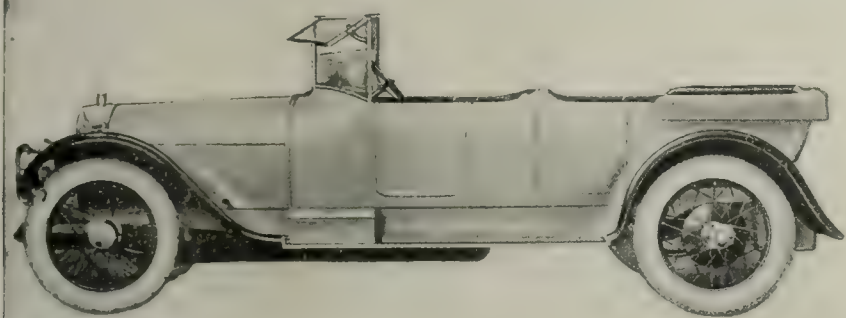
The exhibit of the Brooks-Ostruk Company will consist of three cars; a salamanca cabriolet on a Rolls-Royce chassis, a four-passenger sporting trap on a Delage, and a town limousine on a six-cylinder Sunbeam. The only novelty in their exhibit will be the sporting trap, as the other two body equipments are on standard Brooks-Ostruk lines. Other examples of Brooks-Ostruk coachwork have already been mentioned in connection with the Delage, Rolls-Royce and Sunbeam exhibits.

The Fleetwood Company will show three specimens of their coachwork in their own exhibit. These consist of a cabriolet built on a Packard 145-inch chassis and finished in the well known Fleetwood light blue. The material used for the upholstery is an imported French fabric made in a shade to exactly match the paint. The chassis is equipped with Disteel wheels. The other two cars are a town brougham, also on a Packard twin-six chassis, and a four-passenger sedan.

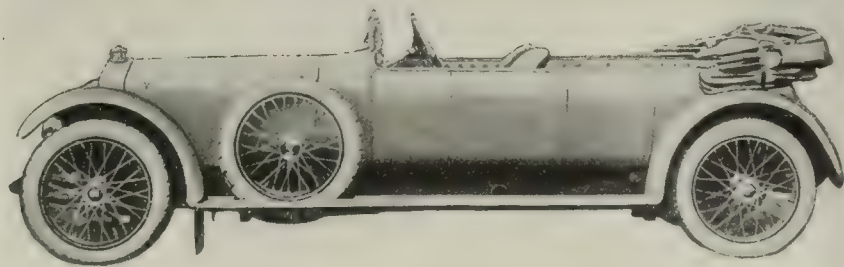
The Holbrook Company will have an exhibit consisting of three cars: a very smart and distinctive town brougham on a Delage chassis, a six-passenger enclosed drive Packard and a seven-passenger landaulet on a Pierce-Arrow chassis. One may safely assume that this is the new Pierce-Arrow chassis about which there has been a good deal of speculation, but we have been unable to elicit definite information.

(Continued on page 62)

## Four Famous English Cars



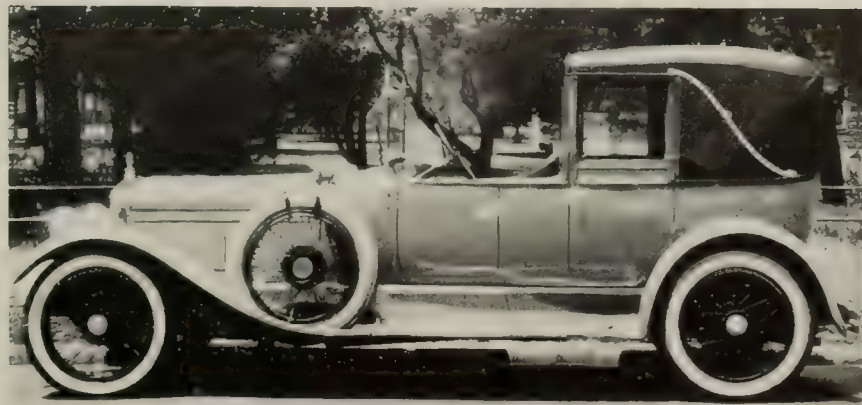
Napier chassis, body by Cunard



Seven passenger Lanchester touring car

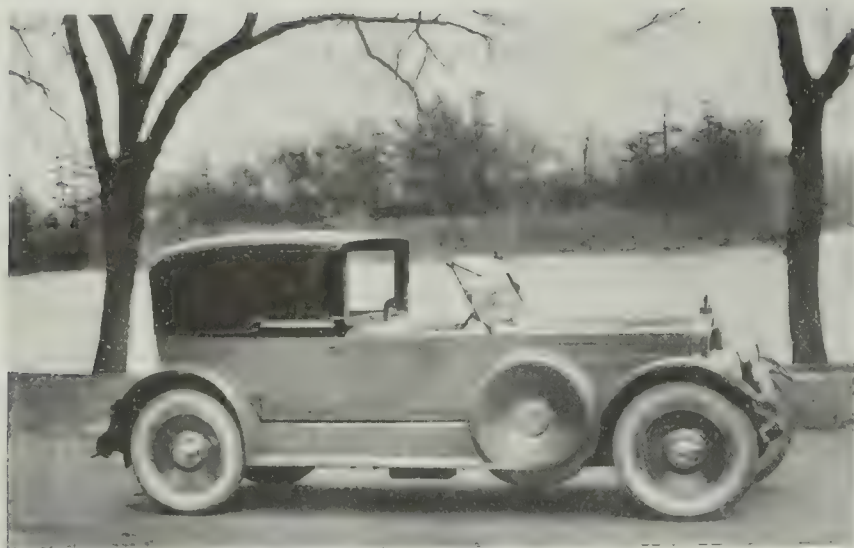


Rolls-Royce chassis, body by Brewster

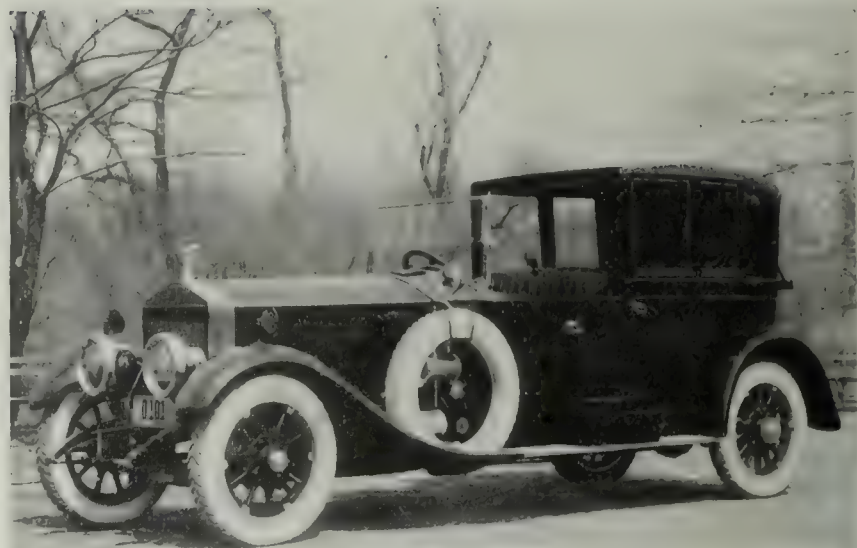


Sunbeam chassis, body by Brooks-Ostruk

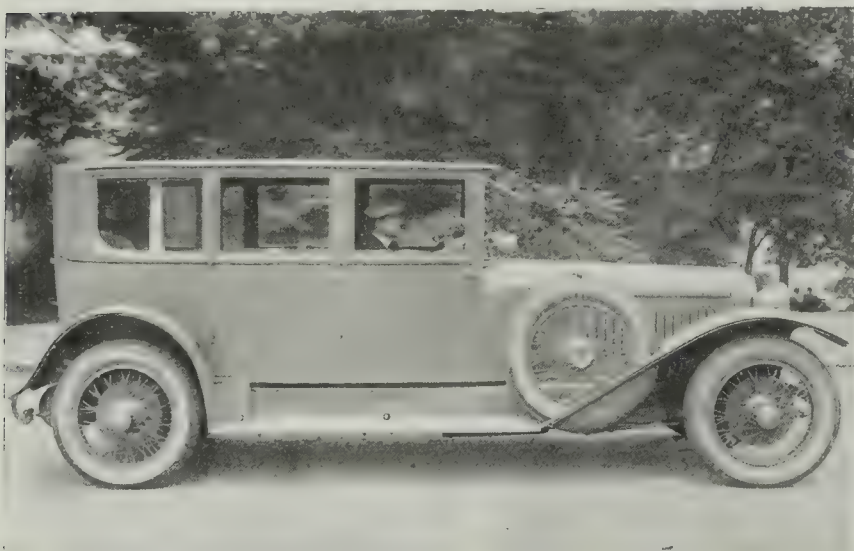




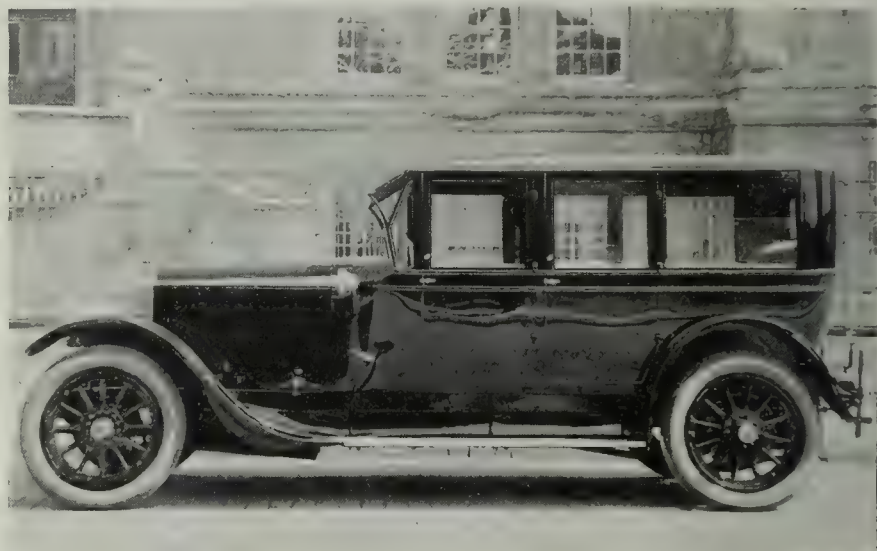
*Packard cabriolet, body by Fleetwood*



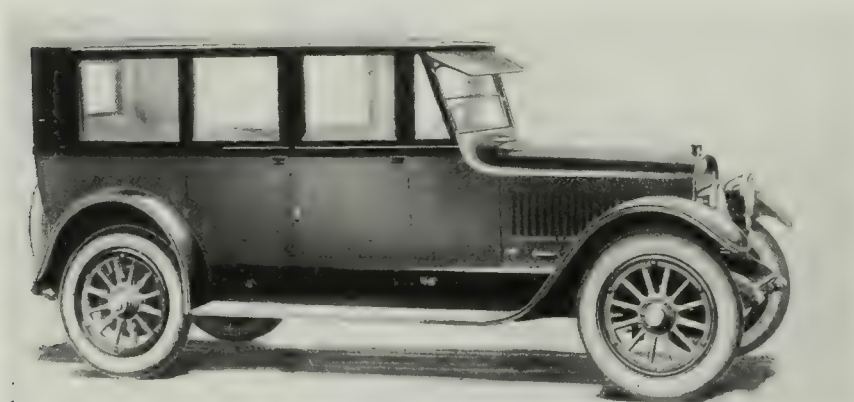
*Rolls-Royce cabriolet, body by Brooks-Ostruk*



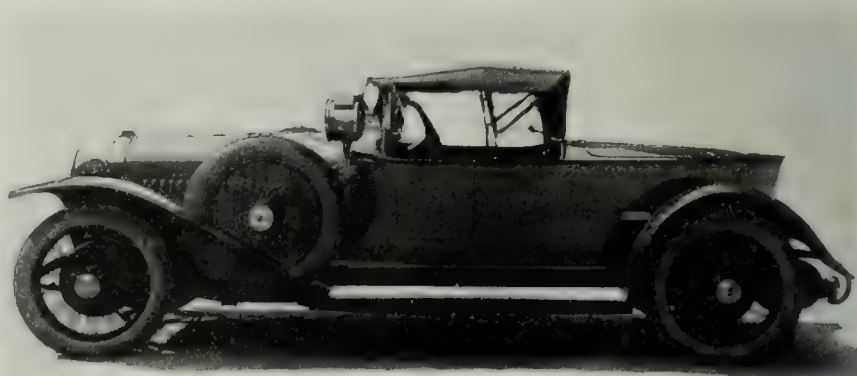
*Delage inside drive car, body by Duquet et Cie.*



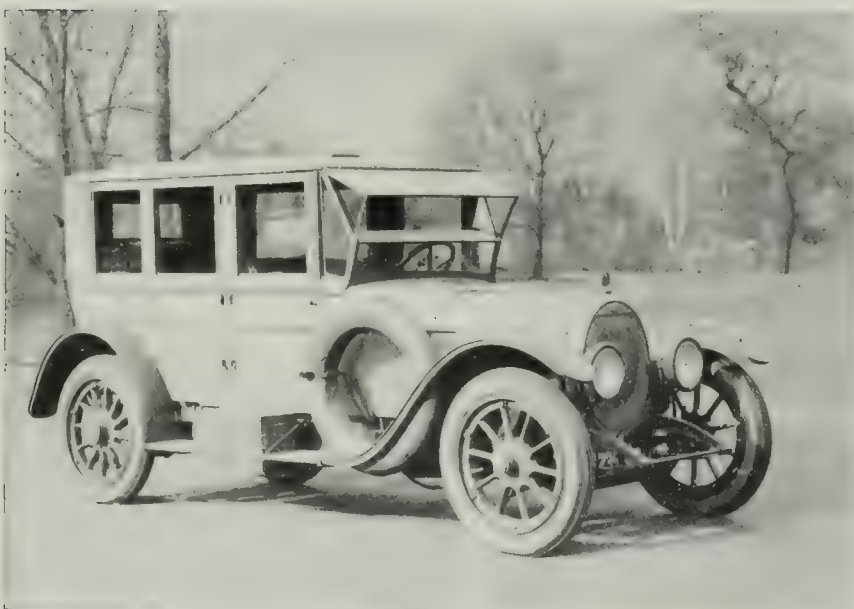
*Inside drive Porter limousine, body by Brewster*



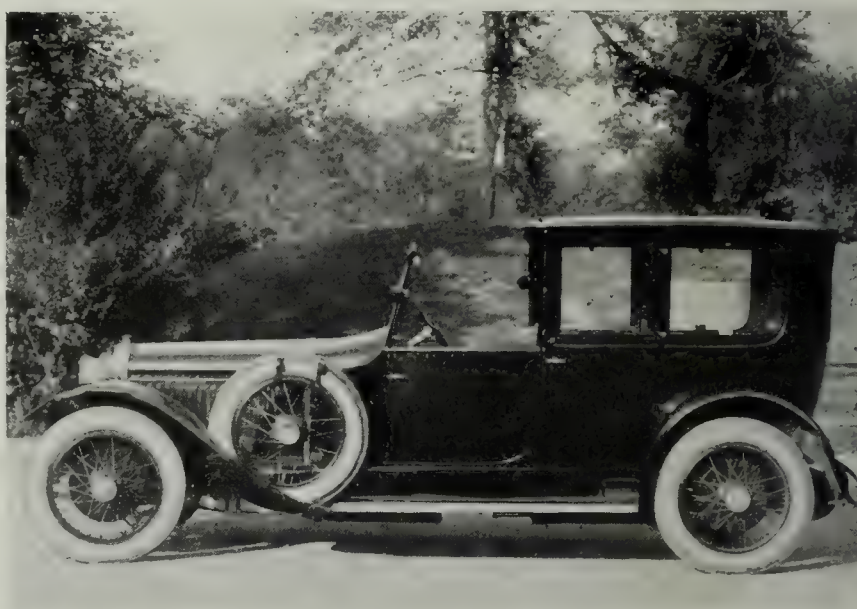
*Seven passenger "Limo-Sedan" by the Winton Company*



*Delage three passenger sport model, body by Kelsch, Paris*



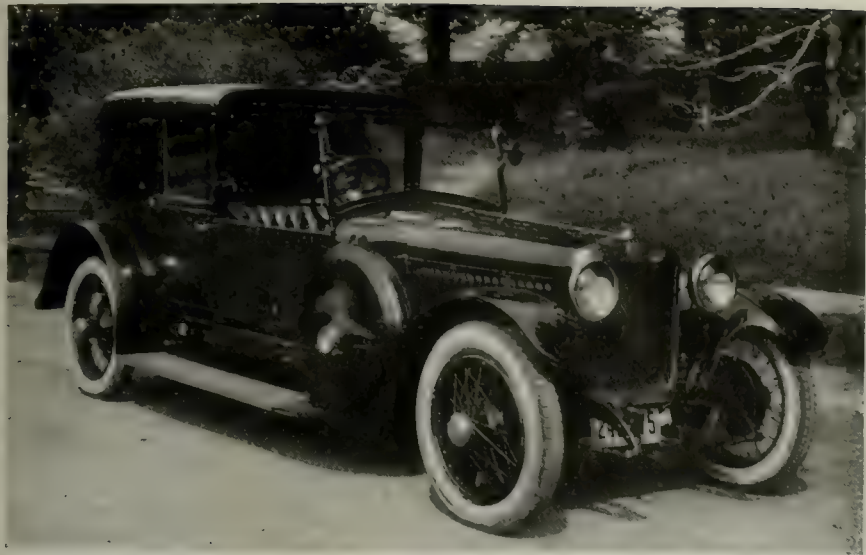
*Brewster enclosed drive limousine*



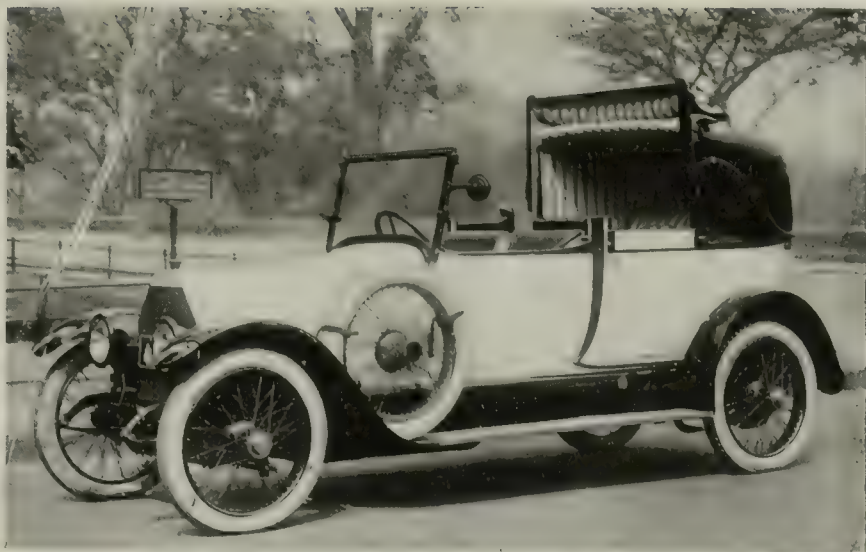
*Delage brougham, body by Holbrook*

Some New Models to be Exhibited at the 1920

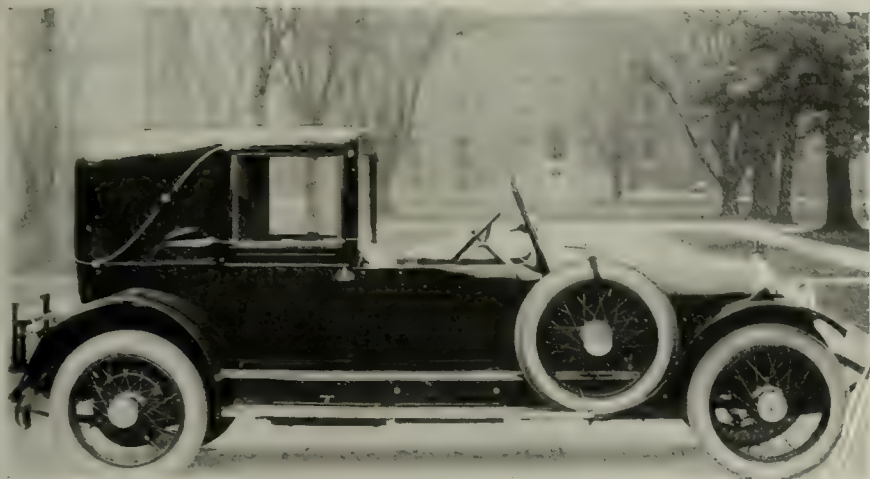




*Delage four passenger cabriolet, body by Locke and Company*



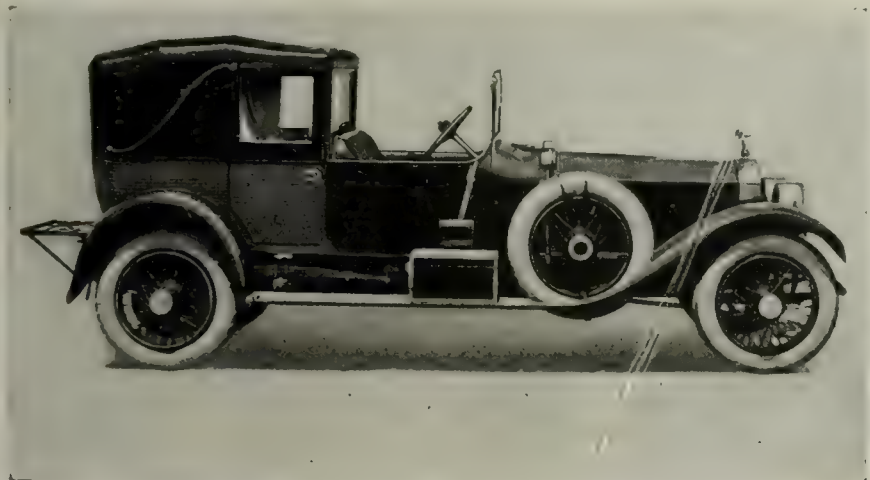
*Lancia four passenger cabriolet, body by Locke*



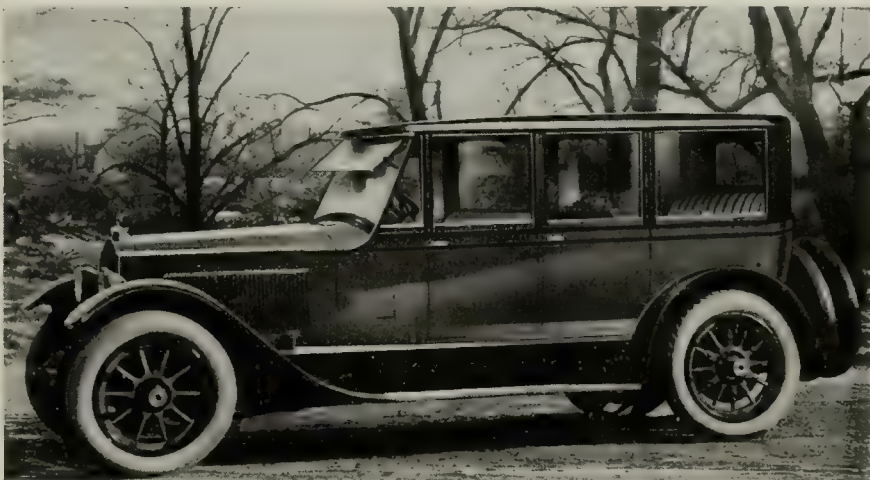
*Cunningham four passenger cabriolet*



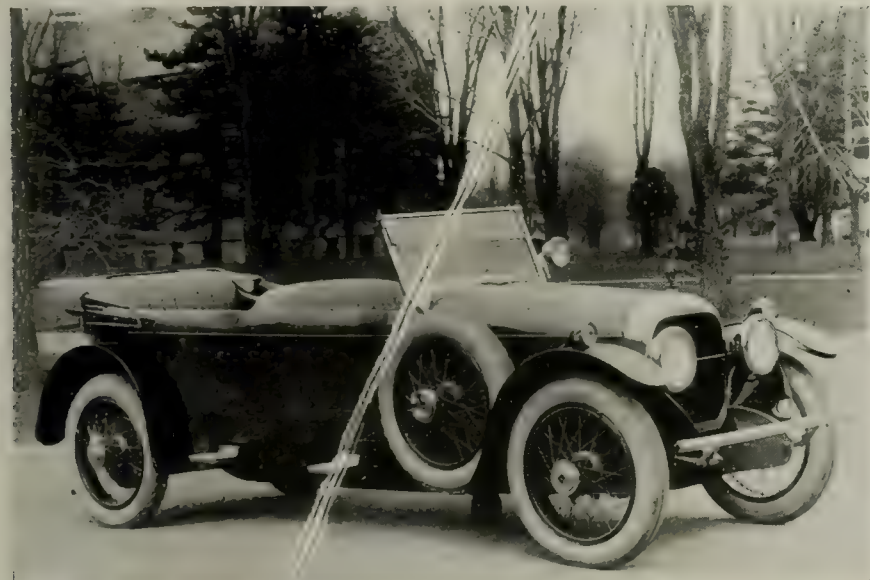
*Four passenger Brewster town car*



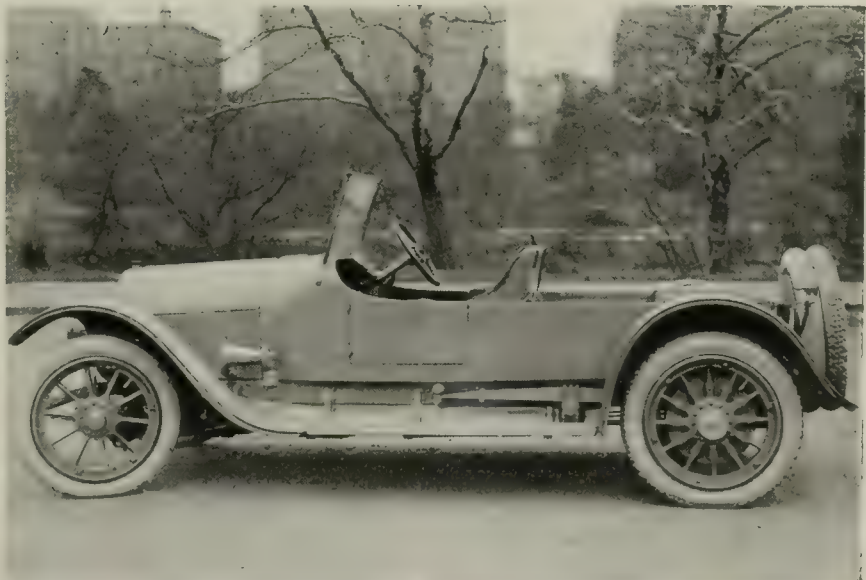
*Rolls-Royce cabriolet, body by J. R. Wood*



*Inside drive Packard limousine, body by Holbrook*



*Cunningham six passenger touring car*



*Brewster two or four passenger runabout*

## Automobile Salon at the Hotel Commodore





*Pines on Snowy Mountains, by Kano Yeitoku. Collection of Mr. Charles L. Freer, Detroit*

## The Momoyama Screens

### *The Artistic Result of a Political Revolution*

By YONE NOGUCHI, *Editor Department of Oriental Art*  
Tokyo, Japan

THE history of Japanese art (perhaps the history of art of any other country too) tells you that we always had a new, sometimes frighteningly wonderful, artistic revolution, when the age was invigorated by great political and social changes; and I think that the best illustration of it will be found in the so-called Momoyama art, whose every aspect beautifully reflects the great personality of Hideyoshi. This Napoleon of Japan in the sixteenth century, who was expected to ignore the refinements and æstheticism of Higashiyama art, when the Ashikaga princes tottered to their fall under his sword, was, however, sensible enough to use to great advantage the general peace he brought to the country; his naked, blunt and often arrogant senses, quite natural for a great warrior of the great fighting age, demanded, when his head turned to a subject of beauty, the most obvious splendor of art.

Hideyoshi, like many other fighters, a greater student of how to die than how to live, sought first a permanent house for the celebration and singing of his own soul, when he successfully made himself master of the whole country; we will count, as the grandest achievement of his architectural adventures, the castles of Osaka and Fushimi and the Shurakutei palace, all of them being the very personification of his own character, free, extravagant in many senses, highly aristocratic, and always manly. It is said that, when he started to build the castle of Osaka, some thirty thousand laborers were called up to work day and night during three years; and it is also

written that some two hundred fifty thousand people worked building the castle of Fushimi. And it can be easily imagined what magnificent sights they were, when we know that even the tiles and the edge-pieces of mats were painted in gold. Perhaps this Hideyoshi, who rose from an insignificant little farmer to become the greatest ruler of the whole country, was the most extravagant person ever known in Jap-

anese history, as was shown by his whole life.

When the general structures of his castles or palaces were made, it was necessary at once to find artists with ideas to paint or decorate the sliding or folding screens, of which the castle of Fushimi, that is to say, the Momoyama palace, is said, have owned one hundred pairs in gold, sufficient to line the roads for miles on occasions of state processions. One of

the artists was Yeitoku, a grandson of Motonobu, who had administered the austere refinement of the Ashikaga Court, now placing freely his youthful brush at the disposal of the eruptive energy of the time. Hideyoshi invited Yeitoku and his many pupils to the castles, and gave them every freedom to watch nature with eyes which were awake to a sense of luxury commingled with a certain degree of sensualism. It was Yeitoku's greatness that he saved the art of Japan from the danger of being enslaved to a crass materialism; with his school the old reticence of aim burst into the most spontaneous expression, insisting upon the good and true, being always decorative and rhythmical, always highly emotional. I should like to know where else than with Yeitoku's screens a recasting of æsthetic and symbolic values revealed itself as symbolism. Again I should like to know when but in the Momoyama period, which was created by the sheer power of Hideyoshi, real emotion suddenly blossomed from the soul of materialism. I believe that any real decorative art is mystical, and that, in general, there always resides a certain mysticism in every material expression.

(Continued on page 70)



*Screen by Sauraku, owned by the Chijakuin Temple, Kyoto*

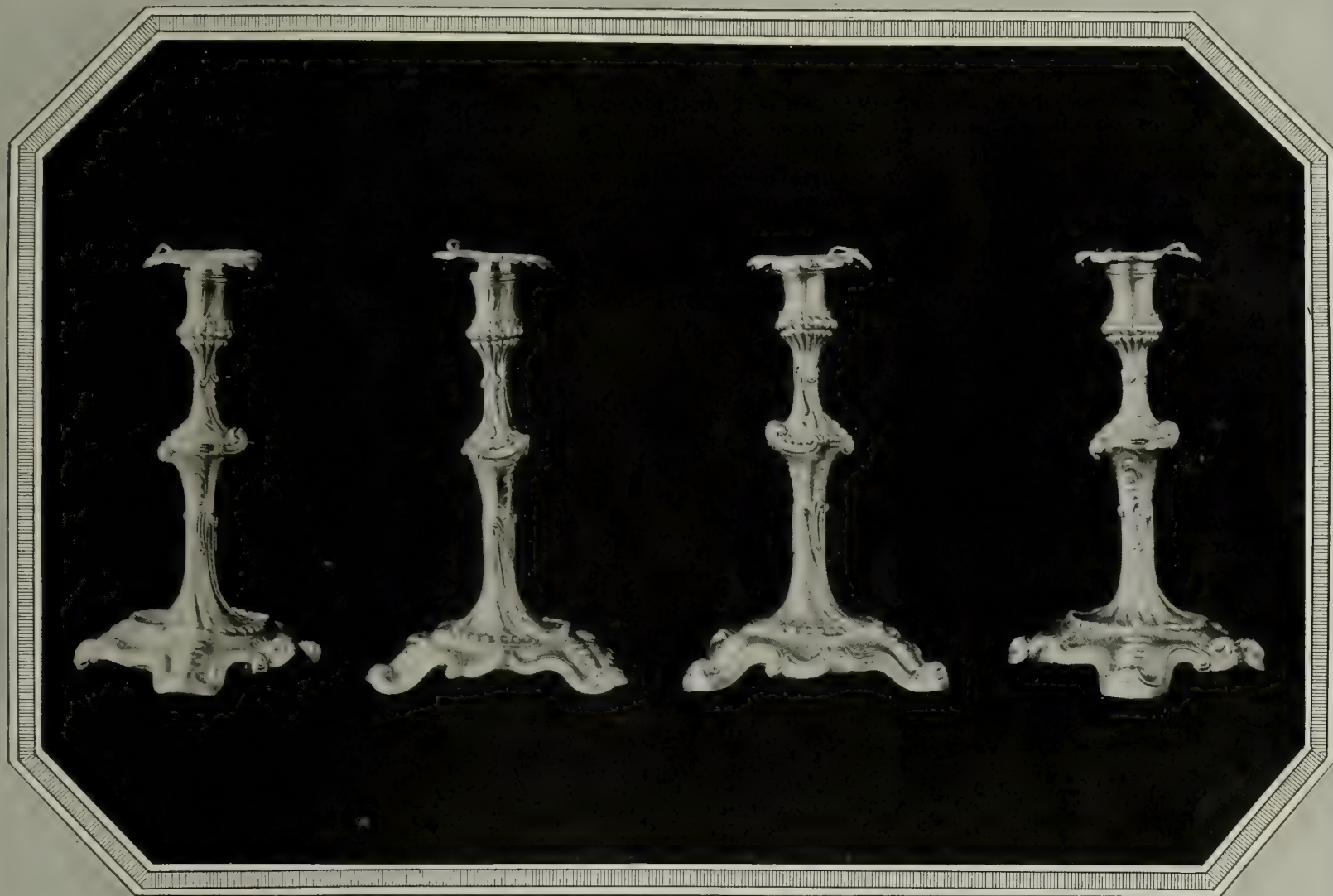




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# Frances Grimes

## *A Sculptor in Whose Works One Reads Delicacy and Intelligence*

By LUCIA FAIRCHILD FULLER

THERE is rarely much to be learned about an artist through the story of his life. His character, his insight, his likes and dislikes, or, in a deeper nature, his loves and hates—are written in his work for all who care to read. Even his time and place are told to us if we have any real knowledge of the history of art; but there is a curiosity among human beings, fostered by encyclopedias and "who's whos," which leads each one of us to ask many unimportant questions concerning education, marriage, personal experience, etc., and so I shall begin by telling the slight, bare facts of Miss Grimes' life before I try to analyze the major facts concerning her which her statues and her exquisite, subtle bas-reliefs alone make clear.

She was born in a small town in the Middle West in 1869. There she received the usual public school education of our American youth; did well in her lessons, but showed with each passing month an interest in modeling which became always greater and more exclusive. With her child's penknife she whittled such ends of pine boards as she found, turning them into temples, decorations, or even portraits; and in cold weather, when the butter on the family table was hard enough, she called it also into her service as material to work upon; she collected clay and shaped it; on every stray piece of paper she drew.

Her mother was a very remarkable woman—a doctor (which in those days meant the possession of both courage and imagination in one of the "inferior sex"), and she recognized the talent in her daughter, and determined that it should be developed.

Consequently, after finishing high school,



*Portrait of the son of Mr. and Mrs. Templeman Coolidge*

Frances Grimes was sent to the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, to study sculpture. This sending of her meant a considerable sacrifice, which Miss Grimes well knew, and she repaid it by her intense and faithful study and by taking her support upon her own shoulders the moment that she was fitted to do so. This was soon. She showed such aptitude and improved so markedly while in the class taught by Herbert Adams, that she was presently

asked to take charge herself of the less forward pupils; and not long after that Mr. Adams employed her as his assistant in his own studio. There she was taught as the artists of the Renaissance were taught when they were apprenticed to some well known sculptor of their day; and it was not many years before Mr. Adams pronounced her "the best marble-cutter in America."

Saint Gaudens was at that time already mortally ill—although for years he was to continue at work. In his huge studio at Cornish Hills, New Hampshire, where scores of commissions poured in upon him, and where he already had a half dozen or more young sculptors as his assistants—most of whose names have become famous since—he felt the need of such a one to help him. In 1900, accordingly, he persuaded Miss Grimes to leave Mr. Adams and to come to him; yet "persuade"



*Bronze figure owned by Henry B. Anderson*

is not the right word. Saint Gaudens' wish was law to all his friends, and Adams gave up his claim upon Miss Grimes at the first word, for he thought only of aiding the great sculptor through the difficult years which were upon him; and thought also, I believe, of the benefit which might accrue to his own old pupil from Saint Gaudens' influence and companionship.

So in that large studio, within sight of the beautiful Mont Ascutney and "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," Miss Grimes worked, winter and summer long; until, in 1907, Saint Gaudens died. Indeed, she worked on there even after his death, carrying out certain of his public monuments, his sketches for which had been approved by their committees, and with the execution of which she and another assistant or two were entrusted.

During his lifetime Saint Gaudens had said

of her that there was no one on whose fidelity to his own mind's wish he could so wholly rely!—and this although every one of his assistants was an able sculptor. One of them was always alluded to by him as "The Hurricane," because of the young man's sure swift-



*Boy with duck*

ness; and another as "The Rock of Gibraltar," because of his unswerving steadfastness. But Miss Grimes appeared to have almost the power of second sight in the sympathy with which she could divine his intentions and perform whatever he wished done.

Perhaps it was this power of intimate sympathy which first indicated the quality of her own individual talent, that was presently to attain the full completeness shown by the accompanying illustrations of her later, original work. Certain it is that while she was still modeling only to express Saint Gaudens' ideas, Maxfield Parrish, among the other artists who lived at Cornish Hills, caught the glint of the silver thread which was her own unconscious contribution to the great master's statues; for he induced her to save some few hours out of the long days and to make a bust for herself, by herself, unaided by criticism from any side.

She did this. A little country girl came to pose for her; and when in the course of weeks Miss Grimes had finished her portrait, her own personal talent lay revealed for all to see. Already it was evident that she had something quite her own to say—something of sincerity touched with humility, of tactile values that held an aloofness, expressing rather Wordsworth's intellectual beauty than the sensuous delight of Keats; and that she held the wand which makes imagination.

So it came about that although she never failed to place Saint Gaudens' needs and wishes ahead of her own but remained working faithfully for him, she had by the time he died done a number of busts and bas-reliefs quite of her own; and already had drawn to herself a circle of admirers who stood ready to give their commissions for sculptured portraits into her hands.

When, in 1908, she moved to New York and took a studio in Macdougall Alley, sitters

(Continued on page 74)





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# Robert Henri: The Man

## *An Evolution from Radicalism to Tolerance*

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

THE artist's work sometimes stands between his public and himself. This was most unquestionably true of the late William M. Chase. It is to some extent true of Robert Henri. But whereas it may be said, in unfriendly quarters, that the William M. Chase of the parlor attained greater prominence than the William M. Chase expressed in his pictures, this is seldom said of Robert Henri in any quarter. He is man enough to have a great many enemies, to have, indeed, as strong enemies as friends. He has won and lost a great many battles, and it is characteristic of the man that all of these battles, whether waged in magic inner circles of art, in those star chamber proceedings which emit only rumors, or in the open, have been waged against odds.

Of all American painters, and there are very few snobs among American painters, Henri is indubitably the great champion of the oppressed. This may be also to say that he is the greatest friend of youth. It is characteristic of the man, again, that ten or fifteen years ago when as a member of the jury of the National Academy of Design he fought for the admittance of several paintings and lost the fight, he did not resign from the Academy. Other painters have done otherwise. Henri merely ceased to exhibit at the Academy. It is a question whether Henri's move was more or less sensational than E. W. Redfield's at a later date. Henri's moves generally contain an element of surprise. It would be unfair to say that this surprise is planned. If it cannot be said that he is impulsive, and it cannot be said, neither can there be any question of his sincerity of its validity and of its honesty.

Perhaps this sincerity is worth some explanation, for a great many casual observers have questioned it. To me it is a sincerity modified by theory or by other elements with which it is merged, a philosophically or willfully colored sincerity. Thus we shall find that when he is asked for an opinion upon a bad picture by a good friend he will see the picture through the friend. He will, in other words, be very much alive to the friend and very blind to the picture. He is one of the most loyal and most generous of friends. No sincerity that I know, however, is faster to give praise and slower to condemn, for the radical Henri of the early sweeping condemnations has given place to an idealist who, with a gentle light in his eyes, goes about seeking not so much truth as a grain of virtue. Perhaps these two (truth and virtue) are synonymous, but the truth which Henri sought when he waved the red

flag of realism in the faces of an idealistic New York and the elastic virtue he routs out of unlikely places today, are quite, it seems to me, antithetical.



Robert Henri

Perhaps it is the error of the casual observers that they try to find the Diogenes of yesterday in the Polyanna of today and find fault with Polyanna because she is not Diogenes. There are many such fixed ideas

ism. There is the difficulty of adjustment. Besides, a sincerity that slams, having certain rigidities, certain braveries—though these sometimes be impudences—makes a bolder silhouette in a busy world and therefore is more readily seen and appreciated.

The change in the man has marked a change in his art. He will paint no more portraits like the one of Mr. Ambrose Clark. But enough of this. The man has changed physically very little. A little grayer, he is still a long lean figure, noticeable anywhere, noticeable particularly for an air suggesting the East and mystery. Not the tilt of his narrow eyes alone accounts for this, though they might be said to account for a lot of it. There is a caricature of his hands in a photograph by Gertrude Kasebier—a caricature which would tend away from the characteristics of that honest democratic painting for which he has so often fought. They are long, pale, slim hands, with something in them to make a romanticist like Arthur Symons cry "artist." But to me they contain more of the magician than of the æsthetic. This, however, is rather an intuitional guess than an intellectual analysis. Their craftsman competence is noted. Although I have known him for nearly twenty years I know nothing of his antecedents. He came out of the West, studied in Philadelphia, spent eleven years in Paris and loomed suddenly, about 1900, on New York's art horizon as a radical who must be reckoned with. His violence has paled a little. But committees still fear his strength. Indeed, whenever painters think of forming a new society, and this is not infrequent, Henri's name is among the first of those considered, and among the last of those spoken.

He has a way of dominating. Artists are afraid of that way. "We don't want another Henri society" has been said so often that in certain quarters there is scarcely a single man to whom it would not be attributable. But then artists, though often grumblers, are rarely fighters.

There have been so many mentions of Henri as an instructor that it must seem unnecessary to introduce that subject here. His influence on the art of his country has been tremendous. He was, I am quite sure



Head of a girl



Girl with fan

about men. A Republican even at this time is called a traitor when he runs for office on a Democratic ticket or vice versa. Minds are not permitted the luxury of change. The world which indolence makes fixed, knows envy. But perhaps there is not only green in the eyes of those whose fine figure of Henri has vanished in the pretty blue smoke of ideal-

about this, the first of our painters to introduce us to the democratic philosophy of Courbet. This he endowed with the magic of a romantic personality. Few Americans have more magnetism. He preached Courbet's realism, which is to say that he preached against artifice, and for this reason has been responsible for a great many pictures of parts

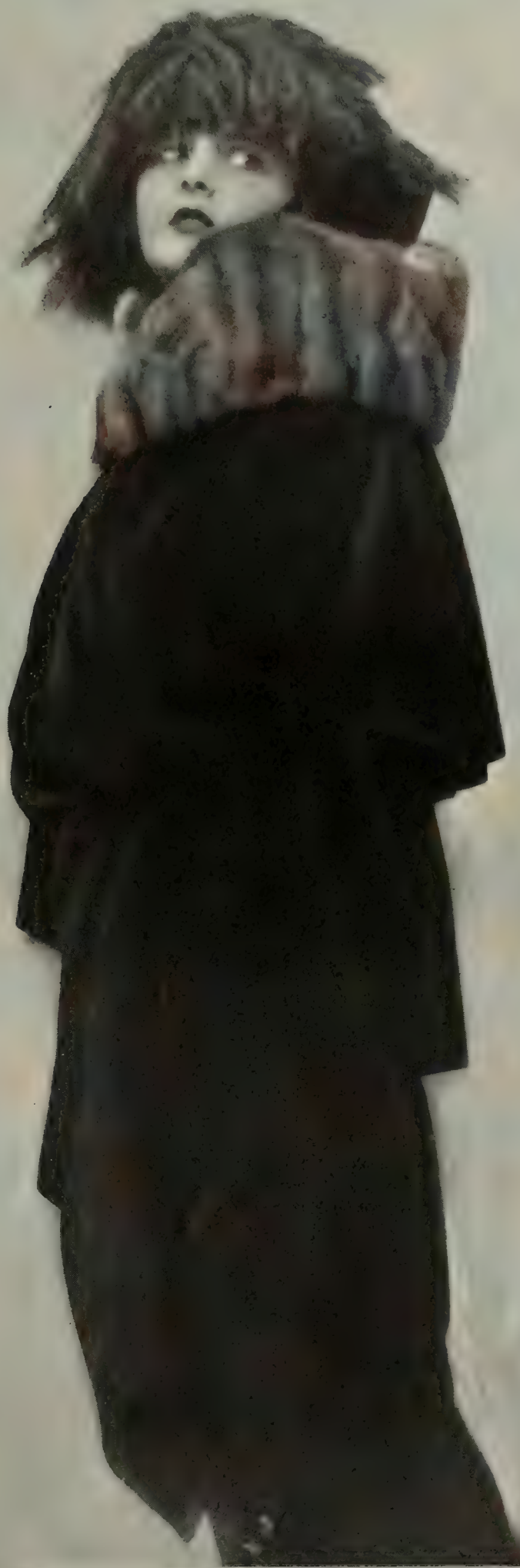
(Continued on page 76)



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# The Taste of the American People

## And the Present Industro-Art Problem in the United States

By W. FRANK PURDY, *Editor Department of Industrial Art*

HAVE the American people good taste, or is it lack of art appreciation on the part of the buying public that has been largely responsible in retarding the cultivation of our native art talent, and in minimizing the importance of its application to American industry?

This is a question much argued at present, and two opinions are prevalent: one, that the American public has no art appreciation whatsoever, and never will have any; that our people purchase blindly and use without discrimination whatever the American manufacturer chooses to make, or whatever the shops may chance to offer; the other, that our people have a marked appreciation for art, but have had little opportunity to satisfy it through American products; that they have been forced to take what our manufacturers offered, or appeal to a foreign market.

Personally, I have a very large and deeply rooted faith in the instinctive art sense of the American people as a whole, and I firmly believe that, even if hitherto the cultivation and practical use of our own art talent has been neglected, and, as a consequence, our general art sense has lacked stimulation, that we are at this moment, as a people, in a most receptive mood, and that our inherent love of beauty and harmony will respond readily to consistent suggestion, and must eventually assert itself in the highest possible standards of æsthetic taste. Put the element of beauty, art, honesty—in color, line, form, texture—into every article we manufacture, put it there through properly trained American talent, display it in our shops in a better and more attractive way than has been our custom, and then question the taste of the American people.

What we want to indicate by the accompanying letters is that, as a country, we are not only very rapidly developing a taste for the highest form of art as expressed in the things of everyday life, and seeking satisfaction wherever obtainable, but that a rich reward awaits those American manufacturers and merchants who, sensing this condition, will be first in the field to prepare the way for the gratification of this demand, and that the way lies through their support in the education and training of our native art talent, and its application to their industrial needs. I speak advisedly when I attach the merchant manufacturer to the educational end of this problem first, inasmuch as it is absolutely true that only he who gives receives. In other words, the merchant manufacturer who has the vision and the intelligence to subscribe to the necessary educational propaganda will automatically equip himself to benefit by the results of that propaganda.

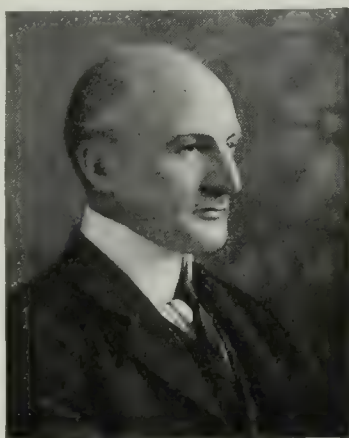
Not so much lack of taste on the part of the American people, but lack of foresight on the part of still too many of the American manufacturers and dealers to stimulate and satisfy that taste, as well as failure on their part to give the public full confidence in American talent, is at present one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the successful development of a national industrial art for America. Our public knows now, today, what it wants. That it wants good things, and will have them, wherever the market, these letters tend to

show. In the meantime, innumerable agencies are at work guiding us all toward still higher standards of æsthetic taste. What reward awaits the final satisfaction of our rising standard only the future can tell.

### *American Taste and American Industries*

By MRS. JOHN HENRY HAMMOND

I HAVE every confidence in American talent. I think that American artists compare favorably with foreign artists; I am enthusiastic about our landscape artists. I have just been through the Chicago Museum; I think it is one of the most beautiful museums I have ever been in. I do think, however, that



William Fellowes Morgan



Mrs. John Henry Hammond

the American manufacturer is, in too many cases, slow in recognizing American creative talent and American skill in carrying out artistic details, and in making use of this talent and skill of ours in his business.

"I believe I know what I like and what I want, and I believe, further, from long study, intense searching, and much travel that my standards are high. Unfortunately, when it comes to the point of buying furnishings for my home and other articles of every-day use, which I feel should be as high in artistic merit as any so-called 'work of art,' such as a painting, or a piece of sculpture, I cannot always satisfy my taste through American-made goods. Technically, our products are excellent. I do not think they could be better, but much is still to be desired in design. Our textiles are particularly good, and in all things I feel that we are working toward improvement all the time. I think there is a big opportunity here for industrial art schools to foster the growth of our future production. I think the war marked the turning point in making Americans realize that they must do more in developing their own art, in order to keep pace with the art abroad. We must encourage our spirit of imagination.

"I have bought, and still buy, many foreign things, not because I prefer foreign goods, or have necessarily greater confidence in foreign goods, but because in so many cases they have suited me better; their artistic merit is higher, showing the results of more highly trained designers and artisans. If I could always find what I wanted in American goods, I would support American industry every time.

"I think that ARTS & DECORATION is doing a fine piece of work in putting this matter—the importance of art in relation to American industry—before the American public, for I believe that both the manufacturer and the

consumer, even more than the artist, must be shown the way at this time. I feel that the consumer, the American public, has in the past followed a little beaten trail of taste and fashion, has been afraid to forge out along new lines, to trust its own judgment, and to have full confidence in American talent. The American manufacturer and merchant should not only encourage our artists, but should encourage the confidence of the American public by producing and displaying goods of the highest artistic merit only, irrespective of their material value."

### *Wealth and Leisure Stimulate Appreciation*

By WILLIAM FELLOWES MORGAN

IT has sometimes been said that a national appreciation of art implies a leisure class. To a certain extent this is no doubt true, but it is also true that the existence of a leisure class does not necessarily imply appreciation of art, nor is it true that art is not appreciated unless a leisure class exists. Probably it is true, however, that wealth and leisure stimulate appreciation.

The genius of the American people hitherto has not impelled them toward artistic creation. We have invented and built the best machines in the world for weaving fabrics and for shaping objects of metal, but for the designs and patterns we have been content to borrow from others. In the same manner we are paying fabulous prices for works by the old masters of Europe. Our women import their fashions from Paris. A distinctive national type of art has been lacking.

It is gratifying to note that a change of sentiment is taking place. The average citizen is beginning to understand that an article may be useful and beautiful at the same time, and that if it is both, the satisfaction and pleasure arising from its possession are doubled. We do not look to other countries for our machinists. We do not seek advice in methods of making the merits of our merchandise known to the world. When it comes to a question of art, however, we suddenly become timid and seek counsel elsewhere. The United States is peopled with immigrants from all the older countries, and the resulting mixture of races, perhaps, is not conducive to the evolution of national art standards. Nevertheless, if only as a commercial matter, we are creating them, and I believe the time is not far distant when we shall have distinctive standards of our own which will be recognized and respected throughout the world. The love of art is instinctive. Since the time of the cave dwellers, and probably before that era, mankind has sought to give an artistic character to the articles which he uses. There is nothing more ennobling to the mind than an artistic aspiration.

We are realizing that there is really no essential distinction in artistic character between the commonest household objects and the rarest productions of artistic genius. The pleasure we derive from the color of a piece of cloth is of the same quality with the pleasure we feel in the pigments of the painter, and our admiration for a graceful vase is the same as for a piece of sculpture.

(Continued on page 64)



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# Cézanne

## *A Unique Figure Among the Painters of His Time*

By ALBERT C. BARNES



*Portrait of Mme. Cézanne*



*Flowers*

SIXTY years have passed since Courbet started the movement in painting that has resulted in the portrayal of a vivid sense of the world we know and live in as contrasted with the romanticists' fantastic one. We know now that Courbet was not so much a revolutionist as a legitimate successor to Velasquez and Goya in making us see the objective qualities of things divested of the subjectivism that constituted the romanticists' exhibited world of self. To sympathy with Courbet's insight we owe the great painters of 1870 — Manet, Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro — and the imaginative telling of their actually living in a real world. Of that group, Renoir and Cézanne dealt most objectively with the whole range of experience as men find it verified in themselves, free from the trifling, the insignificant, the preoccupation with theory, method, virtuosity or personal vanity. If one looks beneath the dissimilarity of techniques, Renoir and Cézanne are seen as close kin in dealing with the fundamental, universal attributes of people and things. Both treated the familiar, every-day events and things that make up our lives. We see, feel, touch the particular

quality that gives an object its individual identity; each created a world richer, fuller, more meaningful than is revealed to our own unaided perceptions; and from each we get an added assurance that feeling about an object is as vital as any physical characteristic of the object. They mirror a world we know by having lived in it, so vividly that we get a sense of going through an actual experience. They are great artists because they make art and life one by convincing us of the truth and

reality of what they see and feel and express.

Cézanne stands out as a unique figure among the painters of his time, if not of all time, because of the success of his passionate impulse to penetrate into the forms and structure of things. His constant pursuit of physical reality, to grasp it and portray it in its essence, was akin to the zeal and thoroughness of the investigator in science. Where Renoir found poetry and charm in everything, Cézanne saw weight, mass, volume, texture, tactile qualities. He was critical and analytical, with a high intensity of mind and spirit in his search of facts to attain to the secret springs of form and structure. It was a passion that mastered him, that made some of his work seem cold and stern and hard. One can see it even in his earliest paintings done under the romantic influence of Delacroix and in those of a later period when, affected by the impressionists' theory of light and divided tones, he painted some of his most charming but less individual pictures. The intensity of the passion would explain the freedom from mere tradition, from the litter of academism, that makes his mature work unique. It kept him faithful to his own vision and produced the re-



*Mount Sainte Victoire*

(Continued on page 44B)



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# Is American Music Growing Up?

## *Our Emancipation from Alien Influences*

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE discussion in these columns a month or two ago of Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's psychoanalytic view of the kind of artistic sterility that overtakes a composer who sacrifices his own temperament to an alien environment may be worth returning to for the clarification of certain unsatisfactory conditions in our American musical life. A featureless eclecticism, according to this theory, results whenever a composer suppresses his own peculiar ways of regarding life in order to satisfy the demands of a public which sees it differently. However he may please for the moment, he eventually stultifies himself. Mr. Rosenfeld's "horrible examples" of such stultification range from Strauss, rationalizing his sacrifice of individual impulse to the whims of the public as a necessary concession to the need of money, to Mahler, disloyal to his Jewish temperament in the Vienna which could not understand it. In every case he shows the artist's unpardonable sin to be lack of faith in his own peculiar insight and intuition, failure in that self-reliance for which Emerson so sublimely pleaded. Has such a psychoanalysis any light to throw on the music about us here in America?

TO some extent, we must remember, a young country is necessarily dependent on others for its ways of doing things, and imitativeness is one of the vital instincts of immaturity. As Sir Hubert Parry put it, you can no more build a symphony than a ship without technical command of ways and means; and in borrowing these ways and means from those who had most highly developed them, particularly the Germans, the American composer of the last generation naturally borrowed also a point of view, an attitude toward life, a spiritual atmosphere, so to speak, not quite his own. Our musical fathers, uncles, and elder brothers were for the most part educated in Germany. A whole group of our best men now in later middle age sat at the feet of Rheinberger, for instance, while some went to Raff or others. What wonder that with the stoutly wrought, if slightly academic, counterpoint of Rheinberger they absorbed something of the peculiar Teutonic romanticism we associate more especially with Raff, the Raff of the "Im Walde Symphony," a romanticism rather more effete and flaccid than that of the masters Schubert and Schumann, the stream of it beginning to lose freshness and head, and to stagnate in the morasses of sentimentalism?

Even our own MacDowell lived largely in this essentially Teutonic world of his suite "In a Haunted Forest." He is a sort of American Raff, in whom American energy has not roused itself from this mediæval dream world, American humor has not yet pierced the absurdities of these romantic knights with their simpering maidens waiting to "redeem" them.

THE German domination, serviceable as it was in giving us a technical equipment without which we should have remained forever dumb, was bound to come to an end as soon as our native humor began to play upon the absurd assumptions and omissions of romanticism, its ostrich-like habit of hiding its head from the real world. In the phrase, "German as kraut," coined years ago by a Rheinberger

pupil in comment on the compositions of a friend, sounds already for the discerning the knell of its decease. But the end was brought suddenly at last by the war. Today we are in the midst of a reaction; we are superstitiously afraid of admiring anything Teutonic; we have turned away not only from Raffian romanticism, which we can very well do without, but from Beethovenian solidity and nobleness. We have forgotten that we ever had a German nurse, to whom we owe the gift of speech, and have fled in panic to the arms of our new French governess.

WILL the new allegiance help us to find our individuality any better than the old? It may be doubted. Debussy and Ravel may prove momentarily a wholesome counter-influence to the grossness, stodginess, and megalomania of modern Germany, but their over-refinement, their preoccupation with "effects" to the exclusion of ideas, in Meredith's phrase, their "fiddling of harmonics on the harpstrings of sensuality," will certainly in the long run prove as alien to American energy, simplicity, and directness as the German romanticism is untenable to American humor. Our constructiveness, our delight in activity for its own sake (a vice as it shows itself in our "hustling," our desire to be "on the move," whether or not aware of any goal, but surely also the root of many virtues) can never be content in the idle savoring of sensation of the French impressionists. We prefer the highroad, with all its dust, to dalliance on the primrose path. Already Mr. Carpenter, so French in his "Adventures of a Perambulator," is sounding a sturdier note, almost Basque in its primitiveness, in his "The Birthday of the Infanta"; and in Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's "The Trojan Women" one hears, besides the clear orchestral sonorities of modern France, a strength of melodic texture and a symmetry of form which are more German, horrified as he would be at such a suggestion. Had Charles T. Griffes lived, the evidence of some of his late work, especially a piece for flute and orchestra, seems to indicate that he would have emerged from his early impressionistic mist into a sharper, more American air.

MEANWHILE the Oriental, especially the Jewish, infection in our music, seemingly less widespread than the German or the French is, may prove even more virulent. Those not temperamentally immune to it catch it severely, like Mr. Leo Ornstein; and if they ever throw it off, as he has given some signs of doing, seem to be left devoid of energy and, as it were, permanently anæmic. The insidiousness of the Jewish menace to our artistic integrity is due partly to the speciousness, the superficial charm and persuasiveness of Hebrew art, its brilliance, its violently juxtaposed extremes of passion, its poignant eroticism and pessimism, and partly to the fact that the strain in us which might make head against it, the deepest, most fundamental strain perhaps in our mixed nature, is diluted and confused by a hundred other tendencies. The Anglo-Saxon group of qualities, the Anglo-Saxon point of view, even though they are so thoroughly disguised, in a people descended from every race, that we may easily forget them, and it is not safe to predicate them of

any individual American, are nevertheless the vital nucleus of the American temper. And the Jewish domination of our music, even more than the Teutonic and the Gallic, threatens to submerge and stultify them at every point.

FOR how shall a public accustomed by prevailing fashion to the exaggeration, the constant running to extremes, of eastern expression, divine the poignant beauty of Anglo-Saxon sobriety and restraint? How shall it pierce the Anglo-Saxon reticence, the fine reserve so polar to the garrulous self-confession, the almost indecent stripping of the soul, it witnesses in every concert hall and opera house? How, stimulated as it is to an abnormal appetite for the purely sensuous luxury of the ear by the Oriental gift for lavish ornamentation, shall it be able instantly to pitch its demands, so to speak, in another key when it listens to the plain texture, the austere sparseness of Anglo-Saxon musical speech?

AND how, finally, shall it value as it deserves the moderation, the balance, the sense of proportion, which is the finest of Anglo-Saxon qualities, and which, like the sense of humor to which it is akin (since both depend upon the sense of congruity or incongruity), nothing is more alien than the Oriental abandonment to excess? Our public taste, in short, is in danger of being permanently debauched, made lastingly insensitive to qualities most subtly and quintessentially our own, by the intoxication of what is, after all, an alien art. Just as the confirmed alcoholic finds spring water vapid, our jaded musical palates find simplicity and sincerity tame, and consider moderation and proportion, the immortal qualities of all art, negative. But they are not negative, they are in the highest degree positive, as every artist of Anglo-Saxon temperament at heart knows. "Moderation," as Chesterton has it, "is not a compromise; moderation is a passion, the passion of great judges"; and if we would come into our own artistically, we must have the courage to assert this moderation. We await the composer, or group of composers, who shall rest serenely on that insight,

"Turning to scorn, with lips divine,  
The falsehood of extremes."

Of course, to do so will be to invite immediate failure as a step to eventual success. As musical fashions are today, especially in our musical metropolis of New York, only the sensational, the excessive, the exaggerated can be heard, and the composer who seeks ideals so alien to those of the crowd as moderation, balance, clarity and control will please no one but himself. He will find little sympathy even among the professionals, who will be called upon to interpret his work, and through whom alone it can reach the public, since all but a few of them have adopted the current superstitions. And yet it is the paradox of art that only by being true to himself in the face of momentary failure can he achieve the definite individuality, the persuasive eloquence that shall at last win over those who have ears to hear. If he is himself he may eventually conquer in his own person; if he is not himself he will never, despite momentary popularity, be anything.





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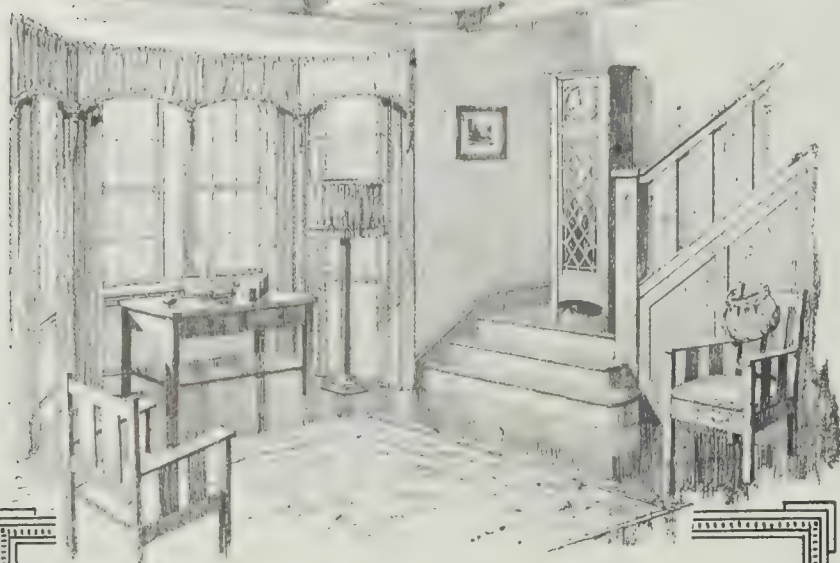
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## Matisse and Picasso

The Two Immediate Heirs to Cézanne

By CLIVE BELL



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THE names go together, as do those of Shelley and Keats or Fortnum and Mason. Even to people who seldom or never look seriously at a picture they have stood, these ten years, as symbols of modernity. They are pre-eminent; and for this there is reason. Matisse and Picasso are the two immediate heirs to Cézanne. They are in the direct line; and through one of them a great part of the younger generation comes at its share of the patrimony. To their contemporaries they owe nothing: they came into the legacy and had to make what they could of it. They are the elder brothers of the movement, a fact which the movement occasionally resents by treating them as though they were its elder sisters.

Even to each other they owe nothing. Matisse, to be sure, swept for one moment out of his course by the overwhelming significance of Picasso's early abstract work, himself made a move in that direction. But this adventure he quickly, and wisely, abandoned; the problems of Cubism could have helped him nothing to materialize his peculiar sensibility. And this sensibility—this peculiar emotional reaction to what he sees—is his great gift. No one ever felt for the visible universe just what Matisse feels; or, if one did, he could not create an equivalent. Because, in addition to this magic power of creation, Matisse has been blessed with extraordinary sensibility both of reaction and touch; he is a great artist; because he trusts to it entirely he is not what for a moment apparently he wished to be—a *chef d'école*.

PICASSO, on the other hand, who never tried to be anything of the sort, is the paramount influence in modern painting—subject, of course, to the supreme influence of Cézanne. All the world over are students and young painters to whom his mere name is thrilling; to whom Picasso is the liberator. His influence is ubiquitous: even in England it is immense. Not only those who, for all their denials—denials that spring rather from ignorance than bad faith—owe almost all they have to the inventor of Cubism, but artists who float so far out of the main stream as the Spensers and the Nashes, Mr. Lamb and Mr. John, would all have painted differently had Picasso never existed.

Picasso is a born *chef d'école*. His is one of the most inventive minds in Europe. Invention is as clearly his supreme gift as sensibility is that of Matisse. His career has been a series of discoveries, each of which he has rapidly developed. A highly original and extremely happy conception enters his head, suggested, probably, by some odd thing he has seen. Forthwith he

sets himself to analyze it and disentangle those principles that account for its peculiar happiness. He proceeds by experiment, applying his hypothesis in the most unlikely places. The significant elements of negro sculpture are found to repeat their success in the drawing of a lemon. Before long he has established what looks like an infallible method for producing an effect of which, a few months earlier, no one had so much as dreamed. This is one reason why Picasso is a born *chef d'école*. And this is why of each new phase in his art the earlier examples are apt to be the more vital and well-nourished. At the end he is approaching that formula towards which his intellectual effort tends inevitably. It is time for a new discovery.

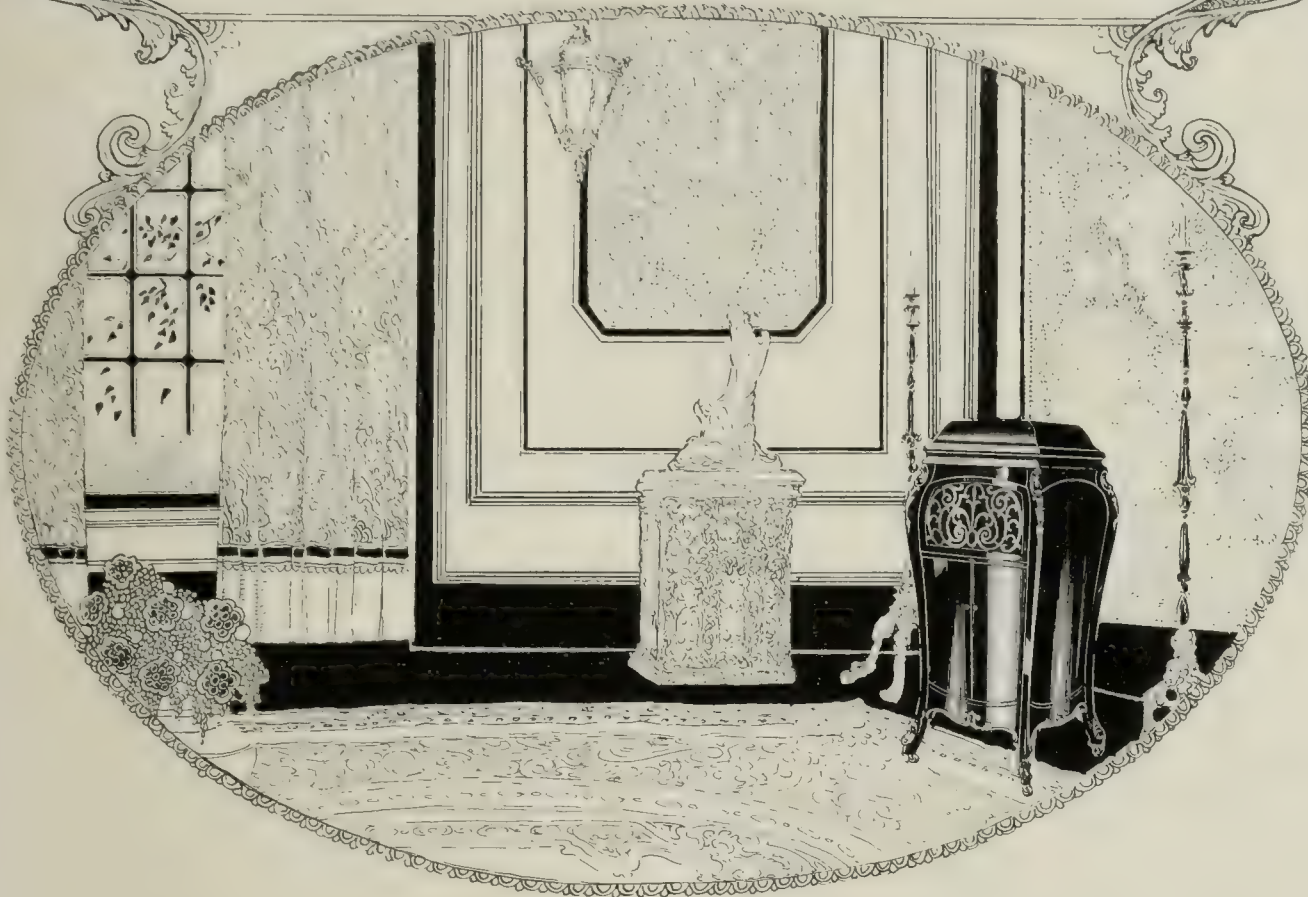
MEANWHILE a pack of hungry followers has been eyeing the young master as he made clearer and even clearer the nature of his last. To this pack he throws hint after hint. And still the wolves pursue. You see them in knots and clusters all along the road he has traveled, gnawing, tugging at some unpicked idea. Worry! worry! worry! Here is a crowd of old laggards still lingering and snuffling over "the blue period." A vaster concourse is scattered about the spot where the nigger's head fell, and of these the strongest have carried off scraps for themselves, which they assimilate at leisure, lying apart; while round the trunk of Cubism is a veritable sea of swaying, struggling, ravenous creatures. The howling is terrific. But Picasso, himself, is already far away, elaborating an idea that came to him one day as he contemplated a drawing by Ingres.

AND, besides being extraordinarily inventive, Picasso is what they call "an intellectual artist." Those who suppose that an intellectual artist is one who spends his time on his head mistake. Milton and Mantegna were intellectual artists: it may be doubted whether Caravaggio and Rostand were artists at all. An intellectual artist is one who feels first—a peculiar state of emotion being the point of departure for all works of art—and goes on to think. Obviously, Picasso has a passionate sense of the significance of form; also, he can stand away from his passion and consider it; apparently in this detached mood it is that he works. In art the motive power is heat always; some drive their engines by means of boiling emotion, others by the incandescence of intellectual passion. These go forward by intense concentration on the problem; those swing with breathless precision from feeling to feeling. Sophocles, Masaccio and Bach are intellectuals in this sense,

(Continued on second page following)



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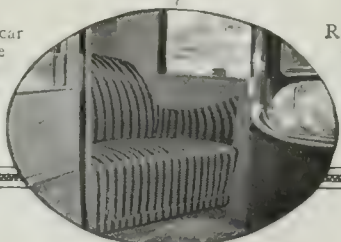
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while Shakespeare, Correggio and Mozart trust their sensibility almost as a bird trusts its instinct. It never entered the head of a swallow to criticize its own methods; and if Mozart could not write a tune wrong, that was not because he had first tested his idea at every point, but because he was Mozart. Yet no one ever thought of going to a swallow for lessons in aviation; or, rather, Dædalus did, and we all know what came of it.

THAT is my point. I do not presume to judge between one method of creation and another; I shall not judge between Matisse and Picasso; but I do say that, as a rule, it is the intellectual artist who becomes, in spite of himself, schoolmaster to the rest. And there is a reason for this. By expressing themselves, intellectual artists appeal to us æsthetically; but, in addition, by making, or seeming to make, some statement about the nature of the artistic problem, they set us thinking. We feel sure they have something to say about the very stuff of art which we, clumsily enough, can grasp intellectually. With purely æsthetic qualities the intellect can do nothing: but here, it seems, is something the brain can get hold of. Therefore we study them and they become our leaders; which does not make them our greatest artists. Matisse may yet be a better painter than Picasso.

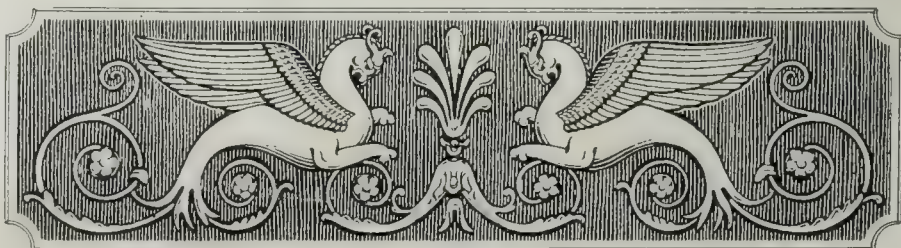
Be that as it may, from Matisse there is little or nothing to be learned, since Matisse relies on his peculiar sensibility to bring him through. If you want to paint like him, feel what he feels, conduct it to the tips of your fingers, thence on to your canvas, and there you are. The counsel is not encouraging. These airy creatures try us too high. Indeed, it sometimes strikes me that even to appreciate them you must have a touch of their sensibility. A critic who is apt to be sensible was complaining the other day that Matisse had only one instrument in his orchestra. There are orchestras in which fifty instruments sound as one. Only it takes a musician to appreciate them. Also, one hears the others talking about "the pretty, tinkley stuff" of Mozart. Those who call the art of Matisse slight must either be insensitive or know little of it. Certainly, Matisse is capable of recording, with an exquisite gesture and not much more, just the smell of something that looked as though it would be good to eat. These are notes. Notes are often slight—I make the critics a present of that. Also of this: it takes a more intense effort of the creative imagination to leave out what Tchehov leaves out of his

short stories than to say what Meredith put into his long ones.

IN the Plutarchian method there was ever a snare, and I have come near treading in it. The difference between Matisse and Picasso is not to be stated in those sharp antitheses that every journalist loves. Nothing could be more obtuse than to represent one as all feeling and the other all thought. The art of Picasso, as a matter of fact, is perhaps more personal even than that of Matisse, just because his sensibility is perhaps even more curious. Look at a Cubist picture by him amongst other Cubists. Here, if anywhere, amongst these abstractions, you would have supposed that there was small room for idiosyncrasy. Yet at M. Léonce Rosenberg's gallery no amateur fails to spot the Picassos. His choice of colors, the appropriateness of his most astonishing audacities, the disconcerting yet delightful perfection of his taste, the unlooked-for yet positive beauty of his harmonies, make Picasso one of the most personal artists alive.

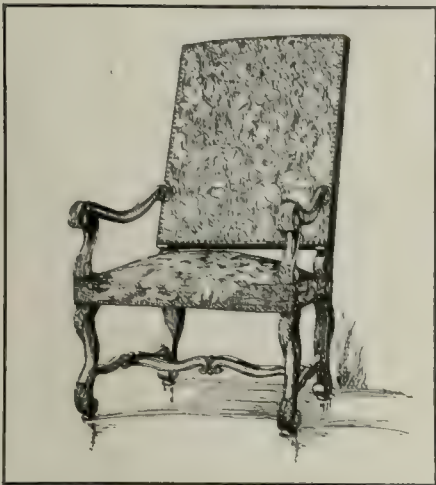
And if Picasso is anything but a dry doctrinaire, Matisse is no singing bird with one little jet of spontaneous melody. I wish his sculpture were better known in England, for it disposes finely of the ridiculous notion that Matisse is a temperament without a head. Amongst his bronze and plaster figures you will find sometimes a series consisting of several versions of the same subject, in which the original superabundant conception has been reduced to bare essentials by a process which implies the severest intellectual effort. Nothing that Matisse has done gives a stronger sense of his genius, and, at the same time, makes one so sharply aware of a brilliant intelligence and of erudition even.

AMONGST the hundred differences between Matisse and Picasso perhaps, after all, there is but one on which a critic can usefully insist. Even about that he can say little that is definite. Only, it does appear to be true that whereas Matisse is a pure artist, Picasso is an artist and something more—an involuntary preacher, if you like. Neither, of course, falls into the habit of puffing out his pictures with literary stuff, though Picasso has, on occasions, allowed to filter into his art a, to me most distasteful, dash of sentimentality. That is not the point, however. The point is that, whereas both create without commenting on life, Picasso, by some inexplicable quality in his statement, does, unmistakably, comment on art. That is why he, and not Matisse, is master.





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Still Life

## Cézanne

(Continued from page 40)

finement that compels our attention to the significant, the momentous attributes of people and things, stripped of triviality and irrelevant detail. Only a strong instinct for art saved such a personality from producing mere illusion or literal copy. His power to fuse thought and feeling, the ability to engraft relevant emotion upon substantial fact, to project himself into objects, made him an artist instead of a scientist. The spirit of science scarcely emerges as we live with him in the stirring adventure he fairly revels in as he works out forms, textures and designs in the world he so magnificently transforms for us. We see only the forms constructed of radiant, singing color, the melodious spaces, the harmonious, rhythmic, decorative design, the fitting quality and degree of emotion. He welds reality, truth and beauty into an experience which we feel is a reflection of the world created by sheer magic out of the materials we live among every day. It is a world full of human interests, of enlivened and enriched associations, of renewals of the intrinsic charms of the myriads of daily, fleeting impressions and their mysterious, moving qualities of infinity, calm, depth, majesty, repose. It is these and similar qualities ever present in our commonplace world that he animates for us with a pervasive rhythmic vitality and beauty.

CÉZANNE'S whole life was a struggle to express a self and soul that were his very own. He was his own judge and jury, with standards of his own making. How high these standards were is shown by the scores of canvases he literally threw away as unsuccessful attempts at satisfactory self-expression. Many of these discarded paintings were rescued and

are now hanging in museums and private collections, where quality is the criterion of admittance. The fact that the work of not many painters survives on a wall with Cézanne's proves the wisdom of Santayana's remark that "one effect of growing experience is to make what is unreal uninteresting." Very few painters have had the power to grasp and portray reality as Cézanne has done it; perhaps because so seldom does the fervor of so strong a passion take possession of a man whose life and art were so inseparably one. Add to that his rare mastership of the medium of paint and one can understand why the experienced observer of paintings is drawn irresistibly to the Cézannes in a mixed collection of good quality.

THE individuality of Cézanne's work, so different from that of all others, implies that its appreciation is a developed rather than an immediate experience. The distorted line, the strangely-placed mass, the conflict with conventional ideas of color, drawing and composition, usually excite a novice to expressions of derision or humor or condemnation; but no one is ever inattentive because Cézanne's have a power of self-assertion quite apart from any æsthetic qualities. After their strange or queer impressions no longer startle and the observer can examine them without preconceptions, it does not take long to learn that Cézanne tells something definite, quite momentous and very personal, and in a positive way that is all his own. Later the message becomes so personal that we are compelled to analyze it and we are then on the way to learn that Cézanne speaks eloquently the universal language of all great art, which means all of life that counts.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Dr. Barnes, of Overbrook, Pa., has contributed articles to this magazine from time to time. His collection of modern pictures is one of those most commended by the initiated.





A Jacobean interior of the time of James I. A charming combination of old paneling and modern furniture that bears the outward semblance of age. The assemblage above shown well illustrates the interest and harmony that can be given to a dining-room furnished with carefully chosen pieces of this interesting period rather than buying them en suite.

*By courtesy of the MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS the above furniture was photographed in their Jacobean oak paneled room.*

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## The Current Theatrical Season on Broadway

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

THERE is nothing to compare with the activities of the New York stage today. We have more theatres here than London ever boasted; more than Paris and Berlin had together before the late world war.

They are all open, and filled eight times a week. Night after night sixty thousand or more playgoers stream through the doors of sixty handsome New York playhouses. And these do not include heaven knows how many who prefer the "movies."

Nor is the theatre craze peculiar to this city. One finds it everywhere, from Boston to Los Angeles. It is impossible just now, I hear from good authority, to rent a theatre anywhere for even a week. Plays, scores of plays, are shelved for lack of bookings and may be forced to wait their turn for many months.

Such facts as these are not a proof that we outdo the world as promoters of good drama. But they do prove our very real and growing interest in that vital art. It is encouraging to think of all those thousands who are hungering here for plays. Good plays, if they can find them. Plays of some sort. Our managers have splendid opportunities. So have our playwrights. It happens, to be sure, that just at present, some—too many—plays perhaps are not what they might or what they should be. But that is true of all the plays in every city. A large proportion of them are gay, glittering "shows." Most are light

drama may find enough to please them in the lighter plays. If many they may see are frankly frivolous, most will appeal to them as smart and bright and clever.

The foremost purpose of the average Broadway manager, as of most managers, is to supply what an elusive public wants, or what he thinks that public wants. He may be right when he assumes, as he does now, that what New Yorkers crave is merely entertainment. If he is wrong, he will soon learn he is mistaken. Our playwrights, too, will have their lesson taught them. With few exceptions they are bent not on uplifting, but amusing us.

To enjoy nine-tenths of the new plays today one must approach them in a cheerful mood. One should not go to see "The Bad Man" (at the Comedy) as if one hoped that it might prove another "Hamlet." One should approach it as one would a college joke. For, though apparently a genuine melodrama, what Mr. P. E. Browne has called it on the bills is "a satirical comedy." The same advice applies to "Three Live Ghosts,"

the most recent offering at the Greenwich Village Theatre. Mr. Isham, who, with Mr. Marcin's aid, has devised that play, distinctly names it not a drama, but a comedy. Both little works are thoroughly amusing, if they are viewed as topsy-turvy skits on life. Each is built up much on the same plan as "Cheating Cheaters." Each deals with crooks in a Gilbertian spirit. The plot of "Cheating Cheaters" (seen some years ago) has been transferred, with changes, to a new environment. The scenes are now laid on the Arizona frontier, and the chief person in the play, one Pancho Lopez, is an outrageous Mexican of anarchistic tendencies. He mocks at morals, as we understand such things, and almost wins us over to his weird philosophy when he assures us that our pet proprieties are based not on our virtue, but our fear of the police. This Sancho Lopez tells us that our vaunted freedom means really that we are hampered in our freedom. The things we want to do we dare not do. The things he wants to do, he does untrammelled. He shoots and robs and swindles as he chooses, regardless of the law and what it stands for. And somehow, by defying every law, he makes two lovers happy and downs several villains.

With variations, of a humorous kind, in "Three Live Ghosts," morality is flouted. Not quite so glaringly, maybe, as in "The Bad Man," but none the less effectively and clearly. The "ghosts" in Mr. Isham's curious comedy are three young soldiers who have made their way to "Blighty" from a German camp. They have been given up for dead, and dead they stay. But, in the meantime, an old mother of one



Frances Starr in "One"

soldier has been collecting money on her son's insurance policy, complications and all sorts of upsets, which are ingeniously enough worked out in the denouement. The humors of this play depend, above all, on the psychology of the old mother, Mrs. Gubbins, a typical Londoner of the low middle class, and of the character of one of the "live ghosts," an English nobleman, who has been shell-shocked and who, until another shock restores his wits, has lost all sense of ethics and becomes a thief.

The unmistakable success of "The Bad Man" is largely due to the whole-souled and spirited acting of the Mexican by Hollbrook Blinn. The finest acting in the Isham entertainment is by Beryl Mercer as a cunning, sordid mother, and Cyril Chadwick, as the high-born shell-shocked thief.

It would, I have no doubt, distress Mr. Belasco if I said that, though presented as a serious psychic study of the mysteries of thought transference, the play called "One," by Mr. Knoblock, in which he was chosen to star Frances Starr this season, may not be taken in dead earnest by the critical. It would need more than Mr. Knoblock's art and science, or Mr. Belasco's wondrous skill as a producer, to lend reality to the amazing story, told with mystical trimmings, in this "One." But there are thousands who will swallow the tale simply as they did "Marie Odile" and who will love to be persuaded that the twin sisters in the play, named Ruth and Pearl, had only one soul, which they needed to have merged (through Ruth's demise) to form one rare and glorious pianist. It may be true, as the Belasco programs state, on the authority of Crookes, that "thoughts and images may be transferred" from mind to mind without sensual agencies. But to convince us of that fact in a dramatic way would tax the resources of a dramatist of genius.

Among other works which have done very well is an agreeable sketch, or play, by Miss Rida Johnson Young, entitled "Little Old New York." A slight effort of bright and



Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man"

comedies, while some are melodramas of a modern kind, made less to thrill one than to stir to laughter. The season is still young. Before it ends we shall have dramas of a more ambitious type. The frothier plays shall vanish from the boards and in their places we shall have much better works. But while they wait for them, those who love serious

(Continued on page 76)



## Protect That Which Is Nearest To You —Your Home



### *Have Your Home Appraised!*

The time to consider this is before a fire—afterwards would be too late.

*Our trained Experts do this:*

Make a complete record of every item in your home.

Appraise everything on the basis of replacement value today.

Furnish you with the record in intelligent form.

Represent you when you need it most — after a fire.

## How Much Money Have You Invested In Your Home?

*You Will Know With Our Appraisal.*

Our work means a saving of thousands of dollars.

It enables you to know what you possess, where it is and what it totals in dollars and cents.

It is your disinterested proof-of-loss in the event of fire.

It enables you to comply with the 80% clause in your fire insurance policy.

Our Appraisal is your sure protection.

---

### HOME APPRAISAL COMPANY

126 Liberty Street

Telephone Rector 649

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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A telephone call or note brings you, without obligation, a trained and courteous representative, who will tell you of our work, method of procedure, cost, etc.



An interesting collection of decorated leather screens priced from \$110.00 upwards.

*Screens designed and painted to order*

### LA PLACE

OBJECTS OF ART

405 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK

ANTIQUES

REPRODUCTIONS





## Danersk Decorative Furniture

**H**AVE you experienced the joy of creating a color scheme that is your own? This is your opportunity in Danersk Decorative Furniture: the chance to select the individual pieces you need for any room, and have them finished in some delightful color harmony to go with a quaint old English print or the fabrics of your own choice.

*We make the furniture we offer and finish it for your home. Luxurious overstuffed pieces; dignified dining-room sets; beautiful decorated groups harmonious with the choicest line of English prints.*

Send for The Danersk K-11 and buy through your dealer, decorator, or direct.

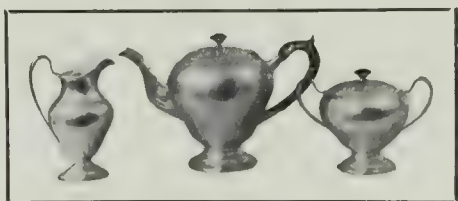
**ERSKINE-DANFORTH CORPORATION**  
2 West 47th Street, New York  
First door west of Fifth Avenue, fourth floor



Designs by Edward McKnight Kauffer

## The Society of Arts and Crafts

Exclusive Designs



Incorporated 1897

Handwrought silver, jewelry, pewter, copper, textiles, mirrors, pottery, glass, etc. Useful gifts with real distinction

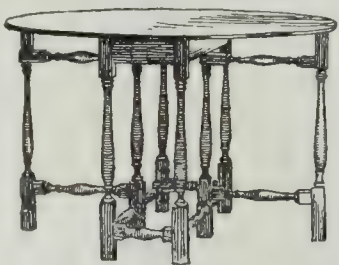
9 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

## LEAVENS FURNITURE

The careful, discriminating purchaser plans a home that will become more beautiful as the years go by—which both in exterior and interior appearance will take on additional charm as it grows older.

He selects

### LEAVENS COLONIAL FURNITURE



for interiors, knowing that like the house itself this wonderful furniture will grow old gracefully—remaining always in vogue and satisfying even the most fastidious taste.

Personal preference may be exercised in the matter of finish. We will gladly supply unfinished pieces if desired, to be finished to match any interior.

Write for set No. 6 of illustrations and Leavens stains.

William Leavens & Co., Inc.

32 Canal Street

Manufacturers

Boston, Mass.

## Edward McKnight Kauffer, a Commercial Artist With Ideals

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

**T**HE case of Edward McKnight Kauffer is worth considering. Here is an advertising artist, a commercial artist, if you will, who insists first and last upon being an artist. He refuses to be merely a part of the great advertising machine. Because a draughtsman and a designer adapts his ideas to the necessities of commerce and industry, Kauffer claims, that is no reason why he should cease to be an artist. He challenges our advertising agencies to explain themselves, to give an apology for their lives, as the Latins used to say.



where shall be "artistic." The "Tube" is filled with huge posters. The buses are covered with them. The billboards, or "hoardings," present a strange pot-pourri of posters of all types. Now, it is one of the peculiarities of the British idea of advertising that posters are de-

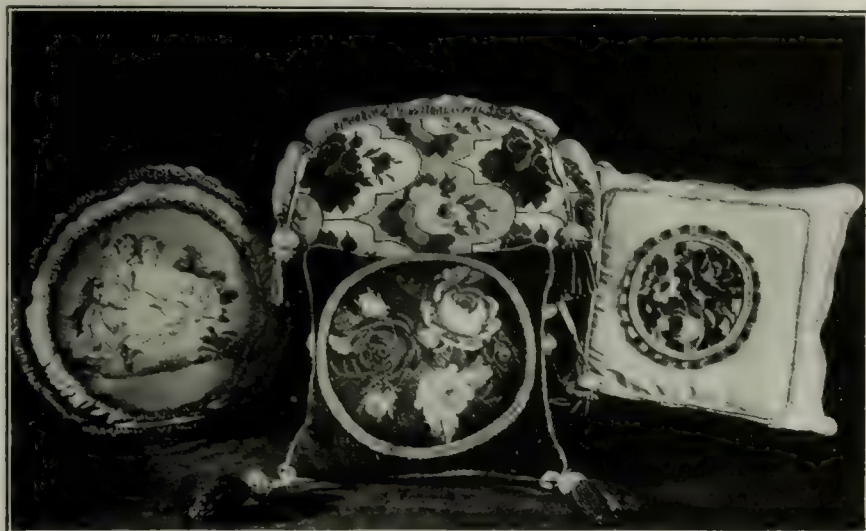
signed and placed in the "Tube" stations to entice the public to go by the underground railway out to suburban and country spots. To a New Yorker it is as though the Interborough should display posters enticing us to Van Cortlandt Park or the Bronx Zoo by subway, or to join the merry five o'clock throng on the Forty-second Street shuttle! But it is not my purpose to criticise the English idea of advertising. Some of these posters really are effective—they made one long for the open country, to escape from London gloom, to visit Windsor, Hatfield, Richmond, to immerse oneself in the atmosphere

(Continued on second page following)



# MISS SWIFT

11 EAST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK



*Sofa pillows of old needlework set off by colored taffeta and trimmings.*

*An interesting Booklet on decorative furniture will be sent on application. Specify Booklet C.*

## INTERIOR DECORATIONS

**FURNITURE, HANGINGS,  
MATERIALS, WALL AND  
FLOOR COVERINGS**

**MANTEL ORNAMENTS,  
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS**

**SPECIALTIES IN BOUDOIR  
FURNISHINGS, LAMPS,  
SHADES AND MIRRORS**

# MONTAGUE FLAGG

INC.

42 East 57th Street

NEW YORK



*Rare example of Old English Bracket Clock  
in Red Lacquer—Circa 1750*

English, French and Italian Furniture  
Pictures and Tapestries of the  
16th, 17th and 18th centuries





English Gothic Clock Set, made of a light brown marble with very fine hand chiseled mercury bronze mounting. The clock is a guaranteed timepiece. Price \$2,500 for the set.

## LA PLACE

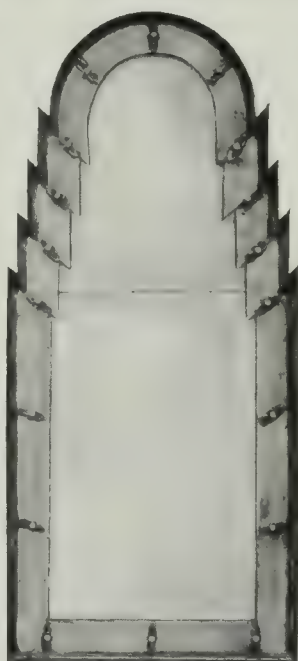
OBJECTS OF ART

405 MADISON AVENUE

REPRODUCTIONS

NEW YORK

ANTIQUES



## FRANK BOWLES

ANTIQUES

Announces his removal to

436-438 MADISON AVENUE  
THE BELGRAVIA BLOCK

A rare collection of English  
mirrors now on display

FURNITURE



YOUNG WOMAN OPENING A CASEMENT  
By Johannes Vermeer of Delft—(11x14)

## THE VERMEER COLOUR PRINTS

Reproductions of Four Important Paintings in  
The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

SCENE IN VENICE—"The Piazzetta"  
By Canaletto—(12x12, square)

BOY WITH A SWORD—(10x15)  
By Edouard Manet

MADONNA ADORING THE CHILD—(12x12, round)  
By Lorenzo di Credi

Faithful in colour; suitable for study and framing. Mounted on boards  
1'3/4"x1'8" and with a description of each painting. Price, \$2.00  
apiece, and 10 cents postage.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART  
Fifth Avenue & 82nd Street





and color those posters so exceptionally and strikingly drove home to one's consciousness. But even more acutely you became aware that somewhere in England there was a real master of poster art, a man who understood the poster not merely as an outlet for talent, but from the commercial and industrial point of view.

I spoke to certain Londoners of the superiority of the London posters to those of New York. Most of them are bad, they replied. I agreed; but I called attention to certain of the Derry and Toms' posters, certain of Heal's, of the Vigil Silk, the fine poster of *The Daily Herald*, and certain of the Underground posters. "All those you mention are Kauffer's," was invariably the answer. "Who is Kauffer?" I asked. "Don't you know Kauffer? He is a countryman of yours."

The best current posters in London are the designs of an American! I decided to investigate. I wanted to find out why Kauffer worked in London instead of New York. I decided to question him.

I discovered him in a studio in the King's Road, Chelsea, a handsome young man not yet thirty, an artist vitally interested

in the poster as an art-form, not merely a dilettante who turns them out to keep the pot boiling, nor on the other hand a human commercial art machine, or a syndicate filling orders as they come in.

If there has been one guiding principle in the career of

this unusually gifted creator of posters, it has been the direct co-operation of the advertiser and the artist. The maker of the advertising poster, in the opinion of Edward McKnight Kauffer, must remain an artist. He must be more interested in this art as an art than as a business. It cannot be his aim merely to make a fortune, to secure a heavy yearly contract for his services. He must know the advertiser personally.

"I am convinced that no real industrial art can be attained without a scrupulous discrimination on the part of the designer," he asserts. "The designer must have other motives than the making of a fortune. Money can be made, and is being made, as we all know, to the detriment of good work."

He claims that personal contact with the men requiring advertising art in the exploitation of their products is an absolute necessity in obtaining good results.



F. J. OSTERLING, ARCHT.

## English Library in the Residence of Thomas W. Morrison PITTSBURGH, PA.

*Pronounced one of the handsomest and most beautifully  
furnished rooms in that city*

A GLIMPSE into this room shows the woodwork in English Oak, ornament hand carved, including the panels of ceiling. Side wall panels above wainscoting and book cases, hung with Aubusson tapestry specially made to order.

Draperies at windows and portieres at doors hand-woven tapestry in old blue silk grosgrain ground with Aubusson designed borders (front and bottom) in colors to harmonize with the side wall panels.

Point Arab laces at windows.

Furniture of the room made to order and upholstered in the same tapestry as shown on the side walls.

Rugs covering floor hand tufted, made in Austria.

*Inquiries regarding this work cheerfully furnished.*

*Entire Decorations and Furnishings of this Home Executed by*

*Franklin P. Duryea & Co. INC.*

FORMERLY 718 5TH AVE.

**Interior Decorations  
Furniture & Works of Art**

*45 East 57th Street*

(WARWICK HOUSE)

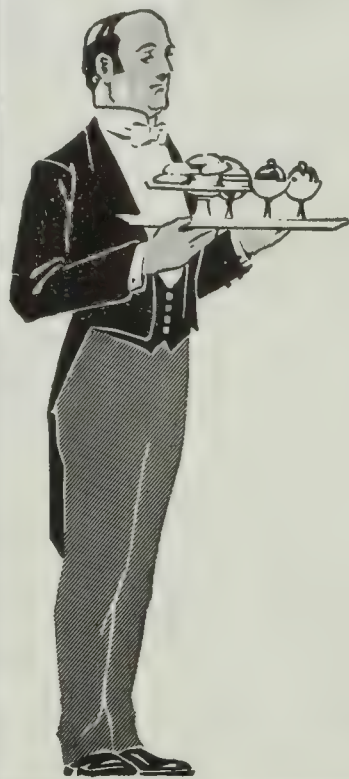
*New York*

TELEPHONE PLAZA 2152



## Dean's CATERING DEPARTMENT

FOR FALL WEDDINGS  
TOWN OR COUNTRY



Catering, complete in every detail: Trained butlers, ladies' maids, coatmen, carriage men, musicians. . . . Canopy, floral decorations, chairs, etc. Estimates submitted.

628 Fifth Avenue  
New York

*Established Eighty-one Years Ago*

## The Promise of a Marvelous Music Season

THE music season which has just begun bids fair to eclipse all other seasons we have known here. For months to come, from now till March or May, it will be full of varied and delightful interest. New York has always been a music centre. This winter Unless all signs and portents should be must deceptive, it will become the centre of the music world.

Music in London fades when summer goes, not to revive until the spring returns. In Paris it thrives well enough in winter. And so it did, before the war, elsewhere. But nowhere could one now point to such plans as are announced here by our concert managers. And nowhere but in Paris will there be such operatic life as in New York. New operas and revivals of all kinds and schools are promised by our two great lyric companies. The Metropolitan, of course, will do its best not to discredit its great past and present. The rival company of the Chicago house will press it hard, no doubt, in its new home at the Manhattan. A dozen or more works will be produced to satisfy the increasing thirst for opera.

New singers will be heard at both our opera houses, besides the long approved and famous artists. Much may be hoped for of one London singer, a young Scotch lyric tenor, Joseph Hislop. The appearance of this artist at Covent Garden a few months ago made a profound impression. His New York debut with the Chicago company should be a feature of the coming season. Bonci, Caruso, Garden, Titta Ruffo, Farrar, Raiza, and perhaps Muratore, will charm us, with a score of other stars, in new and old and moving characters. A great event, for which we have waited long, will be the performance—by the Metropolitan artists—of "Louise." The rival companies will also both give us more Wagner music-dramas—all in English.

But while most music lovers will think first of opera, to thousands there will be more real sig-



Willem Mengelberg

nificance in the concerts which are promised by three New York symphony orchestras. The oldest of the three, the Philharmonic, will this season, as before, be under the leadership of Josef Stransky. This year, though, he will have as his assistant or associate Henry Hadley, an American who has still to show New York that he is qualified for his position. The programs for the season are not known yet. But they will probably include, besides various novelties now on their way from Europe, a few American compositions, among them a symphonic poem by Mr. Hadley, whose industry and activity seem unbounded. In honor of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Beethoven, the works of that great master among masters of the art divine will have especial prominence in the scheme of Mr. Stransky. We may look forward to just nine and forty Philharmonic concerts in New York and Brooklyn; enough, one might suppose, to glut the appetite of all who long for symphony. The soloists engaged for various purposes by Mr. Stransky include violinists, cellists, singers, pianists, familiar to our minds as household words. Among them will be Kreisler, Grainger, Rachmaninoff, Casals, Bauer, Matzenauer and Godowsky. Owing to secessions and to various other causes, fourteen new members will appear with what, we are told, will be a strengthened orchestra.

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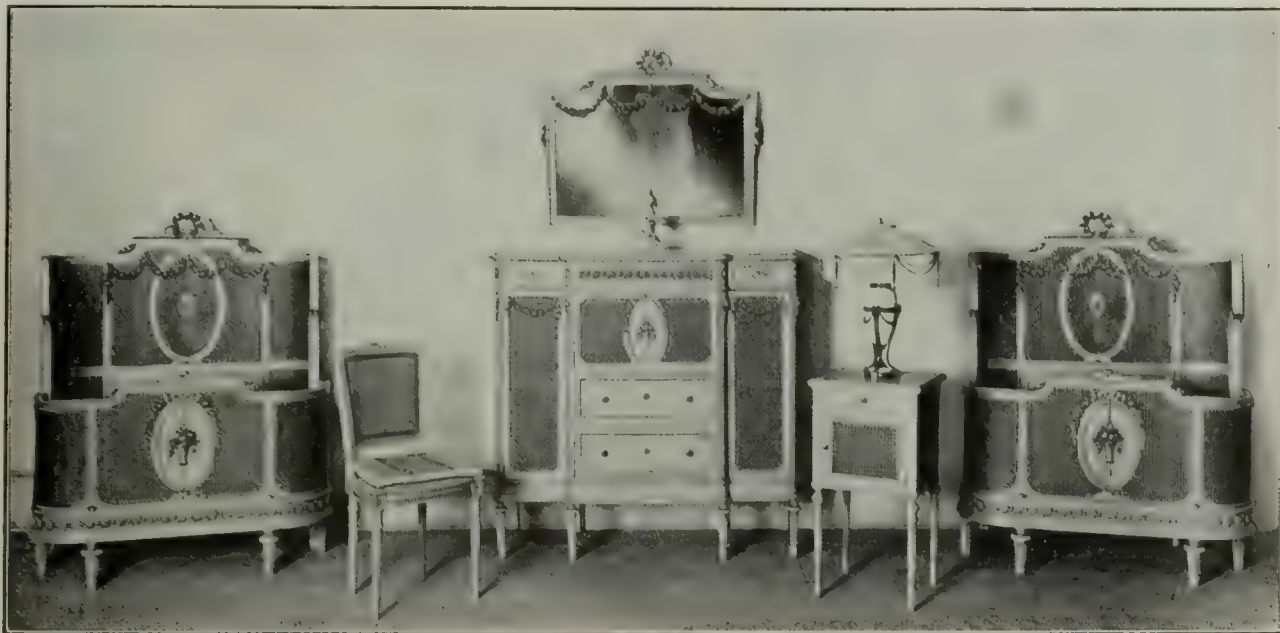
*Advantageous  
Importations of  
the Finest Household  
and Decorative Linens  
for Bridal Trousseaux  
and the Holidays at  
exceptionally  
inviting prices*

**MOSSE**  
INCORPORATED  
19 WEST 45<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK



Arthur Coates





*Hand carved suite designed and executed by us, finished in pastel shades on antique gray ground—consisting of twin beds, dresser, hanging mirror, vanity, somno, bench and side chair.*

## *A. Lowenbein's Sons, Inc.*

581 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

*For Sixty Years this Firm has Designed and Executed*

**ORIGINAL DECORATIVE INTERIORS**

*meeting in distinctive forms, the social and home requirements of the most discriminating clientele.  
Especial designing of furniture, draperies, etc.*

# FRANK PARTRIDGE, Inc.



CHIPPENDALE CARVED MAHOGANY SECRETAIRE CABINET  
CARVED CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS

**ANTIQUE  
ENGLISH  
FURNITURE**

**TAPESTRIES  
CHINESE JADES  
INTERIOR  
DECORATIONS**

**6 WEST FIFTY-SIXTH STREET  
NEW YORK**

LONDON: 26 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S





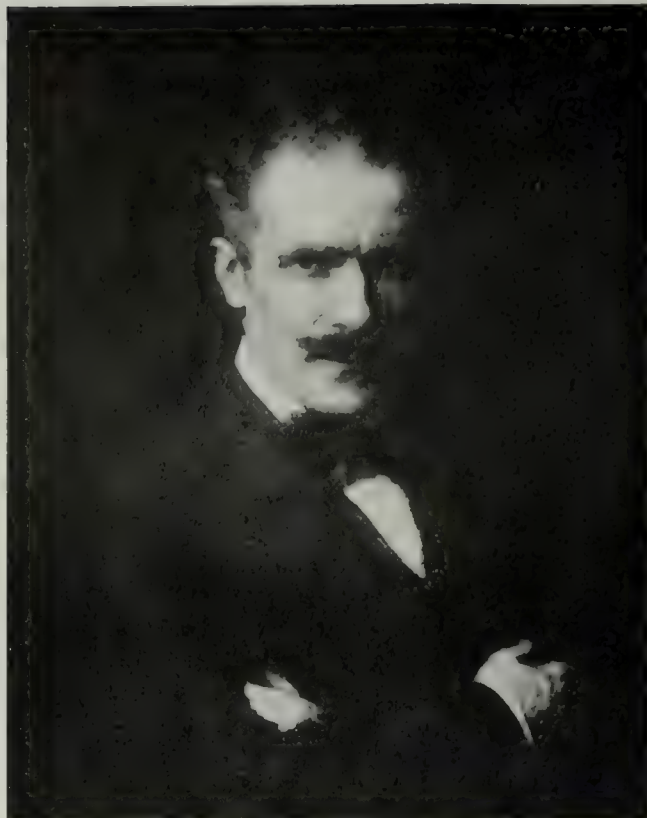
## Authentic Furs of Fashion

Well-made furs are more difficult to obtain than ever before.

These are the world's standard—fairly priced because we made them.

**JAECKEL  
& SONS INC.**

Fifth Avenue corner 45th St.  
NEW YORK



Maestro Toscanini

113.

(Continued from second page preceding)

UNDER Walter Damrosch, fresh from European triumphs, the New York Symphony will go to work more strenuously and seriously than ever. It will give us, as the backbone of its enterprise, an important series of what should be very interesting and instructive programs retracing the whole history of symphony, from its beginning to its culminating achievements in the days we live in. New works, which Mr. Damrosch dug up on his travels while in England, France and Italy this year, will be performed, besides the classics and examples of our own composers. It is not impossible, although it is not sure, that Vincent d'Indy, who now heads the great French school, may be persuaded to return here and direct some concerts under Mr. Damrosch's auspices. And it is settled that, in any case, we shall have one concert, if not two or more, devoted wholly to the British school, of which Vaughan Williams, Holst, Frederick Delius and others are examples. The British program—or two programs—will be interpreted under the brilliant and authoritative conductorship of Mr. Albert Coates, who, though comparatively young (he is not yet forty), has been in turn the associate of Nikischy, musical director

(for eight years) of what was formerly the Imperial Russian Opera House, director of the Imperial Russian Symphony, and quite recently joint musical director, with Sir Joseph Beecham, at Covent Garden.

This is not all or nearly all we may expect within the next few months in the way of symphony. The lately renamed National (it was once known as the New) Symphony Society announces sixty concerts. The official, regular conductor of this new but ambitious orchestra is Mr. Bodanzky. But he will have with him, for fully half the season, no less a light of music than the Dutch conductor, Mr. William Mengelberg, of Amsterdam, one of the five or six most famous living conductors.

BESIDES all these startling and sensational schemes—besides regular concerts by the Boston Symphony, and occasional ventures of some other organizations of the West and South, we shall be privileged here in New York this season to hear three performances (at the Metropolitan) of the La Scala Orchestra (so called at all events), straight from Milan, under the baton of that marvelous, if not unique, conductor, long dear to us, Maestro Arturo Toscanini.

## Artistic Confessions

*By American Artists and Art Lovers on Contemporary Art  
Currents in the United States*

THESE columns will contain the personal views of the ablest and most famous men in the field of art in America. Sculpture, painting, engraving, architecture and kindred crafts that admit of fine art will be represented by the best which the development of the Western Hemisphere can show in the way of character and distinction.

Independence, constructive criticism, frankness and intimate knowledge of the subjects will mark these papers. They will be unacademic. The reader will be taken into the studios of great artists, through museums, art schools, and collections; and shown the art life of the country from the inside, from the viewpoint of the men who live it.





*A STUDY of this house, before alterations and after, will show the logical and aesthetic possibilities of remodeling.*



[AFTER]

[BEFORE]

## HENRY J. DAVISON

INC.

489 Park Avenue, New York

TELEPHONE PLAZA 9389

*In the September number of ARTS & DECORATION we showed a pictorial example of our Interior Decorations and Furnishings. The above emphasizes our HOUSE SURGERY or remodeling. Remodeling is the key which unlocks the economic and aesthetic problems of the day. Let us discuss your problem with you.*

INTERIORS

DECORATIONS

FURNISHINGS

Send for  
Illustrated Booklet N  
"House Surgery"

EXTERIORS

HOUSE SURGERY

REMODELING

### *The HOHO SHOP*

Announce

*An Italian Importation of*  
ANTIQUE FURNITURE · WROUGHT  
IRON · BROCADES · LACE · JEWELRY

*Including an Unusual Collection of*  
Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Glass

673 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD, NORTH  
CHICAGO, ILL.

### NEW GALLERIES

OF

## E. F. BONAVENTURE, Inc.

NOW AT

536 MADISON AVENUE

Above 54th Street

NEW YORK

Objects of Art  
Fine Prints, Rare Books  
Small Pieces of French Furniture  
Paintings—Pastels

*Wedding gifts for the discerning*

### LONDON INTERIOR DECORATING COMPANY

LATE LONDON, ENGLAND

603 LEXINGTON AVENUE  
NEW YORK

PHONE PLAZA 8822

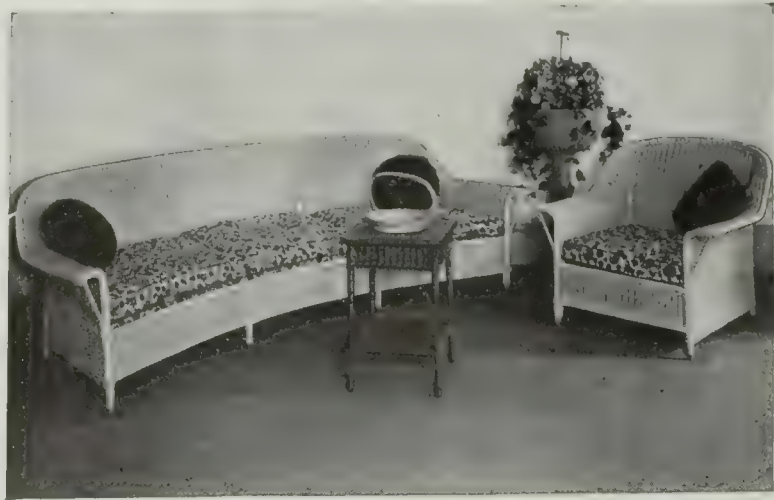


### VAN DUSEN

520 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK CITY

### American Antiques





## Genuine Reed Furniture

Selections of Highest Quality

for Homes of Refinement, Clubs and Yachts

*By patronizing a Shop that Specializes in Reed Furniture you have the advantages of Exclusiveness, Unusual Designs, Preeminence in Quality, and Reliability.*

CRETONNES, CHINTZES, UPHOLSTERY FABRICS  
*Interior Decorating*

**The REED SHOP, Inc.**  
**581 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

"Booklet of Reed Furniture" forwarded on receipt of 25c postage

## COLONIAL ANTIQUE HOOKED RUGS

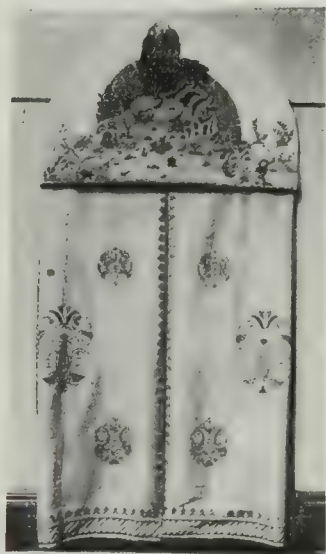
Splendid examples of this homely craft

Threshold Mats, Runners and unusual sizes

Broadloom Carpeting  
9 ft to 30 ft wide

Bengal-Oriental Rugs  
(Reproductions)

**JAMES M. SHOEMAKER CO., Inc.**  
16-18 West 39th Street, at Fifth Avenue, New York



## Decorative Embroideries

Bed Sets  
Table Scarfs  
Pillow Tops  
Curtains  
Panels

Period Embroideries  
Special Orders Executed

The Willich Embroidery  
Studios

57 West Eleventh St., New York, N.Y.  
Telephone Watkins 4366

## Filet Net

The most beautiful of all curtains. Hand-made in original and exclusive designs, imported from Paris in many valuations.

**\$10.00 pair up**

A varied selection of casement cloths and silk gauze in color.

Send for circular with designs illustrated



**HARRIET de R. CUTTING**

*Interior Decorator*

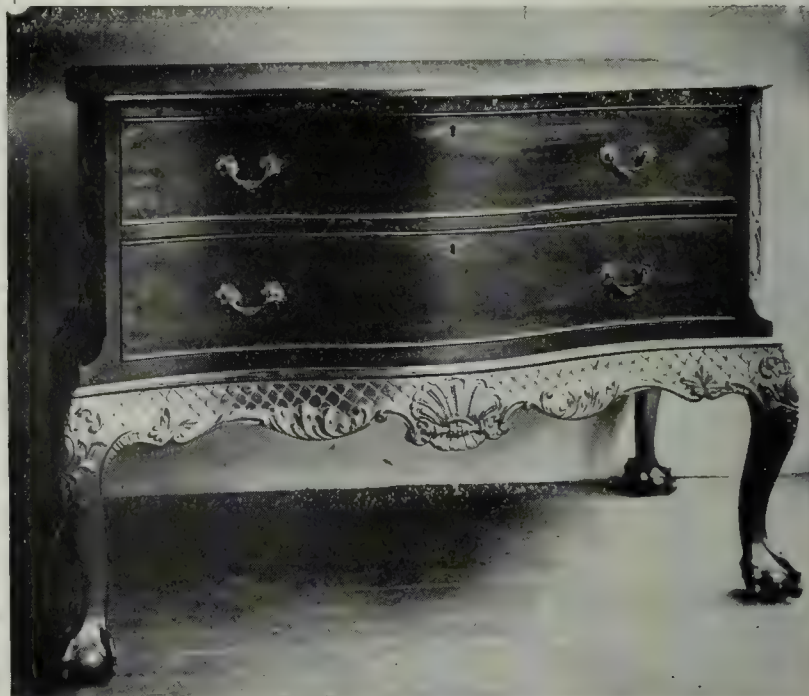
Studios: 6 East 37th Street, New York City

## Albert R. Louis & Co.

Importers of

**ANTIQUES**

13 East 57th Street  
NEW YORK



**O**NE of a pair of MAHOGANY SERPENTINE FRONT COMMDES in the Chippendale taste. Fine rich deep toned old mahogany. Size of top over all, 3 ft. 6 in. long, 21 in. deep, 32 in. high.

PHOTOGRAPHS GLADLY SENT ON REQUEST



The  
COLONY  
SHOPS



ANTIQUES

Furniture  
Tapestries  
Needlework  
Objects of Art



At Special Re-  
ductions from  
Our Regular  
Prices

*The panels of the screen are 16th Century Renaissance Tapestry colored in rich and delicately shaded tones of blue, red and cream.*

GINSBURG & LEVY

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## Calendar of Current Art Exhibitions

Ackerman Galleries, 10 E. 46th Street.  
Exhibition of modern sporting  
prints by Percy Earl, November  
1-30.

Ainslie Galleries, 615 Fifth Avenue.  
Standing exhibition of paintings  
by George Inness.

American Art Association, 6 E. 23d  
Street. Sale of the collection of  
Charles of London on the after-  
noons of November 15-20; paint-  
ings and tapestries from the same  
collection at the Plaza on the  
evening of November 17.

Anderson Galleries, 489 Park Avenue.  
Sale of the collection of objets  
d'art of Russel W. Moore, M.D.,  
on the afternoons of November  
5 and 6; early American furni-  
ture, on the afternoons of No-  
vember 12 and 13; paintings from  
the estate of Walter Kerr and  
other owners, on the evening of  
November 12; Chinese porcelains,  
etc., on the afternoons of Novem-  
ber 19 and 20.

Art Alliance of America, 10 E. 47th  
Street. Exhibition of Textile  
Designs, November 20 to Decem-  
ber 4.

Babcock Galleries, 19 E. 49th Street.  
Exhibition of contemporary  
American artists, until Novem-  
ber 27.

Bourgeois Galleries, 668 Fifth Avenue.  
Exhibition of English paintings  
by C. R. W. Nevinson, November  
13 to December 4.

Daniel Galleries, 2 W. 47th Street.  
Fall exhibition of modern Ameri-  
can painters, November 1-20.

Dudensing Galleries, 45 W. 44th Street.  
Exhibition of modern French  
paintings, November 1-30.

Durand Ruel, 12 E. 57th Street.  
Standing exhibition of modern  
French painters.

Ehrich Galleries, 707 Fifth Avenue.  
Standing exhibition of Old Mas-  
ters.

Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue.  
Standing exhibition of modern  
American painters.

\*Gimpel and Wildenstein, 647 Fifth  
Avenue. Exhibition of the New  
Society of Painters, November  
8-27.

\*Arthur H. Harlow, 725 Fifth Ave-  
nue. Exhibition of lithographs  
by Fantin Latour.

Kennedy Galleries, 613 Fifth Avenue.  
Exhibition of etchings by Troy  
Kinney, November 1-30.

Kleinberger Galleries, 709 Fifth Ave-  
nue. Standing exhibition of Ital-  
ian and Flemish primitives and  
tapestries.

Knoedler Galleries, 556 Fifth Avenue.  
Exhibition of 18th century en-  
gravings and sporting prints.

Kraushaar Galleries, 680 Fifth Ave-  
nue. Exhibition of paintings by  
the Misses Haworth and Peck,  
November 1-30.

Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue.  
Exhibition of four American  
painters and paintings of the  
Orient by Pushman, until No-  
vember 8; annual exhibition of  
Intimate paintings, November 9-  
29.

Madison Galleries, 106 W. 57th Street.  
Exhibition of Western pictures by  
Leigh and Rollins, November 1-  
30.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th Street.  
Exhibition of six American paint-  
ers, November 1-13; Childe Has-  
sam water colors, November 15-  
30.

\*Montross Galleries, 550 Fifth Ave-  
nue. Exhibition of paintings and  
etchings by Vincent Van Gogh,  
until November 30.

Mussman Galleries, 144 W. 57th  
Street. Exhibition of pastels by  
Ray Bouton, until November 17.

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave-  
nue and 42d Street. Exhibition  
of contemporary American litho-  
graphs, until January 15.

Rehn Galleries, 6 W. 50th Street.  
Exhibition of paintings by W. L.  
Lathrop, November 1-30.

Satinover Galleries, 27 W. 56th Street.  
Standing exhibition of Old Mas-  
ters.

Schwartz Galleries, 14 E. 46th Street.  
Exhibition of etchings by W. Lee  
Hankey, November 1-30.

Scott and Fowles, 590 Fifth Avenue.  
Standing exhibition of 18th cen-  
tury portraits, modern American  
and French paintings.

\*The exhibitions marked with an  
asterisk are those which ARTS &  
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portance.

## Concerts in Carnegie Hall

### NOVEMBER

- 1—Eve. Violin Recital by J. B.  
Piaastro-Borissoff.  
2—Aft. National Symphony Or-  
chestra.  
2—Eve. Violin Recital by Kerek  
Jarto.  
3—Eve. Piano Recital by Jacques  
Pintel.  
4—Aft. Symphony Society of N.Y.  
4—Eve. Boston Symphony Orches-  
tra.  
5—Aft. National Symphony Or-  
chestra.  
5—Eve. Symphony Society of N.Y.  
6—Aft. Boston Symphony Orches-  
tra.  
6—Eve. 'Cello Recital by Mildred  
Wellerson.  
7—Aft. Song Recital by Sophie  
Braslau.  
7—Eve. National Symphony Or-  
chestra.  
8—Eve. Song Recital by Helen  
Stanley.  
9—Eve. Philadelphia Orchestra.  
10—Eve. Violin Recital by Sasha  
Jacobsen.  
11—Aft. Symphony Society of N.Y.  
11—Eve. Philharmonic Society.  
12—Aft. Philharmonic Society.

- 12—Eve. Symphony Society of N.Y.  
13—Aft. Symphony Concert for  
Young People.  
13—Eve. Song Recital by William  
Robyn.  
14—Aft. Song Recital by Werren-  
rath.  
14—Eve. Song Recital by Idelle Pat-  
terson.  
16—Eve. National Symphony Or-  
chestra.  
17—Aft. Met. Musical Bureau.  
17—Eve. Violin Recital by Albert  
Vertchamp.  
18—Aft. National Symphony Or-  
chestra.  
18—Eve. Philharmonic Society.  
19—Aft. Philharmonic Society.  
20—Aft. Violin Recital by Spalding.  
21—Aft. Philharmonic Society.  
22—Eve. Fortune Gallo.  
23—Eve. National Symphony Or-  
chestra.  
24—Aft. National Symphony Or-  
chestra.  
25—Eve. Piano Recital by Levitzki.  
26—Aft. Philharmonic Society.  
27—Aft. Piano Recital by Moisei-  
witsch.  
28—Aft. Philharmonic Society.  
29—Aft. Mecca Temple.  
30—Eve. Philadelphia Orchestra.



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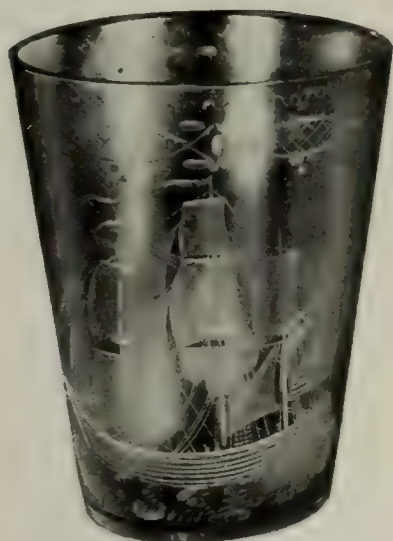
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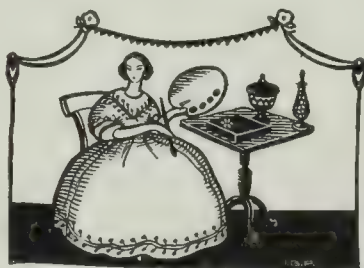
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The remodeled house

## Remodeling the House

Residence of Guido A. Doering, Esq., St. Louis, Missouri

Study and Farrar, Architects

THERE is always something strangely fascinating in "doing over" an old house. Just what it is is difficult to say, but the owner, as well as the architect, inevitably feels it. Usually certain limitations are imposed upon the designer which call for the greatest ingenuity and skill to overcome and which frequently lead to failure in the design. These limitations permit the changes and alterations to be added only in a sort of naive and piecemeal manner. The architect sits down to his alteration job with an entirely different spirit than that which prompts him when he picks up his pencil to sketch out a new and original plan. But these very naive and restricted limitations which encompass the designer sometimes produce an effect more after the old work than the self-confidence and unrestricted freedom that the designer feels when beginning a new plan.

As a matter of fact, the very limitations which attend the alteration of an old house call for the architect to place a wing here or a bay there that would never have been thought of in new work. There is a sort of a building up of rooms, much as the child builds up his blocks, which, after all, produces far more picturesque effects than are obtained in the planning of an entirely new house.

The accompanying photographs of the old Smith house were taken a short time before the alterations were begun which were to convert a typical 1840 house into a small, modern English manor house. The old Smith house was situated in what was once the heart of the very exclusive and aristocratic old French centre of early St. Louis. It was surrounded by a small but lovely park of some ten acres, composed of stately elms and oaks. Built on the very edge of the rocky cliffs of the Mississippi River, the house has always had a most commanding view up and down the great river.

It is needless to say that little



The original house

or no respect was shown for the original design of the Smith house in making the alterations: windows and doors were cut here and wings were added there; the roof was removed—but in practically every room the original walls were retained, and it can be seen that the greater part of this house is still the same as it was when erected in 1840—changed only in details.

Many similar houses of this general type may be found today in modern England. The original type was developed in the Cottswold district, in the western midlands of England, during the early part of the sixteenth century.

It is a type of house which lends itself to a picturesque site and possesses a quaint and quiet charm, combined with dignity and that marked quality which we call artistic. It is a most economical style; its charm and character being obtained by its extreme simplicity and well-proportioned openings, there being no gable barge boards nor overhang of any kind, the eaves being formed by a simple overhanging of the roof and plaster soffits. Its character comes, likewise, from the selection of the material and texture of the wall surfaces and the color scheme of the painting of the window frames.





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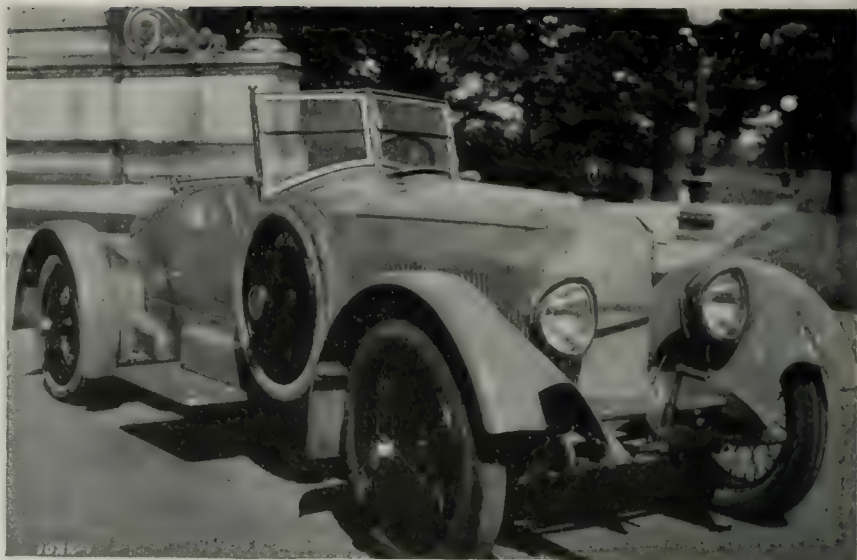


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Meteor sport runabout

## Forecast of the November Automobile Salon

(Continued from page 29)

tion to this effect. The Packard enclosed drive body has a recessed or sunken panel completely encircling the car except across the front of the radiator. This is a new detail and ought to heighten the stream line effect. The same feature is carried out in the Packard four-passenger touring car built by Holbrook and to be exhibited by the Packard Company.

Messrs. Locke & Company will show two cars, both on the Locomobile chassis, and so far as the writer has ascertained, these are the only Locomobiles to be shown. One of these is a cabriolet in the well known Locke & Company style and the other a coupé limousine.

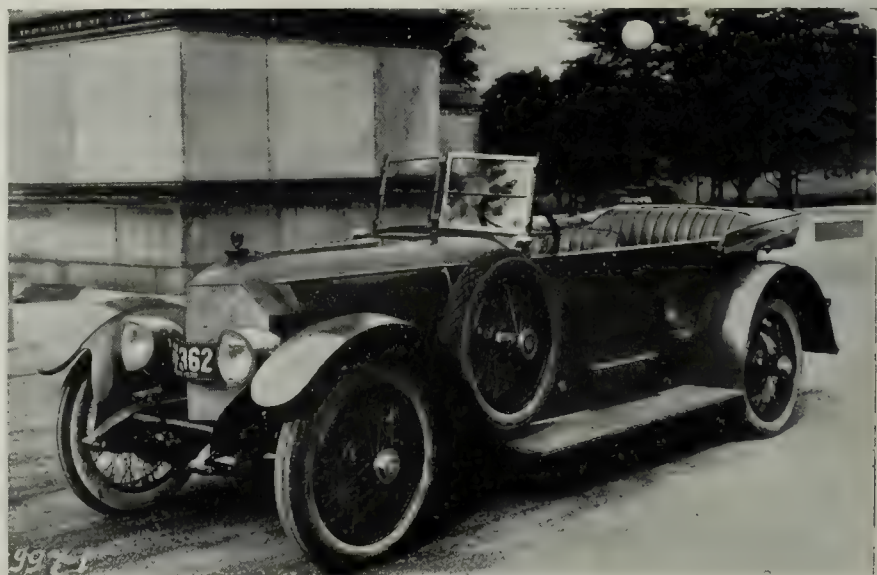
Details of the exhibit of The Rubay Company of Cleveland have not been received except that examples of their coachwork are to be shown on Pierce-Arrow chassis. Mr. Leon Rubay has recently returned from an extended trip to Europe and it may be assumed that his Salon exhibit will reflect, in some respects at least, his study of the latest English and Continental ideas in body design.

The Kimball Company of Chicago and The Healey Company of New York are booked for exhibits, but the writer has not received any information as to the character of the work they will

present. Both exhibits ought to be interesting.

Accessories are not to be admitted to the Salon this year—the reason given by the Committee being that space is not available owing to the increased number of cars to be shown. The entire show will be confined to chassis and complete cars with two exceptions and these are aero engines—a Rolls-Royce to be shown by Rolls-Royce of America, Inc., and a Wright-Hispano exhibited by the Wright Aeronautical Corporation.

The writer regrets that in this forecast he has been obliged to confine himself chiefly to the essential facts regarding the various exhibits since, at the time this article is written, many details are yet undecided. It has been impossible, therefore, to arrive at any conclusion as to new tendencies in design either of chassis or coachwork. Two or three new motors of the aero engine type will be shown but this number can scarcely justify its characterization as a tendency since several of the best known chassis builders have made no positive move in that direction. Body design is not changing in any vital feature showing that modern motor coach work has reached a stage of settled development.



Meteor four-passenger touring car





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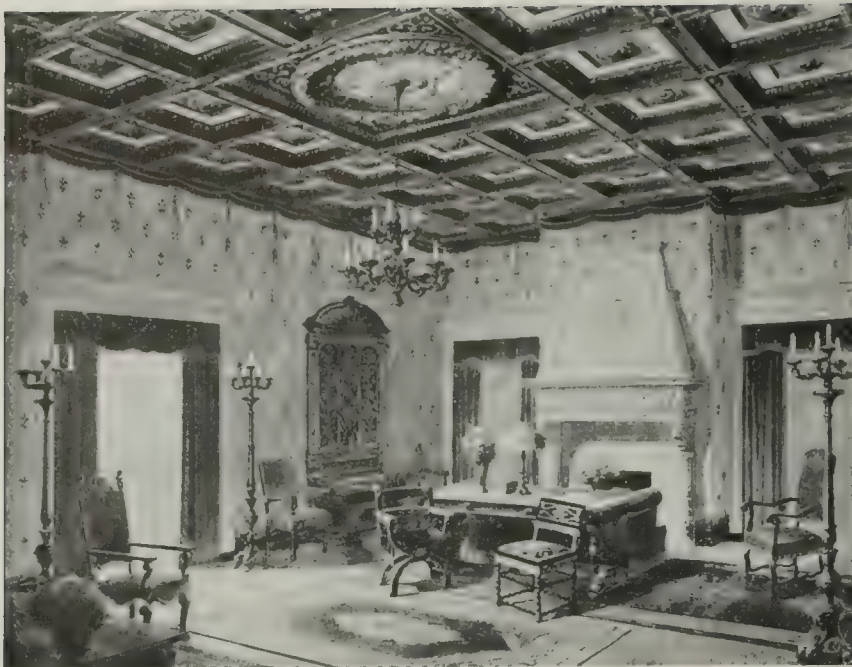
In our French Galleries there is now an unusual group of Commodes of various sizes. This collection has commanded favorable comment from discriminating observers and would be of interest to all lovers of fine old French furniture.

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## The Taste of the American People

(Continued from page 38)

### *Stimulating and Satisfying American Taste*

By MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER

ART in America must be encouraged from the practical, industrial point of view. Having lived both here and abroad, and spent much time in the shops of America and Europe, it is easy to sense the difference on the part of the manufacturer and shop-keeper in their attitude toward art in the industries. In Europe, every bit of native talent is conserved, cherished and applied to the products of every day life—put to definite practical use in trade, resulting in the keenest joy to the purchaser, cultural advancement for the country, and, of course, very material commercial advantage.

We in America, I am very sure, appreciate art in practical things quite as much as do the people of Europe, but it has not always been easy to satisfy our tastes in American shops through American-made goods. We do so little here in America to encourage artistic talent and creative genius as it applies to the things of every-day life. The chief responsibility lies, I feel, at the door of industry. Talent is here, both native as well as in the foreigners who come to our shores; public appreciation exists as is amply proved by the every-day purchases on Fifth Avenue, particularly by the greedy consumption of imported merchandise; our educational boards and institutions are active in and ready to promote art instruction, but business here is still too strongly under the influence of the purely commercial idea.

This remissness on the part of our industries is difficult to understand, since industry has so much at stake in the form of material rewards. Here, properly directed educational and propaganda work is the great need, and the press, of course, is the best medium of influence. It is through ARTS & DECORATION, and similar magazines, and our newspapers, that we can best present this great industrial art need to the country. Talent for a wonderful development is here, but as long as we continue to depend on Europe for artistic creations and skill, and as long as we do not encourage our own talent, we are throwing away valuable assets, and losing a great opportunity. It has frequently occurred to me that a most valuable medium in solving this problem would be for some organization to take up the establishment of a thoroughly organized and well-equipped lecture bureau for giving talks in schools, lyceums and clubs of a purely propaganda nature on this subject.

I THINK it is cruel to waste the talent that we have, and to permit the glory and the profits to go to Europe. But all too often, as you look at and handle American

products, you cannot escape the feeling that they are too purely commercial, and that very little serious art effort has been put into them. Perhaps if the man who designed them could have the joy of being known, a more worthy art effort would be expended. There again is the question of incentive. Designers are entitled to full recognition for what they have done. In other countries, when men are not enriched by their achievements, they at least secure compensation in having the glory of work well done. Men abroad desire to enter their national academies; glory goes with such accomplishment, and the honor thus gained compensates for lack of large material reward. But we have no such academies here, and our public confers no such honors on the trade. Artists and writers will survive in garrets for the sake of recognition. Merely wages at the end of the week is no encouragement. I insist once more that it is not possible for the men in our industries to develop their full powers if not encouraged by the employer.

Everything possible should be done by our great industrial plants, by the American manufacturer, to encourage that creative impulse which resides in every individual. An understanding of and a love for the work being done should be instilled into every individual workman. The following concrete suggestions occur to me. A small but complete library of reference books, and a museum containing examples of the best work produced in its particular field can be maintained by every factory. This is a source of constant inspiration. It is not enough to have a large museum or reference library at some distant place. Another important point would be to give our workers compensation in the form of praise and glory for their efforts, perhaps a royalty on sales, in addition to a wage, and, if this could be done, I am sure we would soon find a new spirit in art and in industry, and in the combination of the two. Closer relationship, active cooperation between our factories and our art schools to be developed. The appeal of motion pictures might also be utilized in large factories where employees number in the thousands. There are certainly three or four who have clearly defined artistic talents that seek expression. If these few are encouraged and rewarded, others will aim to cultivate whatever talents they may possess, with the net result that the entire industry or business has been raised to a higher plane.

There is only one real aristocracy and that is the aristocracy of brains and genius. The man who has great wealth does not outlive his generation. To be the richest man means very little; to be a Leonardo, or a Shakespeare, or a Beethoven, is attaining the highest aristocracy.

(Continued on second page following)





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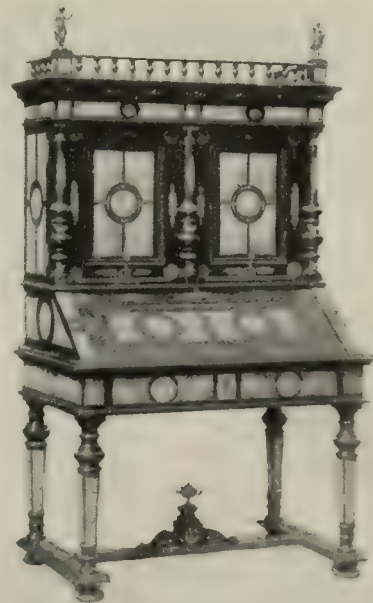


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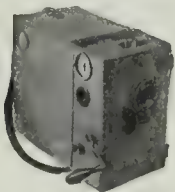
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## America an art "Melting Pot"

By IRVING T. BUSH  
Chairman N. Y. Chamber of Commerce

**T**HE United States has been truly called "a melting pot," for men and women from all lands are being absorbed in the great process of making a new nation. During our first generations we were too busy with a struggle with nature and with the upbuilding of our industries to pay much attention to the artistic. We were passing through that period of national development when men rolled up their sleeves to clear the forests and built new towns and cities, but while this was going on, there had been coming to these shores from older civilizations across the sea many who brought with them a heritage of artistic training and a love of the beautiful. They have gone into our melting pot, and have furnished the ingredients which, the first struggle for national development having been passed, will now create for us not only a demand for artistic excellence but will ultimately develop in the United States a national art which will command front rank in the world.

Each one of the older nations has contributed much towards the artistic development of the world. The weird Slav music, quite different from the melodies of Italy and the dramatic musical outbursts of Germany, is full of beauty of character, and this country is absorbing the artistic development of all nations. Out of it must come a composite which will be more beautiful than any.

In Japan, and among other nations of the Orient, we find the touch of art that dignifies even the simplest, cheapest and most common of articles. Sometimes it is the beauty of form, of design, of material, of polish, or of color, but it delights the eye, and that adds considerably to the real joy of living.

If we are to fulfill our highest destiny as a nation and as a people, we must realize the true message of art, for art is but beauty made visible. In the glorious age of Greece, when Pericles ruled over Athens, when that small city produced masterpieces in a dozen lines of effort that will live through the ages, the glory was not merely because Athens had a few great geniuses, but equally because people themselves were trained in appreciation. The common people had a touch of this genius and gave forth an appreciation that constantly re-inspired their geniuses to greater effort.

**T**HE artistic development of a nation takes time. It cannot be hurried, but, though we may have been unconscious of it, the instincts of the people of the United States have been slowly awakening along artistic lines for the last two generations and the day of American art is here.



Irving T. Bush

We are learning that art in its highest form is simple, and we are putting behind us the days of lavish adornment and overloaded ornamentation. Compare the simple lines of our public buildings today with those which were built a generation ago. Look at the interior of our theatres, at the homes which are being built in every part of the country. Look at the dress of the American women. They have learned that the artistic lies in the effect produced in dress by the simple draping of a beautiful material. There is a long distance yet to be travelled, before the ultimate goal can be reached for we are only beginning to tread the roadway of artistic excellence. Our furniture is emerging from the early Pullman period, and reproductions of Chippendale and Heppelwaite, together with the simple Mission furniture, a product of this country alone, are taking the place of the patent rocker and the plush sofa. The people are beginning to demand higher artistic standards in the products which they buy and the manufacturers are finding that their best salesman is an artistic designer. The ugly article of commerce frequently costs much more to produce than the beautiful.

**A**RT is not something which we must go to an art gallery to see, but something which we can have in all the homely utensils of life. While the source from which this demand springs is the blending of the old with a new civilization in our national melting pot, we are learning that, judged by the most simple business standards, art in industry pays. As in the old myth of Midas, whose hand transformed all that it touched to gold, so the hand of art will transform industry into something greater, finer and better. It will have an influence extending far beyond the merely material and commercial and tend to make life itself better worth the living. As time goes by, the product of the American factory will hold a high place in the markets of the world, through American art in industry.



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## The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

(Continued from page 13)

acter development was real art and made them of big importance. Dennen Thompson in the "Old Homestead" put his indelible mark on the time. For great art may be greater than its nationality, but it will always be part of it.

Some men start for the North Pole, and they are brave; others face the adventure of life, and they are brave. It was an exploration started by these pioneers; their attitude was worthy of the cause. The findings caught the audiences, could almost be seen moving among them. There was no uplift there to "epate," no grafted sentiment; we had simply been handed a huge acquisition. A drama of our own was surprisingly born.

LITERARY America had remained indifferent to theatrical movement. "Margaret Fleming," with its unusual point of view and its unpopular ending, awakened interest. James A. Hearne was actor and stage manager as well as dramatist. Besides "Margaret Fleming," he wrote other plays making no attempt at psychological subtlety. His plays express the times; they are sincere and in their language often reach a high level of literary excellence.

Bronson Howard represents today a man who actively fought for the advancement of the American stage. He himself wrote American plays when all the world was mad on the subject of foreign drama, and through his own belief in the future of American art, pushed that art many steps in advance of where he had found it.

Augustus Thomas preoccupied himself with local color, adding much by his originality and humor. Men were gaining courage; it was no longer hard to have a play produced *because* it was American, and in consequence new men were cropping up, some still following the well-established methods, but many taking the bit in their own teeth and launching into unexplored fields.

Clyde Fitch wrote both quasi-historic plays and plays devoted to social drama built on the French model, but pertaining to life in this country. With his understanding of the essentials of technical playwriting he contributed much toward the development of the American stage.

Belasco, the interpretive dramatist, availed himself cleverly of elaborate scenic illustration. Mackaye, Thomas, Klein and Gillette, exponents of what has been called "the system," add their own quota. Vaughn Moody, Eugene Walter, Edward Sheldon and others have done excellent work, and if one goes a step further in years one finds men and women coming to the front with the irresistible force, the torch which in the end will carry on till the world knows that

in drama we are well on our feet.

As our stage was founded on French lines, it is of interest to us to follow the development. The modern French drama derives some of its characteristics from the movement of romanticism—Victor Hugo, Dumas, Sardou and others. About twenty-five years ago came a change in France and Henri Becque embodied the new theatre.

To-day two movements exist. Naturalism furthered by philosophy and science, and the romantic drama founded on exploded, rather vague theories, which are demonstrated in work of truly artistic beauty.

The Americans had been unconsciously striving for a direct expression of the practical desires of the day. Strangely and truly the practical desires necessitated the castle and the star.

The stage is a direct medium, it is the most really close to us of all arts. I want to find in it my loves, hopes and promises. I want to live for a moment at least on the pinnacle of hope, in the garden of my promises with the object of my love. Even though the feelings of the world are varied and you and I have multifarious wishes, even if life is continually changing and swaying—even so, still there is always the entirely stable emotion of the present.

We read of people who want to improve the stage. Some are pleasantly inclined and show little desire for uplift; others are aggressive and make one accept anything—even the dregs of drama. Provided it has no purpose, there is a fearful revulsion of feeling against long hair, dirt and fake intensity.

MELODRAMA found in this country a ready field. The public ate it alive, the theatregoer gobbled it with gusto, and just as fast as the public pined for such plays, so the playwrights produced them. But the plays were good. They were infinitely better than plays with big reputations coming wholesale across the seas; these plays had divested themselves of the conventions of past and foreign work and of foreign feelings.

On this drama, already carried far, we are to-day building, on the assurance that we recognize our accomplishment in the past, that we sense our power in the future, and that we carry on—over the top—the endless possibilities and capabilities of youth. America is youth. The other countries are age. A wise Frenchman said, "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!*" Experience is fast coming and the possibilities and capabilities are endless. They reach into the soil of America, above into the sky over America and far beneath into the depths, the unexplored of America—and what they find is only limited by their own power.



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## The Momoyama Screens

(Continued from page 32)

In Yeitoku's folding or sliding screens, the gigantic colonnades of trees, cedars or pines, rise triumphant against skies of gold and silver, or wonderful clusters of flowers pass under vast flaming clouds. Mr. Freer of Detroit has in his collection of Japanese paintings a splendid gold screen by Yeitoku, from which, I believe, one can gain a general idea of the dignity and wonder of the painter's

years old when Motonobu, his grandfather, died; so it is not a mere conjecture to think that he had a certain benefit of Motonobu's personal teaching. And then, under the guidance of his father, Shoyei, his artistic talent was so developed that he was soon taken into the service of Nobunaga, Hideyoshi's master, for whom he decorated the screens of the castle Ando. When he was personally



Screen by Sauraku, owned by the Chijakuin Temple, Kyoto

conceptions, and the striking force of his traditional technique. I agree with him who says that, among all the works of Yeitoku, it would be difficult to find anything surpassing Mr. Freer's screen in noble design and simplicity.

But at the temples of Kyoto, such as Jukoin or Daikakuji or Chijakuin, are still today to be seen Yeitoku's magnificent designs on sliding screens, in which a psychological harmony between the refinement of the court and the rough plebeianism of the fighting class, or, in other words, a creative compromise between the artistic gracefulness of Japan and the geometric constraint of the art of China, can so profitably be studied. Although Yeitoku worked only for a few years (he died in 1590, in his forty-eighth year), his works of art are of such importance that his name can serve as the artistic symbol of Hideyoshi's age, which has been so free, so rich, and so deeply romantic.

Yeitoku was some seventeen

invited by Hideyoshi to his palace, he found out that a new aristocracy of warriors had come into power, who expressed their newly acquired power in their very ways of living, and were only too glad to give a cordial welcome to Yeitoku's magical brush. He quickly took advantage of this rare opportunity.

Having inherited, as grandson of Motonobu and son of Shoyei, the combined artistic traditions of the Kano school, Yeitoku's art can be called the sum total of the Japanese art of the preceding generation. But it is equally true to call him the originator of a new great art, because it was Yeitoku who created the faith of decorative art, in which his many pupils and followers labored with great success after him.

When Sauraku, a pupil of Yeitoku, who completed certain work left unfinished at Yeitoku's death, had reached his full development, the energy of the period was already somewhat toned down, although Hideyoshi had remained

(Continued on second page following)





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its central figure. Under the general, peaceful atmosphere, the warriors began to hate talking of war and its glories.

It was quite natural for Yeitoku to take for his subjects giant pines, dragon-like plum trees, lordly storks or eagles with flaming feet, when there was still an epic audacity in the air, mindful of the mighty deeds on the battle field.

Sanraku, in selecting sweeter and gentler subjects, such as a willow tree or bamboo bush or autumnal flowers, reflected unconsciously the changing spirit of the time, which gradually indulged in life's gaieties. Yeitoku's wonderful artistic power and clear-cut drawing had its roots in the Northern School of China; while Sanraku's originality was ripened in a mellower atmosphere, and this explains to us how he gracefully adapted himself to the Tosa Convention whenever the subject seemed to demand it. And it is further not strange that, as a sympathetic student of the Tosa School, Sanraku painted many scenes of common Japanese life, and this in its turn led Matabei to the foundation of the Ukiyoyei School.

Sanraku was adopted by Yeitoku at the request of Hideyoshi, whom he had served as a page in his youth, the ruler's attention being attracted by the boy's drawings. Under Yeitoku's proper tutoring, Sanraku soon became a

creditable artist whom Hideyoshi was glad to employ for the painting of the screens at his castles. After the death of Hideyoshi, Sanraku remained in the service of Hideyoshi's successor, Hideyori, and even fought for his patron against Iyeyasu, both before and at the siege of Osaka. When Osaka was taken on the 19th of the month of Keicho, 1614, the artist was obliged to take refuge with Shokwado in his temple of Otokoyama. But although Sanraku had actually borne arms against the new ruler, Iyeyasu was only too happy to pardon him, and even sent him a cordial invitation to his court, with the assurance of proper protection. His fidelity to the former master, however, caused Sanraku to refuse Iyeyasu's invitation.

I am happy to be able to state that more than seventy screens painted by Sanraku are still to be seen at the temples of Kyoto. The very first thing I will do at Kyoto, whither I expect to go very shortly, will be, of course, to visit the Chijakuin Temple, which has been made for ever memorable by Sanraku's famous screens of cherry blossoms and maple leaves. How charming to see the richest flowers swaying gayly among great golden drifts of clouds, to contemplate a giant maple tree whose colored leaves bend into fantastic waves of cock's combs and chrysanthemums.

## The Cover Design

*Young Woman Opening a Casement: by Johannes Vermeer of Delft*

THIS picture was acquired by The Metropolitan Museum in 1888, through the gift of Henry G. Marquand, who purchased it from M. Charles Pillet in Paris in 1887. Previous to this it rested in the possession of Lord Powerscourt, an Irish nobleman.

Johannes Van der Meer van Delft (of which "Vermeer" was the contraction used by the painter, and that generally adopted at the present time), from whom this series of reproductions takes its name, was born in the Dutch town of Delft in the year 1632. He devoted himself, with but two known exceptions, to the painting of interiors with figures, depicting the homely incidents of his own time and native society. These pictures are nearly all small in size, after the fashion of the school of *Genre* painters in Holland, of which he is the most distinguished member. There is evidence of his having enjoyed a considerable popularity and occupying a position of consequence as a painter during his lifetime; but by an inexplicable mischance he seems to have fallen into nearly complete oblivion shortly after his death, about the year 1675. It is chiefly due to the enthusiasm and well directed efforts of M. Thoré, the French critic

who wrote under the pseudonym of "W. Bürger" about the middle of the last century, that Vermeer is to-day restored to the appreciation and growing esteem which is his due.

In the qualities of workmanship and of taste it is not too much to say that Vermeer is unsurpassed by any master of any time. His remarkable skill and subtlety in painting are well illustrated in the present example, as is also his placid and unerring sense of color harmonies. The painting of the white hood and cape, very agreeable in its cool crispness, and of the solid brass ewer and basin on the table, though quite the contrary in method to that of his great contemporary, Frans Hals, is no less brilliant and truthful. His partiality for the painting of light—the bland illumination of a bare-walled Dutch room from an open window, and his decided predilection for blue tones, are both exemplified in this picture. Of composition Vermeer is no less a master, arranging his figures with a simplicity and refinement of pose, his backgrounds and accessories in a manner so large, and with such fine use of broad spaces, as to contribute to the whole of his work a sentiment of repose and tranquillity.





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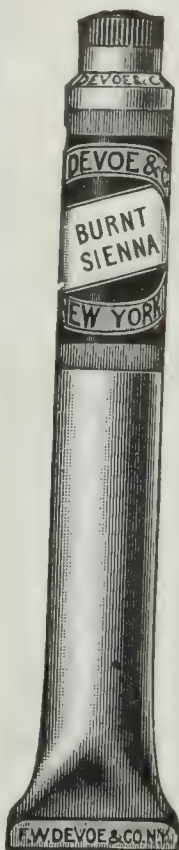
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Portrait of Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Parsons

## Frances Grimes

(Continued from page 34)

were awaiting her. It is true that they never came in the vast numbers that mean a wide popular success. Her appeal was always rather to the cultivated few than to the "hydra-headed multitude," but plenty came to keep her steadily employed, and her work grew in beauty and in assurance as the months passed by. Her first busts and bas-reliefs were outdone. A certain bareness and scarcity—not unlike the bareness and scarcity of her own circumscribed life—had characterized her earlier bas-reliefs. They chained one's interest; they made one long to feel their surfaces; they set one's imagination wondering as to the sitter's personality, and that of the sculptor, too; but often they were bleak. Poverty dwelt near them, and hardship stood at hand.

Gradually these negative qualities dropped away. By 1909, when she modeled the bas-relief of Mrs. Parsons, not a trace of them remained; while the dignity which graces each portrait that Miss Grimes had ever done was only augmented through the richer treatment of accessories. Who would ask for a better representation of the peace and ripeness of age than she gives here? And would not the portrait lose if the draped shawl held fewer folds, and the dress were devoid of ornament, as Miss Grimes might have preferred to render them in her earlier years?

It was like seeing a moth emerge from its chrysalis, unfold and fill one wing after the other, to watch the increasing power and beauty of her artistic development from 1908 through 1913, and after her trip to Greece in the spring of 1914 it was as if one saw the moth

begin to fly. Already she had done not only Mrs. Parsons but many another fine portrait; already she had carved such ideal pieces as the *Boy and Duck* and *Girl by Pool*, both fountains, and a copy of the latter in the Toledo Art Museum.

In each of Miss Grimes' statues a silver thread seems indeed to glisten and shine forth, leading us, with herself, searching and expectant, on—it is as if we were beckoned to some hidden shrine. We seem to enter a dim wood, where there is no bright sunlight and no loud sound; where quiet and mystery, peace and beauty, surround us; and there, through birch and beech leaves, we catch an occasional glimpse of a white altar, hinting the secret worship of a soul.

This intimate mystery seems to be the last word of Frances Grimes' allure. She does not "smite the rock." No ultimate, certain revelation comes—but that there is something beyond the veil—something sacred, not yet to be seen—is always murmured in our listening ears.

**I**T is by this appeal to our imagination, more than by her strong, beautiful workmanship, that Miss Grimes' work will continue to live, I believe. I do not claim for her, any more than she would wish it to be claimed, that she is among the world's greatest sculptors. These do not appear more often than once in a century, let us say; and when they come they shine with a great radiance like the sun. It is, rather, like a far off constant star that her light shines; small, needing darkness for its seeing, but set with a star's immortal glint forever in the firmament of art.



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## A Sheaf of Pleasing Plays

(Continued from page 45)

pleasing quality, to recreate for us, in three short acts or episodes, the life and manners of a hundred years ago in what was later to become a great metropolis. The persons in the plot include John Jacob Astor, Larry Delevan, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Washington Irving. But the whole story centres in an Irish girl who, in an artless way, comes to New York, assumes the character of her dead brother and claims a fortune, rightly owned by Larry Delevan. New York in those days was a simple town, if what we see of it in this diverting trifle is half credible. At first as Patrick and in the last act as Patricia O'Day, Genevieve Tobin does some charming acting. And, incidentally, she strums upon the harp almost as well as Miss Starr plays the piano in the Knoblock drama.

In striking contrast to most other Broadway novelties stands out an ill-named but delightful play, the joint worker of Miss Varesi and Miss Byrne, "Enter Madame." After a brief run at the Garrick, which it thronged, it has been moved up to the Fulton Theatre. It is a study of a bold and human kind, of the artistic temperament. It deals remorselessly with all the shams, the tricks, the wiles and vanities of artists, and it is candid to a fault in its portrayal of the passionate side of life. In a more honest and a more beguiling way it does what "The Great Lover" did, not very long ago. But in the place of a male operatic singer, with his theatric foibles, we see a prima donna—spoiled, indeed, but lovable despite her unblushing weakness.

The protagonist, one Lisa della Robbia, is a soprano who has witched and won the world, but in the process has—at least for the time being—lost the affection of her husband. This husband, who is named Fitzgerald, is an American. He, like his Lisa, has his passionate qualities. And he has also a distinct dislike to being left alone, or treated as a toy, while his admired wife courts the plaudits of the public. He rebels at last and looks for consolation in the affection of a commonplace but attractive woman who is not an artist. He goes so far as to secure a decree nisi in a divorce court. But, at the end, when his prospec-

tive second wife has left him alone for a short time with his first wife, he yields to the old wiles he knows so well and—spends the night with Lisa, much to the scandal and dismay of his own son, a youth called John, and to the joy of Lisa's maid and other hangers on, with whom he goes off next day—a slave again—to South America.

This gives you only a rude outline of a work which is a genuine play, abounding in amusing scenes and dialogue. The analysis of the artistic temperament is merciless. A trifle overdone in spots, but honest. "Enter Madame" is much superior in countless ways to any other work that I have thus far seen this season. It calls for acting of a quite unusual kind; for ironic treatment of an artist's self-conceits; for revelations of emotional truths, but seldom shown on our perhaps too prudish boards; and, now and then, for just a little hint at pathos. The interpretation of the character of Lisa by Gilda Varesi does infinite credit to that admirable actress. It sets her, I believe, in the first rank of living artists, not only here but on the stages of the world. It is suggestive, I may add, of vastly higher possibilities in Miss Varesi. Unless I greatly err, the woman who could play some scenes as she does in this charming play could shine in tragedy. Gilda Varesi has some gifts of poor Rejane, with just a touch, I think, of others which have fascinated most of us in Bernhard. She has distinction and repose and grace and style, with power and warmth enough to make her fit for more poetic parts than Lisa.

She is ably seconded by nearly all the actors in a splendid cast. By Norman Trevor, who, with excellent skill, somehow contrives to remain manly and sincere when some might seem ridiculous. By Gavin Muir, who, though a woman, plays the role of John, the prima donna's son, like a young man. By Michele Burani, as the heroine's chattering maid; by Francis Verdi, as the singer's faithful doctor; by William Hallman, as a temperamental chef, and by some others. It is worth noting, just in passing, that some artists in the cast are musical. The chef and doctor play and even sing—a new departure on our stage.

## Robert Henri: The Man

(Continued from page 36)

of New York City which even in their odors are very real. Like most successful instructors, he made disciples of his pupils. More than most successful instructors, he absorbed their personalities with his. Time comes when the pupils, finding themselves, throw off his influence. After that there comes a reaction and with it a revulsion. Henri, who was a god, becomes a demon.

But demon or god the man today is, in spirit, one of the most generous of American painters. He still points at a picture with a long foot, an almost snaky foot, but the voice that goes with the gesture has softened. Radicalism has turned into tolerance. He will tell you with one breath, however, that no man can judge another's work and with the next that Bellows's is superb.



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Often before, missionaries returning from far-off countries have brought back costumes, weapons and implements which have thrown light on the customs and culture of the people who had made them. And now again a missionary—the Rev. H. B. Marx, for sixteen years attached to a Moravian mission on the Indian side of the Tibetan border—brings such a collection. Through funds provided by Mr. J. P. Morgan, the collection has been secured for the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, and has already been placed on exhibition and examined by many visitors.

THERE are over 230 pieces in the new Tibetan collection, and they cover probably every phase of the life of Tibet. There are native costumes—the men's consisting of a small hat trimmed with artificial flowers, long woolen gown, shawl and belt, coarse woolen trousers and shoes with heavily felted soles. The women's civil dress is much the same, but includes great brass pins and silver filigree ornaments set with turquoise and coral. There are large ear-rings and finger-rings, also of silver and set with turquoise. The necklaces, made of very large beads of amber, coral and turquoise, are worn as ornaments, but have also a religious significance, for their colors are recognized as symbolical. In some parts of Tibet there are three, in other parts five colors recognized as symbols: yellow for the earth; blue for the water; red for light and warmth; green for the wind; and white for the clouds, or heaven.

The five colors are used in the elaborate costumes of the "Devil Dancers," and in the masks used in the ceremonies for driving away demons. Of these, "Todgam," the five-skull mask, is especially celebrated and sacred. The five skulls surmounting the mask are supposed to be the skulls of slain enemies, trophies of the Devil Dancer, who represents a warrior of the old Tibetan mythology. Also of great religious significance are the "dorje" and the "dorje purbu," representing the thunderbolt. These are powerful weapons for the exorcism of demons. They are hurled into the ground by the lamas, or holy men, to whom they are the most sacred and revered of all religious objects. Regalia made of human bones, carved elaborately; "potted lamas," made of clay and crushed lama bones; lamaistic rosaries of shell; amulets and charms against bad dreams and fears in the dark, sickness, and the snow-leopard and wolf; prayer-wheels and sheaves of prayer-leaves; Buddhist idols; dice for use in divination; sacred temple banners: these are among the religious objects collected by Mr. Marx. Supplemented by what we know of Tibetan religious practices, they invoke a striking picture of the sacred temples, the pilgrimages and sacrifices, the self-inflicted mortifications, and the great religious communities in which the lamas carry on their weird traditions and ceremonies.

(Continued on third page following)





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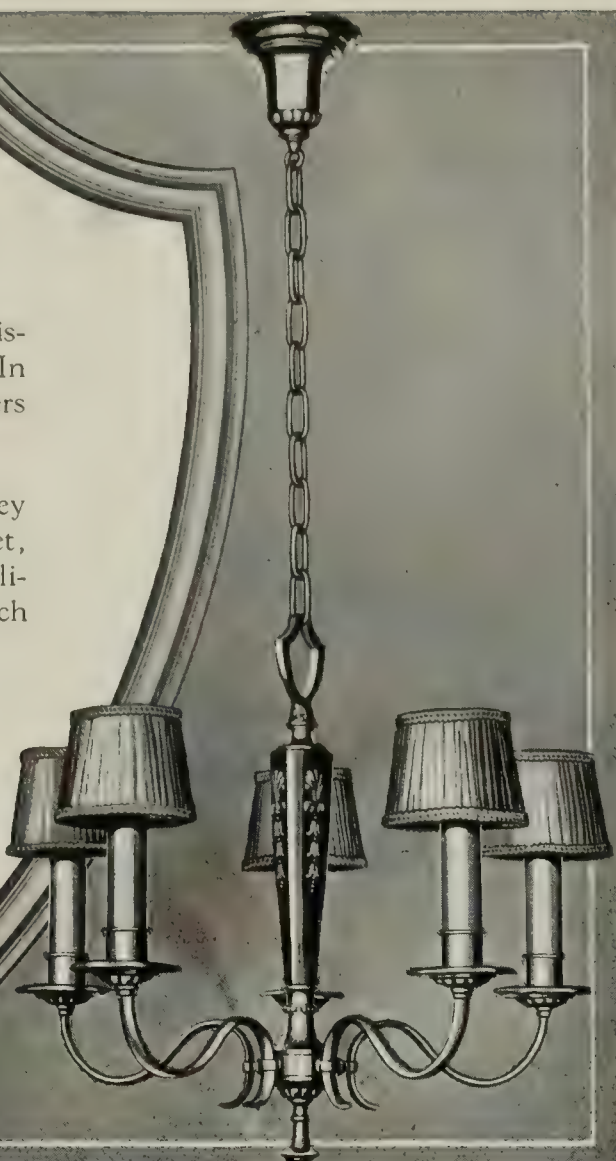
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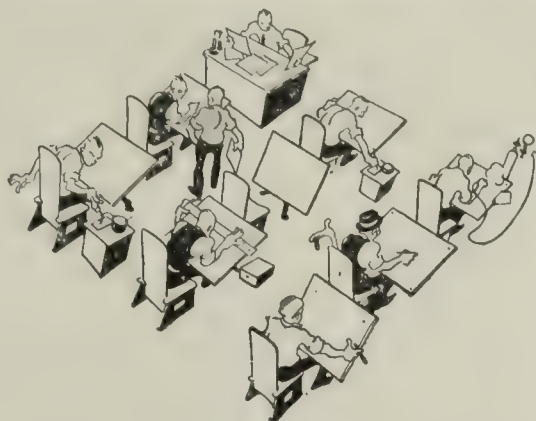


OF weapons, there are in the collection daggers and sabres, ancient bows and arrows, and poisoned implements of war and the hunt. And there is a heavy Tibetan gun, with its attached rest, on which the Tibetan always supports his gun when firing. The spark for shooting off the gun is struck from the tinder-box. The favored of all his gods must be that Tibetan who is able to hit a moving target by means of this clumsy fire-arm! Harness and trappings for their horses, drums and bells are also included in the Tibetan military outfit. Here also belongs the imitation skull, trimmed with artificial teeth and long hair, in which the warrior catches the blood of his slain enemy, which he drinks to gain new vigor for the fight.

In his calmer moments, the Tibetan's savage breast is charmed by the strains of his primitive guitar and three-stringed banjo, the double flute of reed or bamboo, and the oboe, which is particularly the instrument of the beggar. And for his enjoyment, he has fashioned pipes for smoking tobacco (both dry and cooled through water) and opium. These are all represented in the new collection in the American Museum, as are also books in commercial and the more ornate classical Tibetan writing, and the first Tibetan newspaper, which was printed on the Leh Mission Press of the Moravian Missions.

BY no means the least interesting among so many curious objects are the bright, thick Tibetan rugs, and the primitive scale, consisting of a bamboo rod, with a carved stone weight at one end and at the other a square of skin, suspended by thongs, for holding the article to be weighed. And always attractive to the curious-minded are the household utensils—the cooking vessels, dishes, tea-cups (both porcelain and wooden) and cup-stands, and the cup-holders in which the Tibetans carry their tea-cups when traveling. A low tea-table, of red and black lacquer, and elaborately worked tea-pots of brass and silver have a beauty of their own. And a small churn standing beside the tea things in the Museum's exhibit is appropriately placed. For "buttered tea" is the staple food of the Tibetans. They make it by melting butter in hot tea, stirring powdered barley into the liquid, and rolling the resulting batter into a little cake.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for  
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been duly sworn according to law, deposes  
and says that he is the Business Manager  
of ARTS & DECORATION, and that the fol-  
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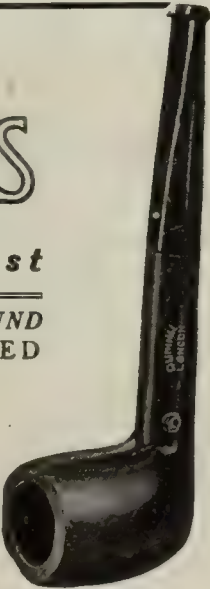
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*Peter Stuyvesant's Army Entering New Amsterdam*

## THE DUTCH COLONIAL STYLE AND THE INFLUENCE OF PETER STUYVESANT

WHEN Peter Stuyvesant was Governor of New Amsterdam, as New York first was called, the commerce of the Netherlands was at its full and splendid tide; and New Amsterdam expressed in its customs as in its architecture the spirit of the Low Countries qualified by the necessities of pioneer life.

In 1647 when Stuyvesant came to New Amsterdam the houses were merely wooden ones which had thatched roofs. As commerce grew however, so too did wealth, and brought to the burghers' homes many a fairied fabric from the East. As for the quaint, Dutch housewives, let them be trusted to add a prideful touch. Thus Mrs. Van Varick's chimney cloths and curtains (which matched, if you please) were of green serge with silk fringe and flowered crimson gauze... "and she had flowered carpet stitched with gold!"

Indeed, the character of furnishings throughout Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island (colonized mostly by Puritans who had left Holland),

of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware (which represented mixed Dutch and English influences) as well as those of New Amsterdam, were essentially Dutch in character. Straight lines were molded into curves, rectangular forms where possible, were modified or abandoned, while the dominant feature of the new form was the use of the Cyma curve in chair-backs, cabriole-legs, scroll-tops of high-boys, secretaries and cupboards.

Through all this era of increasing opulence stumped old Peter Stuyvesant with his wonderful wooden leg, adorned with its silver rims, studs, bands and most probably bullion lace. Under his government the community of Manhattan Island first began to display real progress, and there is no question that, due to his energy and initiative the Dutch decorative influence remained so strongly rooted that it peeps curiously here and there from many of the decorative furnishings and fabrics which line our homes today; and therefore, from many of the decorative silks produced by Cheney Brothers.

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*The signature of Peter Stuyvesant with dates of his administration appear at the top of this page*

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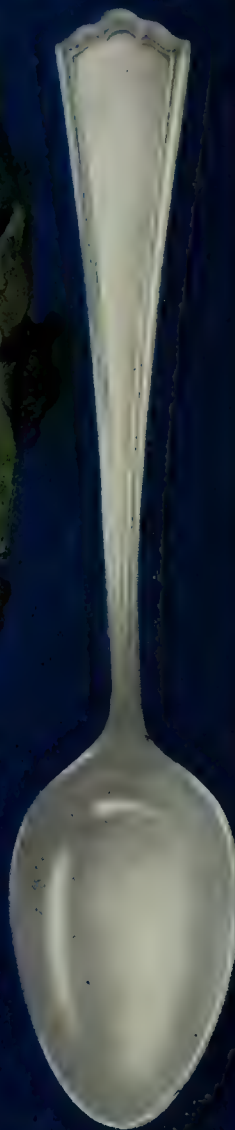
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Three Geese by Frank Benson

DECEMBER, 1920

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Chinese Pottery Vase, Ivory Color Crackle Glaze. Ming Dynasty, 16th Century. Height 15 1/2".

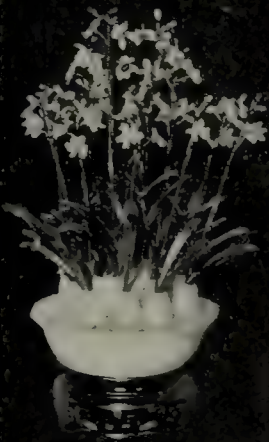


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Chinese Lilies of White Jade, Green Jade Leaves, planted in Jade Dish. 18th Century. Height 19".



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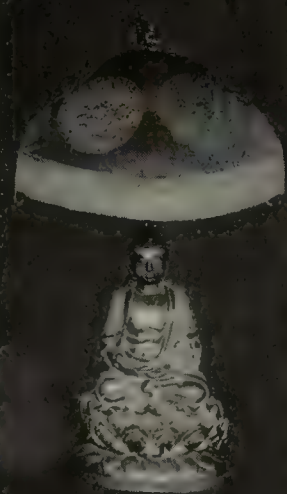
Chinese Dark Green Jade Lamp. 18th Century. Height 20".



Chinese Mutton Fat Jade Imperial Temple Vessel. 17th Century. Height 12"—Width 14".



Chinese Porcelain Celadon Flower Holder—18th Century. Height 15"—Width 16".



Chinese Pottery Buddha, Old Yellow and Green Tones. Ming Dynasty, 16th Century. Height 24".





*L'Assemblée au Salon. An engraving by Deguevauxviller from the painting by N. Lavreine*

## THE GENESIS of the MODERN DRAWING ROOM

ANCESTORED at once by France and by England, through Grand Salon as by family sitting room, the modern drawing-room is the product of sources which, widely differing, owe their origin to a single root.

The Drawing-Room sprang from the Great Hall (the "Grande Salle," as it was called in France) where Barons and their retainers roystered and from whose freer pleasures the ladies at some time found it convenient to withdraw. Thus in England came the Withdrawing Room which, originally the bedchamber of Lord and Lady, came later to be screened off and apportioned to the Lady and her damsels.

Parallel with this development came that in France—and here we see the nobleman ceremoniously disporting himself in his Grande Salle, and more socially in his bedroom. Then, to this latter room came to be introduced, after the example set by Italy, the Cabinet. And from these rooms it was that, at the beginning of the 18th century, came the definite divisions, Salon

de la Compagnie and Salon de la Famille—the last becoming the family apartment, like the English drawing-room.

The drawing-room at its most beautied supremacy was probably represented by the Grand Salon of the Court of Louis XV. Here it was at its most stately and vivacious phase—though lacking the caprice, the intimacy of the modern drawing-room. This latter, with its soft color, the informality of its arrangements, and its beautiful investitures of decorative art has more and more combined the beauty of the Salon de la Compagnie with the comfort of the Salon de la Famille; and in this development of decorative beauty as of humanizing influence, silks have borne their satisfying share.

In this regard, too, it may be truly said that the beautiful decorative silks produced by Cheney Brothers—particularly those typical of the various Louis periods—have entered importantly into the development of the drawing-room as we know it in America today.

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# ARTS & DECORATION

*A Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts*

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING  
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XIV



NUMBER 2

*December, 1920*

## On Much Maligned Subject Matter

THE EDITOR

**A**MONG the dogmas which have wrung reverence in large drops from the day's artists, the one of the insignificance of subject matter is the most successful. Laymen preach it without belief. Artists preach it with no end of belief and not a whit of practice. It is a dogma which produces nothing half so much as confusion. In the days of "art for art's sake," when the real negation of the importance of subject matter was begun, we were told that a picture of a door-knob could be as important a contribution to the world's art as a picture of the Battle of Waterloo or the Nativity. Art was purely subjective. It was also purely manual.

Today the subjectivity of the modernists is purely intellectual. Perhaps we are attempting to arrive at a real definition of art for the first time. Perhaps it is the first time that it was ever seriously analyzed, that it was ever dissected in cold intellectual blood.

**N**OW, when intellect watches itself at work (intellect at work never lets anything escape it), it almost immediately doubts itself. It may be for this reason that the intellectual subjectivity of the modernists wears intuitional garments, or this may be because of Bergson, who preached that intuition is creative and intellect destructive. The modernist intellect has not learned to do battle with a habit of receptivity. For though it can reject old formulas with no trouble at all, it cannot reject any new formulas. It accepts all new formulas as much as a child accepts all new toys. It is very tired of the things that are common knowledge. It wants to do much more than be amusing—it wants to be amused itself. Still, it has taken Oscar Wilde's chance shot, "art begins where representation ceases," very earnestly and to the letter, although this is something which it must have known all along. Of course, the form of presentation accounts for the effectuality of the shot.

But the modernists, while denying subject matter, are doing nothing more nor less than creating a new form of subject matter. They are giving us subject matter in a cosmic form. That is to say, that instead of giving us a picture of the "Gambler's Wife," distressed by the defeat of her husband, who sits wearing the pallor of his vice in an adjoining room, they give us an abstract symbol of the forces of life called anything at all that will confuse the understanding of the lay observer. There must be some peg on which to hang a picture

—some definite embryo from which the final structure will grow—no matter what you call it.

**I**NDEED, in America the only men who really and sincerely do not care for subject matter at all are those who, rarely exhibiting outside of official galleries, are really the only painters in America who never use their intellects at all. With a great many of these men one subject, to which they never pay any attention, suffices for an entire life. They are invariably reminiscent of that Philadelphia doctor who, having discovered two very successful patent medicines, was enabled to cease the practice of medicine altogether. They no longer practice their profession.

But artists are of the least importance in this discussion. Besides, between theory and practice they are never able to make any sort of connection. They will always preach one theory and paint another, and while they are often able to sum up intellectually another man's work, they are never able to see their own intellectually. If there were any doubt of this it could easily be dispelled by going through the output of any ten American painters from George Luks to Childe Hassam or of any ten sculptors, play-writers or composers and compare the successes and failures. The painter does not seriously consider subject matter. But he never paints a subject which is repellent to him. And furthermore, given the trend of his psychological or philosophical approach to life without knowing the work, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it would be possible to tell the nature of the subject matter. Indeed, his negation of the importance of subject matter is nothing more than an exaggerated rebuttal of the layman's exaggerated stress upon the importance of subject matter. Both attitudes are radical and therefore both are wrong. Every political and religious and social change in the history of the world has dictated subjects to contemporary artists.

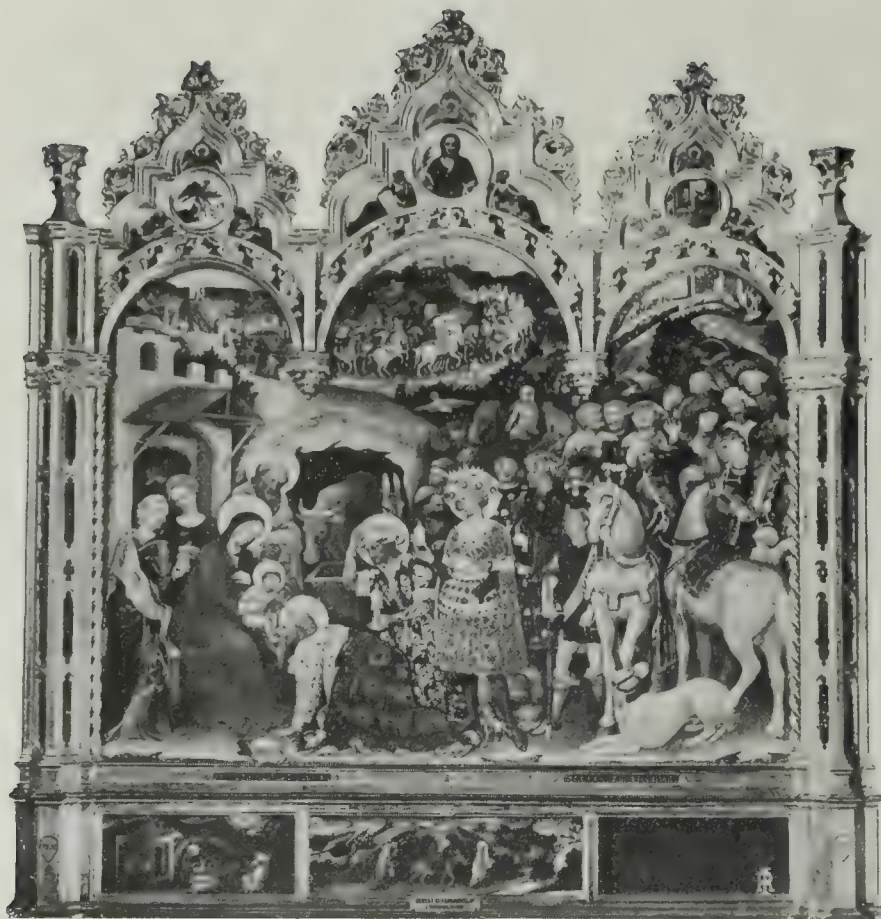
**B**UT the mistake that the layman makes may be worse than the artist's—for the layman refuses to look beyond the subject matter. He stops there, which is to say that he stops when the work begins to become really interesting. He will decry the immorality of an almost insipidly righteous picture, for the subject will stop his investigation before he has gone into the nature of its treatment. He

will call a very beautiful picture ugly for no other reason than that a face in the picture is not in accord with his type of beauty. He will not go beyond to the harmony of color or the rhythm of line, to those things which mark the beat of their creator and his epoch, to those greater things out of which the true beauty of the document is built. He will not go beyond a pretty face on a magazine cover to the shallowness of the structure, to the emptiness of the message, to the silly falsities of its philosophical import.

He will not really consider art, which is to say, in just that number of words, that he refuses to really consider life. For life is not more a matter of surface than pictures are a matter of subject. Velasquez has made beautiful pictures of horribly deformed dwarfs, Rembrandt of beggars, Greco of cruelly thin ascetics, whereas, as everybody knows now, Bouguereau's "perfectly" proportioned figures are cogs in extremely ugly machines. It is the artist's message and not the fact around which he winds it that counts. It is his truth that counts.

**A**ND by his truth, his rhythm is meant, the gait, proportions, lines, colors by which he is differentiated and in which, inspired or, as any pessimist might justly claim, limited. Of importance in art, there are only individualities. Subject matter cannot account for individuality altogether. It makes only a superficial record of taste, or of whimsicality, and to not a small extent is regulated by the periodic fashion. The artist's consciousness enables him to understand his period, to make real comments upon it, to be the master of it; but, like the rest of us, he nevertheless remains one of the pawns, one of those pushed hither and thither, easily or rebelliously, by the virtues and faults, sentimentalities and reasonings of his time and place. Indeed, if art ended with subject matter, instead of beginning there, a good many plays, novels, musical compositions, portraits, statues, landscapes would be inseparable. If art ended with subject matter, four hundred years of Chinese portrait painting would be exactly similar to one year of it, for in four hundred years of Chinese portrait painting there is scarcely a fractional change in pose. Convention rules the exterior nature of its shell—inspiration illumines it. There are very few, if any, masterpieces in which the objective message is of singular importance.





*The Adoration of the Magi, by Gentile da Fabriano*

## Some Nativities

*Christian Artists Have Treated the Birth of Christ Very Variously*

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

AT different times the Christian artist has treated the Birth of Christ very variously. And indeed the theme offered difficulties. What to the outer eye is merely the birth of any babe on any journey, and of humble parents, must seem a momentous event enlisting reverence and solemn joy. It is easy to let the spiritual impressiveness of the subject escape in human tenderness, and, conversely, it is easy to lose the beauty of the theme as such in dogmatic or other false emphasis. There are such expressions of operatic ecstasy as Correggio's too famous Night at Dresden, there are such rugged assertions of the fact as Ribera's admirable picture at Madrid. Such masterpieces, in their way, lack the sense of wonder, and are not to be looked at near Christmas time. Our affair is rather with those who have lived themselves into both the mystery and tenderness of the Holy Night.

The early, persecuted Christians, whether from delicacy or fear, grasped at the legendary detail that the ox and the ass worshipped the Child as He lay in their manger. In frescoes of the catacombs and on Christian sarcophagi you will find the faithful animal heads peering into a manger before them in which lies a swaddled baby. Very likely the early Christians wished to imply that all nature joined in adoration when God became flesh, and surely they contrasted the devotion of these mute witnesses with the hardness of heart of speaking men. Around this nucleus of the worshipping beasts was gradually built up the fully peopled scene which satisfied the Christian artists well through the Middle Ages. Always at the centre you will find the adoring beasts



*A Gothic ivory carving owned by Prof. Mather*



*The Nativity, by Gentile da Fabriano*

holding modestly their traditional post of honor, behind the manger.

The Byzantine form of nativity which dominated the Dark Ages merely asserts a solemn fact. Mary in well-bred oblivion of her Child, is propped up on a pallet. Two midwives, at once guarantees of gentility and expert witnesses to Mary's intact virginity, wash the Child in the foreground. The Child appears again in the manger with the attendant beasts. Old Joseph impassively occupies an obscure corner. Above the grotto in which the scene is usually laid, angels announce the good tidings to disinterested shepherds, and sometimes for greater formality the Three Kings are introduced out of their proper time. We have an impersonal statement of a miracle—the incarnation. Take it or leave it on your peril is the attitude. One may see this type of nativity very gracefully stated in Duccio's altar-piece at Sienna (1310) and invested with classic stateliness in the marble pulpit which Nicola Pisano cut in 1260 for the Baptistry at Pisa.

When this Byzantine composition passed into the Europe of Roland and Charlemagne, of the Crusades and Mary worship, it suffered a wonderful change. It

became tense, dramatic, vibrant with awe and with joy. From Gothic France Giovanni Pisano got his chief inspiration, and his marble nativity in the museum at Pisa, though only forty years later than his father's, is a world away from it in feeling. All the old Byzantine features are here and in their old places, but how the thing throbs! The mother with timid joy steals a look at her Divine Child. The sheep dogs turn amazed towards the angels; the angels fairly but-





*The Flight Into Egypt, by Gentile de Fabriano*

tonhole the shepherds to get the message told; old Joseph, with the look and pensiveness of some stoic philosopher, muses on the mystery of his new responsibility. Very homely and very noble is this nativity, as a Gothic masterpiece should be. Giotto's fresco at Padua (1305) is of like temper; it is more sedate, and surely influenced by Giovanni's emotionalism.

The mundane jollity of Christmas time appears less in the artists than in the craftsmen. Especially the Gothic ivory carvers of France pursue the jubilant mood.

A capital little ivory in my own collection may represent its delectable class. Above, the little shepherd bagpiper trips along while chubby angels give him the glad news. Mary lays her Babe to rest. Joseph makes an exultant, almost a hilarious gesture. Even the beasts not only kneel but, because the winter night is chilly, lick the Christchild's feet. Doubtless the ivory cutter had heard the old hymn tell how:

The breath of both of these

Warmed for greater ease

The Child who else would freeze.

Certain aspects of the birth outside the inn at Bethlehem are open only to poor folk who have halted for the night on weary roads, or soldiers who have marched far to a cold bivouac. The sprightly workmen who cut this ivory about the time those notable wayfarers, Chaucer and Froissart, were singing their first Christmas carols knew all about it.

Such narrative and detailed accounts of the nativity lasted through the Middle Ages and Renaissance, partly, one may guess, because they corresponded to the actual *tableaux* which men saw in the mystery plays, and indeed these full representations have rightly held their own till to-day. But about the year 1400 both in Italy and the north, men wished at once to emphasize the divinity of the Christchild and also to lend to the old theme a more tender and concentrated expression. They took from St. Bonaventura's "Meditations" and other devotional texts the lovely invention that the young mother knelt before her own Child. They gave her a new youth, delicacy and humility. Thus arose the composition which we may call an Adoration. It was repeated without becoming hackneyed from Norway to Sicily. There is no sweeter example of the theme than the altar-piece



*Panel from the pulpit at Pisa, by Giovanni Pisano*

which Fra Filippo Lippi painted for the private chapel of Cosimo de Medici. It is now an exile at Berlin. Fra Filippo has pardonably violated the probabilities by setting the scene in a romantic grove with little ledges and water courses. I have seen the like in early springtime above Bernard Berenson's villa at Settignano.

We have the theme of the Adoration in greater simplicity in a medallion by Luca della Robbia, now at Paris in the Foulc collec-



*The Adoration, a medallion by Luca della Robbia*

tion. The sweet infatuation of young motherhood is pushed to the limit of expression without overemphasis or sentimentality. The swift and radiant angels above bear the message, *Gloria in excelsis*, which shows that Luca regarded the scene as a nativity. He and his successor, Andrea, varied the motive in delightful ways, sometimes restoring to the composition St. Joseph and the faithful beasts. The scene is always in a heavenly No Man's Land of pale blue enamel, against which the white figures quietly assert their exquisite existence. Pearls alike of religious devotion and of art are these Robbia pieces.

Single features of the nativity have been generally chosen by the artists. I know only one who has attempted to convey the whole thing—the sense of midnight with big lambent stars in the deep blue firmament, towering hills, and, amid all this silent vastness, the sudden intimate light from the angels and from the Hold Child. Have I described a modern luministic masterpiece? Not at all. You will find it in the *predella* of the Adoration of the Kings which Gentile da Fabriano finished in May, 1423, for the patrician, Palla Strozzi, at Florence. The little picture marvelously combines a penetrating devotion and intimacy, with a grand spaciousness. Its observational touches, as tired old Joseph sleeping against a wintry sapling, and the alert midwife at the corner of the shed, are as tender as they are genuine. The irradiation from the Bambino, often a poor theatric device, seems as natural as the twinkling of the great keen stars. Genius is a good deal the art of putting two and two together unexpectedly. I imagine what happened is this: that Gentile attended midnight mass on Christmas of 1422 and heard the choristers sing—

*Quando noctis medium  
Factum est silentium,  
Virginis in gremium  
Misit Deus filium  
Ad salutem gentium.*

Then he went out and looked into the broad, low archways of the street shops gently aglow with the oil lamps lit for the late returning worshippers; then he glanced up and thrilled to the incredibly bright stars shining coldly in the nocturnal blue above the rolling silhouette of the Fiesole hills. When he got up Christmas morning, he had only to put two and two together.



# At the Galleries

## The New Society Starts the Exhibition Season

By FORBES WATSON

WHEN the plaster arms were finally affixed to the cast of the figure which Gaston Lachaise calls, simply, Woman, and the ample lady had been definitely placed in the west gallery at Gimpel and Wildenstein's, the exhibition season of 1920-1921 may fairly be said to have started. This statue, done some time ago, is, nevertheless, the "sensation" of the second annual exhibition of the New Society of Artists, a society which, roughly, consists of the top half of the National Academy plus a few friends. With one accord the members of the New Society gathered before Mr. Lachaise's Woman and obliged with a close harmony of praise entitled, "We Are Searching for Rhythm and Synthesis."

I do not remember accurately that many of the sculptors joined in the chorus, which is rather natural, since Lachaise's figure has cast the other sculpture of the New Society's 1920 exhibition into the shade, and the sculptors could not reasonably be expected to rush screaming out of the shadows to acclaim a rival in their own craft. At least it is difficult to imagine Mr. Quinn and Mr. Nadelman (to mention two sculptors at random) singing a praise duet before the statue of Woman. The honest prose of Mr. Quinn is as far removed in one direction from the reasoned style of Lachaise as the clever smartness of Mr. Nadelman's one note comedy sculpture is in the other.

Mr. Manship and Mr. Diederich may have offered a selection, for both have enjoyed in their day the pleasure of being "sensations," and before Mr. Lachaise emerged, not many seasons back, into the fickle searchlight of publicity he had already become Mr. Manship's best workman. It was predicted by an older sculptor that Mr. Lachaise would also pass into the realms of fashion and that a world which followed "sensations," allowing honest toil to go unrewarded, would in turn get its own just rewards. Something about "since the world was going to the dogs it might as well go there and get the job over

with" was all that this older, more settled sculptor had to say about the efforts of the star of the 1920 exhibition of the New Society of Artists. Probably Mr. Lachaise will not worry much about this prediction. Aside from his being in quite another category as a sculptor from either Manship or Diederich, there is enough acid in his artistic nature to bite into the sweetness of success.

The painters more than made up for the lack of gusto on the part of the more settled sculptors in giving to Lachaise unstinted applause. It was echoed through the galleries that this Woman was a lady, a lady to her finger tips and to her toe tips. Even the most academic spirits sang her praises. A fair proportion of these painters are Academy leaders, men who made their reputations by their ability to meet the conditions at the National Academy, and could paint better than their rivals in the Academy. Their work has many times successfully withstood the test of Academy juries. It has been through the mill, so to speak, and if some of the life has been squeezed out of it in the process, one can only ask: What is the use of an Academy if it cannot even take the life out of art?

Far better than the Academy exhibition, with a handful of so-called moderns to carry its scope beyond the artistic limitations of the older society, the New Society still remains partially dressed in the unfashionable academic mode. Yet here, in the midst of such respectable surroundings, stands the bronze conception of Gaston Lachaise to bring blushes to the faces of old Academicians and to make them turn away to more temporary problems. Surely the presence of this most womanly Woman, impersonal, belonging to the ages, done in the best traditions of the modern renaissance, washes away from the New Society whatever academic taint it may have. Surely a society which adores this stylish lady has at least sprouted wings with which to fly away from the old academic coop. Surely.

When the ruins of New York become the playground of the archæologists, ten thousand

years from now, Mr. Lachaise's Woman, not in her present plaster state, but cast in bronze, may be found. And if people by that time have not graduated from museums, the bidding for this discovery will be acute. A great many people can find art with shovels who cannot find it with their eyes, and, moreover, this generous figure will offer to the archæologists the kind of problem that they most delight in. What was the date of her creation? Perhaps science will rescue them from going wrong a thousand years in their attribution. In due time, of course, the error will be corrected, and it will be discovered that first impressions were wrong and that she really belongs to the twentieth century renaissance, to a most sophisticated period which looks back to archaic manifestations longingly as old age looks back to youth.

Ten thousand years hence, covered with a rich patina, with one arm gone and a round hole in her left eye, with the high heels replaced, Woman will stand prominently displayed in the art department of a great museum recognized for the qualities common to all lasting sculpture. The name of Lachaise will be forgotten, and the names of the New Society and the Academy, but the battered old bronze will continue to give pleasure to sculptors unprejudiced by the arguments of to-day.

If any of the other pieces of sculpture in the exhibition should resist earth's forces and be found by the archæologists, their dates will easily be settled and little labels will be attached reading something like this: "Romantic-liberal period, late nineteenth or early twentieth century before the twentieth century renaissance." One or two of them may be placed in the art section of the museum and the others in the historical wing if, conceivably, it should happen, in ten thousand years, that American art museums had learned to discriminate between history, art and archæology.

Among the painters of the New Society are some for whom the business of exhibiting seems to be a mere avocation, a function which



*Eleanor, Jean and Anna, by George Bellows*



*August Day, by Leon Kroll*

*Courtesy Gimpel & Wildenstein*



they take part in without giving much thought to a necessity imposed by modern conditions which they are compelled to tolerate while perfectly recognizing the shortcomings and contradictions that it involves. Such artists never become effectively professionalized, and retain throughout their career the wonder of their youth.

And in the New Society also is a considerable number of those other painters over whose art the coarsening demands of the large general exhibitions have spread a kind of spiritual fixative. In extreme cases "painting for the line," as it has been called, has developed a fierce clamoring display of cleverness that only thinly disguises complete artistic boredom.

The two largest canvases in the exhibition are by Gari Melchers, whose *Winged Victory* occupies a great deal of valuable wall space, and by George Bellows. The latter's picture of two women and a child, who appear contradictorily to be related and yet not to have made each other's acquaintance, literally reeks with cleverness in its separated parts. The lack of coherence accounts, in some degree, for the coldness of this dexterous picture, to which the artist's fellow Academicians have paid the most glowing tributes. But Mr. Bellows, for all his boyish delight in exhibition applause, is not afraid to address a Cézannist world from a Hals platform. He stands for his own convictions, and deserves full credit for his refreshing courage.

Belonging in spirit to the Bellows group is Rockwell Kent, whose painting of ten years ago, a vigorous winter landscape, is direct and vivid, and Robert Henri, the teacher of them all, to whom probably more people in America owe their first serious awakening to art than to any other single man. Henri is really a national figure, and while most painters have been content to take care of their own artistic destinies, Henri has had a hand in the destinies of half the young rising painters in America. If it is by giving that we grow Henri is the exception to prove the rule, for there seems no other way to explain his recent pictures than by the theory that he has given too much of his energy toward helping other artists.

Among his contemporaries, who freely acknowledge the inspiring influence of the fervid young Henri of other days, is John Sloan. Sloan contributes to the exhibition his *Bleecker Street, Saturday Night*, which like his *Tammany Hall* and *Haymarket* would have been before this in an American museum if timidity had not affected so many museum purchases of American art. His *Bleecker Street* is American through and through, and if it lacks international greatness, it also lacks international sickness. It is full of provincial health. Since the time when it was painted Sloan has stumbled about a great deal in painting, but he has never compromised with exhibition standards, and his latest painting from the West begins to look as if he were finding himself again.

There are none of the exhibition tricks in Sloan's painting. Sometimes this professionalization manifests itself in a set sweet smile, as in the painting of Frederick Frieseke, sometimes in a brisk "hello, here I am, come on over," which is what the picture by Jonas



Courtesy Ehrich Galleries

*Madonna, by Alovigi L'Ingegno of Assisi*



Courtesy Ehrich Galleries

*Madonna and Child, by Luis Dalmau*

Lie seems to be saying. However it may manifest itself professionalization always mars. No such quality mars the elegant, charming portrait of Walter Hampden as Hamlet by William Glackens. This portrait is full of the amenities, and the piquancy of seeing a formal portrait conceived in present-day color would be complete were it not for a slight lack of backbone in the form.

In the work of Glackens there is not a hint of sackcloth and ashes, and the alluring charm of his color would, I imagine, be looked upon by a monastic painter of the type of Henry L. McFee, very much as the temptations of the world are looked upon by a novice. What the young "modern" looking over his shoulder at Picasso considers prettiness in color is held by the novice in as great abhorrence as Luther held the devil, and treated by him in much the same way, by throwing a bottle of ink. To this creed of asceticism McFee holds himself strictly. He is one of those younger painters whose development, dating since 1913, has been watched most sympathetically by a group of artist friends. Sensitive, ascetic, serious, there is something monastic in the limitations which he has imposed upon himself. In spite of passages of subtlety in the cell-like room in his portrait, the effect of the whole is intro-

spective and overtrained.

Affected by the too restraining influences of McFee, Eugene Speicher has worked long and hard on his portrait of the same young girl whom he painted last year with such complete success. This later canvas might be characterized as a very advanced exercise which has not quite "come off," although claiming serious consideration.

Leon Kroll lacks the convincing quality of Speicher. It is typical of the academic mind to believe that one can catch the spirit of modern art by painting in a modern fashion; that is why so many academic minds turn to Cubism. And while Mr. Kroll does not at all flirt with Cubism he does follow, with extraordinary facility, that studio maxim that "every inch of the canvas must have something happening in it." The maxim carries with it the implication that not only must something happen, but it must matter that it happens, and there are a few little happenings in the canvases by Mr. Kroll which do not matter.

The scope of the exhibition is broadened by representative works by artists as different in aim as among others Maurice Sterne, Dodge McKnight, Maurice Prendergast, Jerome Mvers, Elmer Schofield, Gifford Beal, Reynolds Beal, Robert Chanler, Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson and Mahonri Young.

The opening exhibition at the Daniel Gallery was made up of the typical Daniel group. It will be followed by exhibitions by Hayley Lever and by Charles Demuth, whose work makes a good many of the Daniel group look rather dull and earnest. Demuth has none of the sophomoric self-righteousness which occasionally attacks the too earnest. He has a twinkle in his physical and mental eye that penetrates and enlivens.

To pass from the work of Demuth at the Daniel Gallery to the work of C. W. R. Nevinson at the Bourgeois Gallery is to step

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*Christ Washing the Feet of Peter, by Ford Madox Brown*

## The Christ in Modern Art

### *A Characterization Largely and Gloriously Human*

By E. HERMAN

LONDON, November 2nd, 1920.—There came to me the other day the authentic story of a working girl—poor, commonplace, with no distinction of either intellect or personality—whose otherwise drab life was lifted out of its dreary rut by virtue of one unforgettable moment in which she had seen a vision of the Christ-face. By what psychological or pathological hypothesis her experience may be explained is irrelevant; she had seen the Christ in his mingled majesty and loveliness; and the sacred face had so burned itself in upon her consciousness that her whole life thereafter was dominated by one unattainable desire. "If only I could make people see that face!" was her constant cry; "if only I could paint it and then fling it against the sky for all the world to see!"

It is the cry of the artist-soul in all ages. Painters and sculptors of every race and nation that Christianity has claimed, of every creed and of no creed, have willingly spent themselves in trying to give to the world their vision of the Christ. Every century has made its own contribution to that vision, every political and intellectual struggle has added its own line to the picture. This is especially true of those gigantic theological controversies which sound as hollow and remote as a fairy-tale to the average practical man of to-day—and as futile. When the young Church was flung into that cauldron of strife which yielded the Nicene Creed, the bootmakers and copper-smiths of Nicaea were as vehemently interested in the discussion as the Bishops themselves; and when the small dust of controversy dispersed and the Creed stood forth as the expression of a genuine experience, it began to find embodiment in art. And today the level-eyed twentieth-century person, who looks upon the creeds as the queer hobby of mercifully defunct theologians, bows in reverence before the immortal pictures to which they gave birth.

This connection between sacred art and

theology cannot be neglected by those who really wish to understand the world's great Christ-pictures. We cannot get away from the fact that the pictures which are a perennial source of satisfaction to the trained critic and at the same time make a gripping and haunting appeal to the universal soul of man were painted during the great historical periods of theological construction. Thus Byzantine Art was born of the lofty intellectual ambitions of that noble effort of a dying Greek Synopticism to bring all the treasures of philosophical insight and all the accumulated knowledge of the world's greatest schools to the elucidation of the mystery of Christ's person and Divine descent. We may call the Byzantine the Pharisee among the arts, and deprecate the stereotyped hieraticism of its figures, the hard, staring eyes and minatory features of its typical Christ-face. But it was emphatically an art that had something to say. It gave us a Christ who is a great Thinker and Revealer—the Word Incarnate. There is nothing mean or trivial about the Byzantine conceptions, nothing sentimental or effeminate. Expressing the union of the Oriental with the Hellenistic spirit, it is fraught with suggestions that the ages have not exhausted. If it is stiffly conventional, it is in obedience to a really great and imperial convention. Beside it the sentimental or realistic conventions of most modern pictures look pathetically thin and impotent.

The same is true of the golden periods of Italian and Spanish art. Both have their roots deep in the exploration of the great doctrines by which men have sought to explain the mystery of the Christ. In both the mystic's approach to these doctrines finds its artistic embodiment, not, indeed, in form and outline, which remain in entire consonance with the Church's official teaching, but in spirit. The primitive Christian conception of Christ as a young and joyous deliverer and the Byzantine figure of a royal Teacher had given way to

the discovery of the Crucified. That discovery, while it opened the door to a morbid cult of the wretched and macabre which reached its climax in the land of the Inquisition, gave a new depth and range to art. No great conception can ever find its way into the world's mind unless it be freighted with sorrow. Sorrow is the poetry of a race that has not yet achieved its high destiny, and the artist who would speak the universal language must learn its faltering vernacular. When the Italian and Spanish painters discovered the anguish in the eye of the Conqueror and learnt how to snatch beauty from the jaws of death, they appealed with unerring aim to the heart of the world. Here too was art that had something to say. Nor had it lost the note of joy. Its conceptions of the Nativity, for instance, remain among the gladdest things Art has ever given to man.

It is over against this background that the Art of the nineteenth century appears strangely impotent. That century, splendid though it was in a thousand ways, was a period of reaction and revolt rather than of construction, and to that extent stopped short of the highest Art. Its Titans spent their strength in a noble revolt against political tyrannies, moral superstitions and theological inhibitions. That revolt was our salvation but it necessarily left its protagonists no time for reconstruction. The soul must be free in order to produce, but mere naked freedom is not enough; only a free surrender to new and more compelling ideals can avail to inspire great Art. Towards the end of the century, when the work of liberation was completed, exhaustion had supervened. Our teachers were able but not mighty, our thinkers brilliant rather than wise, our leaders organizers rather than prophets. We may see this temper reflected even in so valid a movement as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and the movements that arose from it. With all their merits, these movements exhibit the inevitable sterility which is



the penalty of mere revolt. In Burne-Jones and Rossetti especially, we have the curious phenomenon of an art hardening into convention at its very source, and into a convention, moreover, that would scarcely command the adherence of the strong. The truth of the matter was that in the nineteenth century the artist, in common with the preacher and the writer, tended to decline upon fragmentary and temperamental aperçus of his subject, despairing of the larger interpretation. Men had become sceptical of intellectual reconstruction, impatient of enquiry into realities which they deemed inexorable. And so Art, once the passion of revolt had died down, became vaguely impressionist in spirit even where the technique of impressionism was violently rejected.

But at this point we are faced with the by this time somewhat hackneyed objection of a certain school which bids us remember that a work of Art is not a magazine-illustration, and that therefore questions of intellectual equipment are irrelevant. The artist who takes Christ as his subject, it urges, is not there to translate theological doctrines or philosophical theories into paint, but to interpret a spirit and an atmosphere. Still less is he a *raconteur* of sacred anecdotes. He does not tell a story; he sees Nature through his temperament. That there is truth in this contention need not be argued at this late day, and the appalling mass of popular pictures of the magazine-illustration or Christmas-card type which the nineteenth century has produced gives strong point to the protest. But in the last resort, the divorce of Art from objective considerations must always result in a race of *petits-mâîtres*, who devote their lives to the elaboration of a gesture, the evocation of an atmosphere, just as the *petits-mâîtres* of a previous century devoted theirs to the exquisite rendering of the knick-knacks in Milady's boudoir.

We cannot get away from the fact that the artist who approaches the Christ sets himself thereby to tell the Story of stories, and to interpret a fact which makes unique demands upon its exponents. We are not concerned here with ecclesiastical dogma, but with a unique manifestation of life. Here is a Man who remains contemporaneous with each age in succession—an inescapable challenge, an inevitable attraction, an inexhaustible mystery for every generation. Slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees, that Figure yields some added fragment of self-revelation to each successive artist who approaches it with humble heart. If science demands flawless honesty, profound humility and docility, and entire selfless dedication of the student, does the Christ-man demand less of the artist? He cannot be conveyed to canvas from the brain merely; He must be evoked from the depth of prayer and adoration. How many pictures of the Christ which have not been painted in the atmosphere of prayer have survived the verdict of the centuries? And this devout attitude, which is, after all, the ultimate condition of all true Art, involves thought as well as feeling. No flippant references to outworn creeds and doctrines can absolve the artist from bringing his thought as well as his intuitive faculty to that mystery of personality we call the Christ.

When we come to sum up the modern artist's conception of Christ, we may sum it up in the word "Galilean." We have left the ecclesiastical, hieratic conception behind us; we have turned from

the agonised and tortured Figure on the Cross, with its gospel of asceticism and world-denial, and have come back to the Man of Galilee, who loved the birds and flowers and little children, and came to homely folk with a gospel of pure joy—a gospel of the Kingdom of God upon earth. Our Christ is the Son of Man, largely and gloriously human, blending strength with tenderness, combining a blazing passion against social injustice with a



*Among the Lowly, by Augustin L'Hermite*

large tolerance and a wide-eyed appreciation of all things lovely and exhilarating. But on the way to embody this conception in art we have halted at certain stages that seemed to point in a different direction but in reality were steps in that way.

The first of these was the "Nazarene" movement in Germany—a return to the dreams and methods of the Middle Ages in an exalted form. The Nazarenes were converts to the Roman Church, who led a quasi-monastic life in the deserted Convent of San Isidoro at Rome; and painted pictures in which colour is sacrificed to creed and life to ecclesiastical

conventions. Overbeck, Führich, Veit, Cornelius, Hofmann—the names conjure up a sincere and reverent Art, which, however, fails of its intention partly through the technical weakness of the artists, partly through their ecclesiastical prepossessions. In Hofmann this school is seen achieving its most popular success—and at its worst. Between the sentimentality of his "Come unto Me" and the pose and unreality of his "Christ in Gethsemane" there is little to choose. He represents the degradation of Art in the interest of pious edification.

Needless to say, the Nazarene Movement evoked a reaction. Such names as Arnold Böcklin, Max Klinger, and Fritz von Uhde mark the rise of a new realism. Böcklin especially is prophetic of a great movement in his genius for painting Nature as if it were a living creature. In his well-known picture, "The Walk to Emmaus," it is the tremulous, grey evening landscape that interprets the Christ. Passing over Klinger, who was decidedly weak in technique, we recognize in Fritz von Uhde a true realist, as distinguished from the pedantic and uninteresting antiquarians who went to Palestine for their inspiration and whose pictures are as accurate and as uninspiring as the average photograph. This tedious fashion is still among us, and a certain public is never weary of the "art" that can paint Christ's sandals exactly as those worn today by the Syrian peasant, every detail correct down to the very strap-holes. Uhde's gospel of "Back to Christ" presents us with something quite different. In his pictures we see the Son of Man in the

stately, flowing robes of legend, living his life among the simple folk of to-day—the best friend of man come back to earth once more.

It is a curious fact that the quiet, reverent, sympathetic art of Uhde should have received its initial inspiration from the violent and melodramatic realism of Munkaczy. One imagines that few indeed would be found to defend Munkaczy as an artist, but there can be no doubt that he created a type which has powerfully influenced the work of men greater than he. One critic goes so far as to say that his democratic workman-Christ is "the only new rendering of Christ that modern needs have produced, with the possible exception of the weary Pessimist of Burne-Jones."

In France, Ary Scheffer, in breaking away from Romanticism and awaking to the meaning of pain in life, has painted Christ-pictures which make a valid popular appeal. Like Hoffmann, he is undoubtedly a sentimentalist, but unlike him he is also an artist of fine quality and mystic insight. He is supreme at painting tenderness as distinct from the histrionic sentiment that passes for tenderness. Pathos, indeed, is the dominant note of French sacred art. In Delaroche pathos is mingled with undoubted power; in Bouguereau it wears the robes of high dignity. To estimate Bouguereau at his true value one should study his "Christ and His Mother on the Way to Calvary." The figures of the Mother and of Magdalene have a melodramatic quality that would be sufficient to condemn almost any picture, but in the case of Bouguereau a native nobility of conception and manner more than redeems this defect. If he speaks the truth with rhetoric, it is the truth he speaks; and his rhetoric is of the grand order. Sympathetic is the work of Augustin L'Hermite, notably his "Blessed are the Poor,"

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*Christ at Emmaüs, by Fritz von Uhde*



# Paul Helleu, Portrait Painter



*Study, reclining figure*



*Mademoiselle de Lesseps*



*Paul Helleu, a portrait painter whose work has not been shown in New York for several years. An exhibition of his latest portraits will be shown at Gimpel and Wildenstein Galleries, starting December fifteenth, and should be of great interest*



*Mademoiselle Lebaudy*



*Ellen Helleu*



*Mademoiselle X*



# William Glackens

*An Artist Who Seizes the Colorful and Interesting Aspects of Life*

By FORBES WATSON

THE time comes when the child can hear, without tears, that Santa Claus is only a charming myth, or a generous father dressed up. It marks an epoch in the child's development, for better or for worse. Similarly, in the youth of a public the time comes when it can tolerate a few facts about artists without feeling that all the veils of romance are being torn from its eyes. This also marks an epoch. The time has come, it seems to me, to let out one secret about artists. They are human beings. Without callous desire to destroy a dear, sweet sentiment, I may be permitted to state that the belief that artists are lilies of the field to whom storks bring masterpieces periodically, without effort on the part of the lily, has not a perfectly solid foundation. This is a fairy tale, father dressed up; this is a myth created to supply the sentimental needs of the hard-headed business man who does not know how to approach art intelligently because he is so addicted to amazing sentimental lapses when he is moved far enough away from the cash drawer.

Artists frequently grow up, marry, have children, live in houses with roofs on them, go to baseball games, attain old age and die. They are lazy or industrious, pompous or natural, amusing or dull, like other people. And far from being impractical idiots, as the artist is so often depicted in fiction, they are fundamentally practical; for, together with the fact that to be an artist at all you must do the thing you most want to do in the world, in spite of all obstacles, is the other fact that the work of the artist is to put ideas into concrete and visible form—ideas which for other people, capable of conceiving of them at all, must remain vague and formless.

In America we have been taught to believe that the millionaire is the typical practical man. Anyone claiming that the self-made millionaire is not always and necessarily practical would be laughed at, the answer being:

How did he gain a million if he is not practical? But when you see certain bright little millionaires perfectly helpless in the face of life, surrounded with second rate things and third rate people, you realize that monetary and practical are not synonymous. If a man can only make for himself a tawdry, commonplace life after all, he is really not practical in the larger sense of the word—that is, he does not know how to get life values in return for his effort. He may be practical about gaining money but impractical about living. The artist, on the other hand, may be impractical about finances and highly practical about getting returns from life.

In this sense a painter of the calibre of William Glackens is eminently practical.



*Annisquam Beach*



*Bathing Beach*



*From Under Willows*

flowers, people, interiors. And his expression of the ideas given him by life, as distinguished from "artistic" studio arrangements, is full of the healthy breath of life, in contrast to the breathless, under-glass effects of the "artistic" subject.

Indeed, there is nothing "artistic" about William Glackens. He discusses painting naturally, not, like some painters, as if he were on the stage trying for an effect. He is too direct and serious, too honest to pose. Moreover, he has a keen sense of humor, and his wife's humor is celebrated.

All artists should marry ladies with a sense of humor, if the supply could meet the demand, and perhaps they would, were it possible to look forward into the future before leaping. In a land where the road to uplift is often mistaken for the road to art, although these two roads lead in opposite directions, nothing is more powerfully humorless than the life of an artist who is permanently affiliated with a too earnest soul. It is true that a "gas log and a cat can't civilize a flat," and it must be doubly true that a humorless lady cannot civilize a studio-bedroom-and-bath, that diabolical invention of the profiteering landlord which has had so profound a bearing on the production of American art during the past

He is able to put his ideas of life into concrete form. The very quality of his work presupposes enjoyment and appreciation of many aspects of life. For him the world is teeming with light, color, movement. He seizes the colorful and interesting aspects of things everywhere, street scenes, landscapes,

two decades, and, for that matter, still has.

Of course there are artists (so many people are called artists nowadays) whom no lady, however superb her sense of humor, could rescue from eventually drowning in the mush of uplift. The great army of uplifters ever lay claim to art as one of their special wards, because it sounds so well to be linked with the "noble" and the "beautiful." They adore art without intellectual understanding or emotional reaction, and they do not wish to give it thought because they have discovered that art, when inhaled through a passionate purple fog, "brings out the best that is in them."

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Study by Francis McComas

## Francis M. McComas, a Painter of the West

By LAURENCE HAGUE

Photographs Gimpel & Wildenstein

IN recent years the number of painters of the west of this country has greatly increased. Most of these painters are of the traveling variety—men who return to New York, Boston or Philadelphia armed with notes of a traveler's diary, casual, hurried and inconclusive. A great many are the result of a quick historical survey of the country's past. These are built on an *a priori* foundation. They are conceptional rather than perceptive. They are uninterrupted by the facts which the country produces to-day. Remington and Leigh, as an example, went there to absorb its atmosphere, to understand its topography, and brought back historical themes to which the country itself was only the stage set and interpreted romantically rather than realistically.

The Taos painters, for the most part, are interested only in such picturesque motifs as are produced on Indian fête days—when color is rampant, when the Indian wears his war clothes for the benefit of the peaceful eastern tourist. They paint conscious imitations of the past with the literalness of the unimaginative realist. There are few serious painters of the west. Pascin applied his philosophical theme to Cuban



Francis M. McComas

subjects, Berlin the same theme to those of Arizona and New Mexico. Henri's portraits of Indians are intellectually superior to those wooden portraits which used to adorn the fronts of cigar stores. There is a reciprocal justice in them. But then they have been influenced by the romantics of Fenimore Cooper. Mr. Blumenschein and Mr. Ufer are painters of story-book Indians and crashing color harmonies. Here, again, the landscape is subordinated. Mr. Albert Groll gave up painting the flat Jersey meadows to paint the flat Arizona desert.

Of the men who have reproduced the west for itself, with no subordinating motive, the most prominent are John Sloan, Mahonri Young, in drawings, and Francis McComas. Mr. McComas was born in Tasmania. He settled in California in 1896. He has painted many aspects of the west. His first exhibition in New York consisted of a number of water-colors of live oaks and made a sensation. His last, eight years ago, depicted the Arizona Desert, not literally, but with a great effort to attain a fundamental fidelity—to do justice to the theme. His exhibition at the Gimpel & Wildenstein Gallery should prove interesting.



Water-color studies for paintings by Francis McComas





A typical example of Russian ikon-painting

## Ikon-Painting in Russia

*An Art Which Has Long Had a Vast Influence on Russian Development*

By IVAN NARODNY

ACCORDING to the classified Russian industrial directory there are over fifty thousand artists within the territory of the former Empire who earn their living through ikons and ecclesiastic panels. Over three hundred thousand people altogether are dependent in one way or another on the sale and marketing of ikons. Thus they form a very important field of artistic occupation and must play a great rôle in Russian life.

The history of ikon-painting dates from Dmitry Donski, in the middle of the Fourteenth Century. It actually begins as a specialized artistic profession during the rule of Ivan the Third, between 1485 and 1495, when the first most conspicuous cathedrals and churches were built in the Kremlin of Moscow. Ivan the Terrible founded the first school of ikon-painters at Moscow in the seventeenth century. He invited well-known masters of Rome, Greece and Russia to teach in the school. Later this school was

transferred to the Monastery of Sergeyeva, near Moscow, where it still remains.

Simon Ushakoff is considered the founder of the pure Russian national style of ikons. His masterpieces can be seen in the temples of St. Brazil, Uspensky, Grusinsky and in the Chapel of the Virgin of Iberia. There is a story that the Czar Ivan the Terrible so highly valued his ikons and fresco-paintings that he ordered his aide-de-camp to put out the eyes of the famous painter so that he might not make another masterpiece for another ruler.

Besides Ushakoff there were a number of other great masters about the same time, of whom the best known are Kuri Nikitin, Sila Savine, Mark Nasaroff, Stepan Pavloff, Ivan Ivanoff and Filip Andreanoff. However, Guri Nikitin, the great master of Yaroslav, and his rival, Dimitri Gregorieff, remain the most powerful founders of the Russian ecclesiastic school of art. Their numerous ikons and frescoes in the cathedrals of Yaroslav and Uhlich give evidence of their genius.

The main tendency of the Russian ikon-painters is decorative rather than realistic. It is not so much the art of painting as it is the art of metaphysical decoration, that this school has emphasized. For that reason the foreign critics are very much baffled by and condemn the Russia ecclesiastic art as the expression of amateurs. I am amused at the utterances of a brilliant English critic, Mr. Aleister Crowley, who writes:

"There is no truly original feature in the Russian church art of frescoes, which recall Primitives. It is the superb barbaric indifference to balance, which piles gold on gold. Only the faces, hands, and feet in ikons are left uncovered; the robes, carved in gold or silver-gilt, or woven in pearls and every other precious stone, cover the canvas. These faces and hands are indecipherable; would be so even in good light. At first one dislikes the gap in the gold. At second, one gives up criticism and adores. The whole overpowers; nothing else matters. One is in the presence of a positive force, making a direct appeal. The lumber of culture falls overboard. Fact, elemental fact, reaching beyond all canons, is



An ikon painted by Karoslav in 1694

with one and upon one. . . . Here is a fresco of Jonah with his adventures from the casting overboard to the preaching in Nineveh. There is St. Michael, mighty and terrible, slaying the serpent."

Mr. Crowley's description is interesting, but there is another side to the matter: the Russian ecclesiastic art is arbitrary. It is not made in any image of man's mind; it is the creation of mind loosed from the thrall of even so elemental a yoke as mathematics. The Cathedral of St. Basil is its best illustration externally. There are no two spires alike, either in color, form or juxtaposition, in this Slavic architectural masterpiece on a Hamletian theme. Each asserts that unity is multiplicity in unity; each is a mathematical demonstration of the identity of being and form. The paradox is strange. All true Russian ecclesiastic art is an outgrowth of the early Byzantine which has developed into a racial Slav art. Out of this the new nationalistic school has taken its origin as we can best see illustrated in the spectacular

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The Holy Riders, by G. Nikitin





BUST OF M. LOUIS DELÂGE, BY MME. MARIE APEL

*THIS impressive piece of sculpture represents M. Louis Delâge, designer of the well-known French car of that name. A bronze replica of this work is shortly to be exhibited in Paris. The bust shown here is on view at the salons d'exposition des Automobiles Delâge, in New York.*



# Architecture and Words

*Vague but High-Sounding Generalities Have Been the Rule*

By MATLACK PRICE

ONE of the most curious things about architecture is that its critics, in their writings, almost always write about something else, even though they go to the extent of using the word "architecture" occasionally in their text. There has been written a great deal about columns and arches and flying buttresses, and a good deal about certain styles or fashions of architecture which flourished at various times. The first writings are really about certain architectural forms used in building: the second really about certain architectural styles used in designing. Then there are the writings, scholarly and thorough, which tell us "when" certain architectural works were performed but not "why."

A wealth of personal opinion, loosely embracing "architecture" (as a word rather than a reality) has been written, over a considerable period of years, by greater and less people than Mr. Ruskin, and often called criticism.

The list of architectural writings is completed by the discourse on a given architect's work—a type of essay which usually forgets its only excuse for existence—the reader. Such essays should not be written for the purpose of causing you to like one architect's work better than another's, but rather to enable you to choose for yourself. You had better dislike the work of both architects and know why, than to like one without knowing why, or because someone has told you.

Perhaps there are so many kinds of essays on architecture, critical and otherwise, because architecture seems to mean quite different things to different people—everything, in fact, from building with steel and stone to theorizing about a nebulous idea with words. One thing alone which would indicate that architecture is a great living entity, and a thing far greater than any of its parts, is the fact that it has survived all that has been written around it. No effort to make a single manifestation of architecture as great as architecture itself, has ever succeeded—except in adding to the general critical confusion on the subject.

All criticism, and especially architectural criticism, is in need of greater lucidity and logic in its technique. And readers should be quick to detect the deplorably usual type of criticism that seeks to glorify its subject by the partisan-politician's method of disparaging all else.

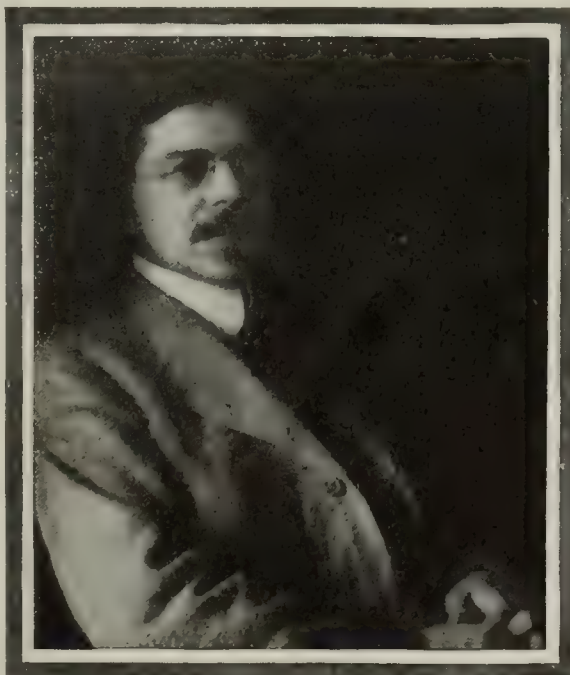
It has often seemed to me that a large proportion of architectural writing has suffered, so far as the reading public is concerned, from the fact that architectural writers know either too much or too little about architecture. In the first case, knowing too much, they think too little: in the second, knowing too little, they think too much.

By a writer not in either class, consider this quotation about a bit of Gothic carving: "I do not know whether the thing was old, though it was certainly knocked about and indecipherable, but at least it was certainly in the style and tradition of the early Middle Ages. It seemed to represent men lending themselves (not to say twisting themselves) to certain primary employments. Some seemed to be sailors tugging at ropes; others, I think, were reaping; others were energetically pouring something into something else. This is entirely characteristic



Ralph Adams Cram

of the pictures and carvings of the early Thirteenth Century, perhaps the most purely vigorous time in all history. The great Greeks preferred to carve their gods and heroes doing nothing. Splendid and philosophic as their composure is, there is always about it something that marks the master of many slaves. But if there was one thing the early mediævals liked it was representing people doing something—hunting, or hawking, or rowing boats, or treading grapes, or making shoes, or cooking something in a pot. . . . For this reason the whole effect of Greek and Gothic carving is different. The figures in the Elgin marbles, though often reining their steeds for an instant in the air, seem frozen forever at that perfect instant. But a mass of mediæval carving seems actually a sort of bustle or hubbub in stone. Sometimes



Royal Cortissoz

one cannot help feeling that the groups actually move and mix, and the whole front of a great cathedral has the hum of a huge hive."

Personally, this kind of human vision of architecture tells me more than if I were to read that "The nave was lengthened by the Sixth Bishop in 1264, and under the following Bishop, in 1295, the south chapel was enlarged to connect with the transept." An entire book of this sort of thing will fail to tell us anything about Gothic architecture—or any other kind of architecture.

One other quotation from the same source as the really informative bit about Gothic architecture. "Architecture is a very good test of the true strength of a society, for the most valuable things in a human state are the irrevocable things. . . . And architecture approaches nearer than any other art to being irrevocable, because it is so difficult to get rid of. You can turn a picture with its face to the wall; it would be a nuisance to turn that Roman cathedral to the wall. You can tear a poem to pieces: it is only in moments of very sincere emotion that you tear a town hall to pieces."

These two things are from the pen of Gilbert K. Chesterton. A student of architecture, or a serious-minded critic would not—could not—have written them. They bring architecture too close to human, understandable things to seem entirely proper to the critics who deal in vague but high-sounding generalities.

Of the phrasifiers, of all who write under the abiding delusion, or forlorn hope, that phrases will take the place of ideas, listen to Geoffry Scott, an English critic, almost unique in his splendid lucidity and clearness of vision: "There may, at the present time, be a lack of architectural taste: there is, unfortunately, no lack of architectural opinion. Architecture, it is said, must be 'expressive of its purpose,' or 'expressive of its true construction,' or 'expressive of the national life' (whether noble or otherwise), or 'expressive of a noble life' (whether national or not), or 'expressive of the craftsman's temperament, or the owners', or the architect's, or, on the contrary, 'academic' and studiously indifferent to these factors. It must, we are told, be symmetrical, or it must be picturesque—that is, above all things, unsymmetrical. It must be 'traditional' and 'scholarly.' That is, resembling what has already been done by Greek, Roman, Mediæval or Georgian architects, or it must be at pains to avoid this resemblance, or it must strike some happy compromise between these opposites, and so forth, indefinitely."

In this passage I think Mr. Scott has catalogued practically all the types of balderdash that pass currently as architectural criticism. How many general readers have given up the idea of ever understanding architecture, after reading even three or four totally contradictory theses on what someone thinks it is!

Pursuing his masterful arraignment, Mr. Scott says: "If these axioms were frankly untrue, they would be easy to dismiss; if they were based on fully reasoned theories, they would be easy, at any rate, to discuss. They are neither. We have few 'fully reasoned' theories, and these, it will be seen, are flagrantly at variance

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# Christmas Carols and Noëls

## The Earliest Form of Popular Church Music

By MARY LORD

IT is written in the annals of the church that in the year one hundred and twenty-nine Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, decreed "that in the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour should be celebrated public church services, and in them should be solemnly sung the Angel's Hymn, because also the same night He was declared unto the shepherds by an angel, as the truth itself doth witness." This is the first record of the singing of "Gloria in excelsis Deo," the great carol of the early church.

But it is known that the Greek church had for long devoted much attention to the singing of hymns, not only in the regular service, but in the special celebrations which the church there, and later in all parts of Europe, as one country after another embraced Christianity, took over from the pagan festivals of the people. From the beginnings of the Christian church its music was assiduously cultivated and written down. The priests, working out a more and more elaborate system of notation, preserved in this way an unbroken record of the growth of music, its variations, the increasing complication of its expression in the singing of the several voices and choirs, and eventually of the changes which were forced on the music of the church by the spirit of the times in the Thirteenth Century, and again in the Seventeenth.

This music, however, was not the music of the people and had nothing in common, in the early days, with the folk music in which

the simple feeling, events and history of the people were informally preserved from generation to generation. Of that music there was no record kept. The science of musical notation was totally unknown outside the churches and scholastic groups.

The church music, unlike folk music, which gave free expression to all moods, was meant to express but one emotion, that of spiritual aspiration. Endlessly elaborated, difficult, formless in melody, removed from the affairs of life, it was the speech of another world, and no more similar to folk music than is folk-lore to the work of polished historians. From the very first, however, there were always those who wished to bring the spiritual and everyday life into closer relation. These were the precursors of Luther and his followers. It was this spirit which gradually succeeded in introducing not only the people's festival songs, but even the custom of decorating the doors of the churches with boughs and evergreens ("a heathen custom," protests Gregory in the Fourth Century), into the church. By the Ninth Century mystery and passion plays were given in the churches on festival occasions. And with these as time went on appeared the carol almost as we know it, simple, a lullaby sung at the cradle which the priests had placed in the chancel the better to present the story of the Nativity to the people, or a recounting of the events at the birth of Christ by one of the actor-singers to the others.

At Beauvais, at Sens, and at Rouen, it was the custom, as a commemoration of the flight into Egypt, for a maiden with a child in her arms to ride through the streets into the cathedral followed by a crowd of people singing, in a mixture of Latin and French, the "Prose de l'Ane":

"Orientis partibus  
Adventabit assinus  
Pulcher et fortissimus  
Sarcinus aptissimus.  
Hez sire asnes, car chantez  
Belle bouche reaignez  
Vous aurez du foin assez,  
Et de l'avoine a planter."

This mingling of Latin and French words gives a vivid picture of the gradual mutual assimilation which went on between the church anthems and the people's Christmas songs. It was fortunate for the preservation of these Christmas songs or carols that they were taken over into use by the church and so set down in musical notation, as otherwise, like a great body of the folk music, they would have been lost or changed beyond recognition as time went on. As it is, the carols occupy a place of their own, a compromise between the music of the church and the music of the people; or, rather, the music of the people caught in its primitive simplicity and emotional purity and translated into the for-

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*Angels We Have Heard. Old French Carol.*

*Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the plains, And the mountains*

*in reply, Echoing their joyous strains Glo . . . . .*

*ri-a. In excelsis De . . . . .*

SHEPHERDS, why this jubilee?  
Why your rapturous strain prolong?  
What the gladsome tidings be  
Which inspire your heavenly song?  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

COME to Bethlehem, and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing,  
Come, adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.



# A Note on American Literature

## The American Novel Is Escaping the Influence of England and France

By W. L. GEORGE

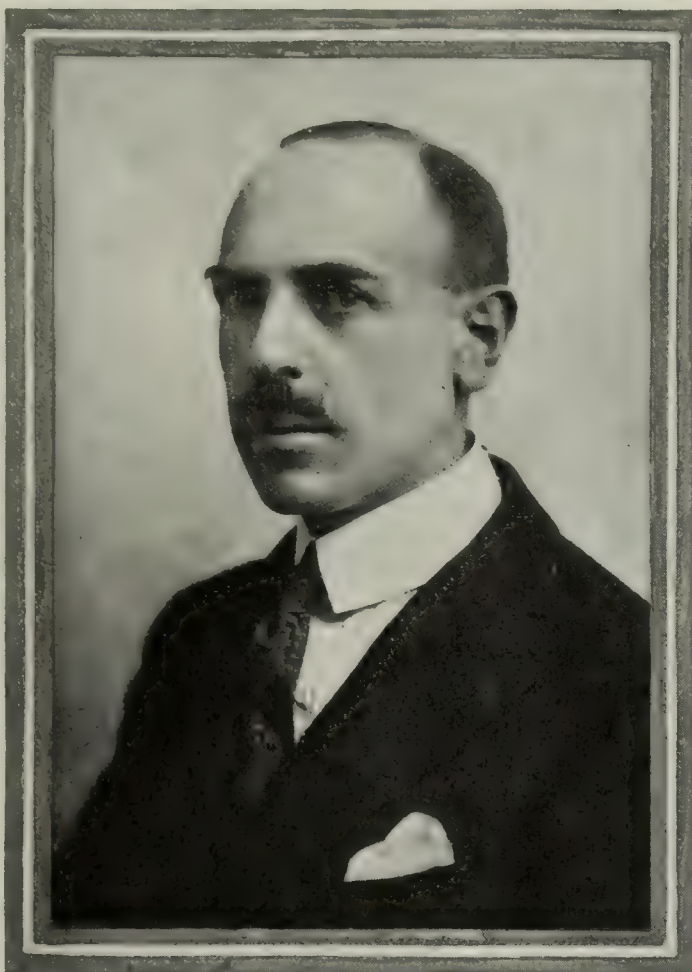
IT may seem venturesome for an Englishman to offer an opinion on American writing. He cannot know very well the literature he criticises, but, on the other hand, he has after a few months' stay an impression perhaps more vivid than the one he could obtain if he were a citizen of the country. Besides, I have for a long time been reading American literature; the works of Miss Wharton, of Mr. Robert Grant, of Mr. Herrick, must be perused by any one who wishes to discover the trend of modern literature. America has a long record, and today possesses several noteworthy figures, such as Mr. Hergesheimer, Mr. Cabell, Mr. Dreiser, Miss Willa Cather, Mr. Sherwood Anderson.

Twenty years ago there was in America no group comprising writers such as these, various as they are, some essentially artistic, and some intellectual. American literature has never been so honest and so virile as it is today, and so it is interesting to ask oneself what are the factors which influence notably the American novel, and to discover the direction of that form of art.

One important point is that the modern American novel is at last escaping the influence of England and of France. In matters of art one can generally say that influences are mostly evil. Art is international in its appeal, but national in its origin. Titian could not have been a Dutchman, and I cannot imagine Guy de Maupassant being born a Turk. Up to the Civil War English influence predominated in America, so much so that classical American literature can be described as English literature written in America. Then, in the nineties, came the French influence, rather precious, as it was in England, where it produced the "Yellow Book." The French influence is still here: you suspect Zola behind Mr. Anderson, just as you have a glimpse of Boccaccio behind Mr. Cabell. But these are only glimpses. Miss Cather, Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Floyd Dell, these are profoundly American people, moral and resentful of morality, which contrast seems to sum up something essential in the American mentality. It may easily be lost sight of that the literature of a people reflects that people, partly what it is, partly what it would like to be. So, in considering American fiction, one needs to ask oneself: "What are the limitations, inherent in the American character, which most appear in the novel of the day?"

Do not conclude that when I say "limitations" I mean anything derogatory. In every country the novel is subject to national limitations. In England the novel tends to be discursive, incoherent, and, even today, sex-shy; just as in France it tends to be mathematical and dry, and to stress the sex factor. Also, times change so much that today we find English literature more concerned with sex than French literature, which now pursues intellectual ideas, and even reveals a muddled mysticism which would make Voltaire giggle. I feel that in America the main limitation of the novel is the moral preoccupation. The evidence of this is that Mr. Cabell is in America the only *creative* cynic. There are critical cynics, but apart from Mr. Cabell I know no

creative ones. Mr. Hergesheimer holds himself aloof from the personal attitude; but I imagine other leading novelists, and notably Mr. Dreiser, in a continual state of moral revolt against morality: the atheist is, more than the faithful, interested in the faith. The true moralist is not the man who attacks current morals; he is the man who never gives conventional morals any thought at all. A protesting attitude against bourgeois morality affords it regrettable advertisement, and here I am at one with Mr. Hugh de Selincourt,



W. L. George

who will not hear of representing characters bound by evil ideas, and will represent only characters who have emancipated themselves from their thrall.

This may be a temporary condition, but it amounts to an underlying state in the American novel. Even now, in these days of comparative freedom, the American novelist seems inclined to "bear witness" for the truth. This means that he has not yet to his satisfaction established the truth. The limitation is therefore imposed by his resentment against puritanic usage and law. Indeed, these are serious enough in America, for they take upon themselves the guise of a censorship. I don't want to exaggerate; I know that the Society for the Suppression of Vice concerns itself mainly with the praiseworthy task of prosecuting obscene picture post-cards and movie-shows, and that it attacks very few books. I do not pretend that a "moral terror" is raging in America, but I do suggest that here is one of the limitations of the American novel: the American novelist who writes frankly of life as he sees it is continually aware that a chapter, a sentence, may bring his book before the courts. This must harm him, if only in his unconscious realm. Fear must penetrate his

mind as air his lungs. In Europe he has not this fear, or it is a nominal risk; in America it is an actual risk. This must lead to timidity, and may lead to untruth.

I do not suppose that Mr. Cabell will be consciously deflected by the prosecution of "Jurgen," or Mr. Dreiser by the prosecution of "The Genius," but they can be deflected in the obscure, unconscious part of their mind. As the French say, "A scalded cat fears even cold water"; as for the unscalded cats, the other novelists, they must face the continual danger, either of being prosecuted, or of failing to find a publisher because the publisher is afraid of being prosecuted. That is the evil of all artistic censorships. What they do is nothing; it is what they might do counts.

Here we must reserve a factor which could by degrees militate against the puritanic phobias, and by degrees deprive them of part of their hold upon the public mind: I mean criticism. I believe that a sound criticism is essential to the well-being of any form of art. While it is true that the sincere artist will go on working when unrecognized, also when hooted, it is regrettably true that even a sincere artist needs the support of intelligent judgment. From the mob of his readers he cannot obtain that. They will give him love, often for the wrong reason; they will depress him by giving equally indiscriminate love to writers he despises. They will beg him to give them in his tenth novel the thing he gave them in his second: that is to say, they beg him not to develop. Only professional criticism can maintain his self-esteem as a man who is doing something serious, who is being treated as a creator more responsible than a popular musical-comedy actress. In that sense America is more fortunate than England, though less fortunate than the rest of Europe, where criticism has always been looked upon as an honorable profession and comparatively well-paid.

America possesses a number of critics, some competent, some not, who honestly care for literature. I could quote a long list of men and women, some of whom criticise on a basis which I think faulty, but all of whom are keen and sincere, all worthy of a literary man's respect. At their head stands Mr. H. L. Mencken, the most liberal in mind, the most courageous, as well as the most brilliant. Indeed, Mr. Mencken stands alone as the sturdiest prop of good literature in this country. But of all them it can be said that, whether they be gentle or sardonic, they are honestly trying to lay down criteria of what the good novel ought to be. American criticism is on the whole superior to English criticism because it is less affected by the cliques. America, like other countries, has its literary cliques, but the cliques include few tame critics; thus America avoids what is so common in England, the damnation of a writer because he fails to admire the literary products of a certain publication, or of its editor.

On the other hand, there are in America relaxing as well as bracing factors; one of them is the magazine short story, whose level is much higher than its English equivalent. In the English magazine the demand is for

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# Books for Christmas

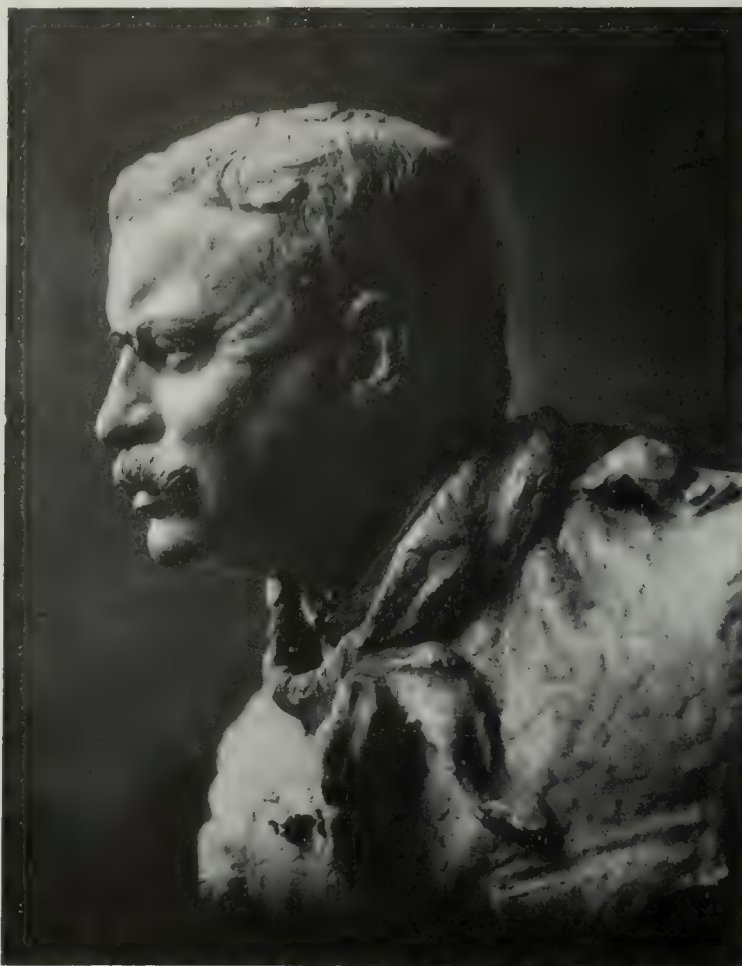
## Christmas Publications of the Past and Present

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

FASHIONS change in book-publishing as they do in dress-making—although not with the same swiftness, fortunately. Once upon a time, that is to say, nearly a century ago, publishers prepared, for Christmas and New Year's, volumes of a kind now wholly unknown. These were called *Annuals*; they each contained a series of steel-engravings of the heroines of Byron or Scott or Moore—visions of imagined loveliness as alluring in those distant days as are now the specimens of polychromatic pulchritude which adorn the covers of our periodicals. The letter-press to accompany these plates consisted of more or less feeble lyrics, more or less wishy-washy essays and more or less amateurish tales. These *Annuals* were manufactured to be given away; and it is almost inconceivable that a purchaser could want to keep one for himself. No wonder is it that the *Annuals* soon entered on a decline, to expire at last unhonored and unsung.

Then, after an interval, came the Christmas books of Dickens and of Thackeray, the "Christmas Carol" for one, and the "Rose and the Ring" for another. The best of these Christmas books were written to serve an immediate purpose; but they had abiding charm and they have long since taken a permanent place in the works of the two great rivals. Although Dickens and Thackeray may have been competitors for the favor of the public, no other writers seemed to have had the special gift which stories of this type demanded; and when they died, one after another, more than half a century ago, the Christmas book died with them.

After another interval these Christmas books were followed by Christmas gift-books of another kind. Publishers picked out a standard tale or a standard poem and engaged either one artist or a galaxy of them to prepare illustrations for it. "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" were thus embellished nearly half a century ago by the most accomplished of American illustrators of the time. Sometimes the adornment was confided to a single draftsman; and I can now recall with pleasure the succession of vigorous drawings Howard Pyle prepared forty years ago for Thackeray's bold and resonant "Chronicle of the Dream." When the publishers had exhausted the list of poems and tales that lent themselves most appropriately to this lavish illustration, the purchasers of Christmas presents were no longer attracted; and again the fashion changed—and changed for the better. Our publishers today rarely prepare any volumes specifically for the holiday season, contenting themselves with bringing out in the fall as many as possible of their most important books. So it is that today, when we are looking for Christmas gifts for our friends and our families, we have a wide choice from among works of substantial merit. And in this twentieth year of the Twentieth Century, it so happens that most of the more noteworthy books are of American authorship, even if they now and again deal with foreign themes.



Bust of Roosevelt, by James Earle Fraser

I do not mean to imply that the seven books I am selecting for consideration are absolutely the best books of the season; but I think that they are each and all good books, having qualities so outstanding as to demand inclusion in any list of the dozen leading books of the season—if any literary judge can be found temerarious enough to venture on an unappealable decision. One is a collection of letters, which is in fact if not in form an autobiography. Two are autobiographies; and as Longfellow once wrote in his journal, "Autobiography is what biography ought to be." One is a volume of reminiscences, which is almost an autobiography; another is a study of the stage; two are novels; and all of them are interesting, each in its own way.

The most interesting of them all, to my mind, and the most likely to endure, is "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time: Shown in His Own Letters," by Joseph Bucklin Bishop



A typical portrait of Roosevelt

(New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. With illustrations). Theodore Roosevelt was an indefatigable correspondent and he was a master letter-writer. He had the gift of writing as frankly and as freely as he talked—and only his intimates know how frank and free he was in his conversation. He corresponded with these intimates as spontaneously as he conversed with them; and his letters have the sincerity and the directness of his talk, the felicity of phrase and the humorous sparkle. He had the most varied career of any American, more varied even than Franklin's. He had met all sorts and conditions of men, kings and cowboys, politicians and prize-fighters, men of letters and men of science; and he took stock of them and sized them up. He loved history and natural history; he studied nature and human nature; he was an omnivorous reader and a multifarious writer. He put his full force in all that he did; and these letters pulse with his personality and tingle with his individuality.

Mr. Bishop is the most discreet and judicious of editors; he keeps himself in the background; he lets Theodore Roosevelt paint his own portrait. The two volumes have a special appeal to the readers of this

magazine, because they reveal Roosevelt as a truly civilized man, with a keen understanding of the significance of the pictorial and plastic arts. We see him sitting to Sargent and to MacMonnies; we follow with sympathy his effort to improve the coinage of the United States by aid of the genius of Saint Gaudens; we find the record of his admiration for the many-sidedness of Frank Millet. It was due to Roosevelt that the White House was restored to its simple beauty, under the direction of McKim, and that its much-needed office building was so placed and so designed as to enhance the dignity of the president's house.

Not unworthy to companion Roosevelt's epistolary autobiography—for that is what this selection from his correspondence amounts to—are two actual autobiographies of two Americans, unlike in many ways, but alike in that they were both born in Europe, both came to this country in boyhood, both were poor and without education, both grew in stature with the years and made their way in the world, and both became almost as American as Roosevelt himself. These two books are the "Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie" (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.) and the "Americanization of Edward Bok" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

William Black (a now forgotten British novelist) once called Andrew Carnegie "the Star-Spangled Scotsman"; and it seems to be easier for a Scotsman to become star-spangled than for a man of any other nativity. Carnegie was a canny Scot, who was not so unlike a clever and cautious Yankee. He was proud of what he had accomplished, but he was never purse-proud. He bestowed at least as much care on the proper disposition of his immense fortune as he had given to its acquisition. He was the only man I ever met



who impressed me as really wanting to give, if only he could be convinced that the gift was advisable. He lived largely as became his means, but there was no lavish luxury in his house in New York or in Skibo Castle. After the dinner he gave to Sir Sidney Lee, to which he invited a score of local literary men, we went into the picture gallery; and a fellow-writer remarked to me that he supposed the paintings were priceless. Now, priceless was just what those pictures were not; they may have been above the average of modern art, but there was only one of them which could have cost a large sum of money. That was Raeburn's "Robert Burns," and it was there not because it was a portrait by Raeburn but because it was a portrait of Burns; and I was told later that it was only a copy, made because the original could not be purchased. It is to be noted that Carnegie left these recollections in a rather fragmentary condition, and that they have been edited by Professor John C. Van Dyke tactfully and sympathetically.

In this account of his own achievements Carnegie reveals his little vanities, no doubt; but for all that he is modest. He is forthright, but he is not boastful. What he has here written about himself is the record of an almost unexampled achievement, for it tells how a telegraph messenger-boy became the founder of the largest business organization in the world and how, when as a mature man he had attained wealth, he turned from money-making to public service and to private friendship with men of letters, Matthew Arnold, John Morley and James Bryce. It was not because he was a rich man that these men were drawn to him; rather was it in spite of this. It was because he was a man of great aspirations, who preached the Gospel of Wealth—and who practised what he preached.

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# Books for Christmas

## Christmas Publications of the Past and Present

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

FASHIONS change in book-publishing as they do in dress-making—although not with the same swiftness, fortunately. Once upon a time, that is to say, nearly a century ago, publishers prepared, for Christmas and New Year's, volumes of a kind now wholly unknown. These were called *Annuals*; they each contained a series of steel-engravings of the heroines of Byron or Scott or Moore—visions of imagined loveliness as alluring in those distant days as are now the specimens of polychromatic pulchritude which adorn the covers of our periodicals. The letter-press to accompany these plates consisted of more or less feeble lyrics, more or less wishy-washy essays and more or less amateurish tales. These *Annuals* were manufactured to be given away; and it is almost inconceivable that a purchaser could want to keep one for himself. No wonder is it that the *Annuals* soon entered on a decline, to expire at last unhonored and unsung.

Then, after an interval, came the Christmas books of Dickens and of Thackeray, the "Christmas Carol" for one, and the "Rose and the Ring" for another. The best of these Christmas books were written to serve an immediate purpose; but they had abiding charm and they have long since taken a permanent place in the works of the two great rivals. Although Dickens and Thackeray may have been competitors for the favor of the public, no other writers seemed to have had the special gift which stories of this type demanded; and when they died, one after another, more than half a century ago, the Christmas book died with them.

After another interval these Christmas books were followed by Christmas gift-books of another kind. Publishers picked out a standard tale or a standard poem and engaged either one artist or a galaxy of them to prepare illustrations for it. "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" were thus embellished nearly half a century ago by the most accomplished of American illustrators of the time. Sometimes the adornment was confided to a single draftsman; and I can now recall with pleasure the succession of vigorous drawings Howard Pyle prepared forty years ago for Thackeray's bold and resonant "Chronicle of the Dream." When the publishers had exhausted the list of poems and tales that lent themselves most appropriately to this lavish illustration, the purchasers of Christmas presents were no longer attracted; and again the fashion changed—and changed for the better. Our publishers today rarely prepare any volumes specifically for the holiday season, contenting themselves with bringing out in the fall as many as possible of their most important books. So it is that today, when we are looking for Christmas gifts for our friends and our families, we have a wide choice from among works of substantial merit. And in this twentieth year of the Twentieth Century, it so happens that most of the more noteworthy books are of American authorship, even if they now and again deal with foreign themes.



Bust of Roosevelt, by James Earle Fraser

I do not mean to imply that the seven books I am selecting for consideration are absolutely the best books of the season; but I think that they are each and all good books, having qualities so outstanding as to demand inclusion in any list of the dozen leading books of the season—if any literary judge can be found temerarious enough to venture on an unappealable decision. One is a collection of letters, which is in fact if not in form an autobiography. Two are autobiographies; and as Longfellow once wrote in his journal, "Autobiography is what biography ought to be." One is a volume of reminiscences, which is almost an autobiography; another is a study of the stage; two are novels; and all of them are interesting, each in its own way.

The most interesting of them all, to my mind, and the most likely to endure, is "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time: Shown in His Own Letters," by Joseph Bucklin Bishop



A typical portrait of Roosevelt

(New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. With illustrations). Theodore Roosevelt was an indefatigable correspondent and he was a master letter-writer. He had the gift of writing as frankly and as freely as he talked—and only his intimates know how frank and free he was in his conversation. He corresponded with these intimates as spontaneously as he conversed with them; and his letters have the sincerity and the directness of his talk, the felicity of phrase and the humorous sparkle. He had the most varied career of any American, more varied even than Franklin's. He had met all sorts and conditions of men, kings and cowboys, politicians and prize-fighters, men of letters and men of science; and he took stock of them and sized them up. He loved history and natural history; he studied nature and human nature; he was an omnivorous reader and a multifarious writer. He put his full force in all that he did; and these letters pulse with his personality and tingle with his individuality.

Mr. Bishop is the most discreet and judicious of editors; he keeps himself in the background; he lets Theodore Roosevelt paint his own portrait. The two volumes have a special appeal to the readers of this magazine, because they reveal Roosevelt as a truly civilized man, with a keen understanding of the significance of the pictorial and plastic arts. We see him sitting to Sargent and to MacMonnies; we follow with sympathy his effort to improve the coinage of the United States by aid of the genius of Saint Gaudens; we find the record of his admiration for the many-sidedness of Frank Millet. It was due to Roosevelt that the White House was restored to its simple beauty, under the direction of McKim, and that its much-needed office building was so placed and so designed as to enhance the dignity of the president's house.

Not unworthy to companion Roosevelt's epistolary autobiography—for that is what this selection from his correspondence amounts to—are two actual autobiographies of two Americans, unlike in many ways, but alike in that they were both born in Europe, both came to this country in boyhood, both were poor and without education, both grew in stature with the years and made their way in the world, and both became almost as American as Roosevelt himself. These two books are the "Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie" (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.) and the "Americanization of Edward Bok" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

William Black (a now forgotten British novelist) once called Andrew Carnegie "the Star-Spangled Scotsman"; and it seems to be easier for a Scotsman to become star-spangled than for a man of any other nativity. Carnegie was a canny Scot, who was not so unlike a clever and cautious Yankee. He was proud of what he had accomplished, but he was never purse-proud. He bestowed at least as much care on the proper disposition of his immense fortune as he had given to its acquisition. He was the only man I ever met



who impressed me as really wanting to give, if only he could be convinced that the gift was advisable. He lived largely as became his means, but there was no lavish luxury in his house in New York or in Skibo Castle. After the dinner he gave to Sir Sidney Lee, to which he invited a score of local literary men, we went into the picture gallery; and a fellow-writer remarked to me that he supposed the paintings were priceless. Now, priceless was just what those pictures were not; they may have been above the average of modern art, but there was only one of them which could have cost a large sum of money. That was Raeburn's "Robert Burns," and it was there not because it was a portrait by Raeburn but because it was a portrait of Burns; and I was told later that it was only a copy, made because the original could not be purchased. It is to be noted that Carnegie left these recollections in a rather fragmentary condition, and that they have been edited by Professor John C. Van Dyke tactfully and sympathetically.

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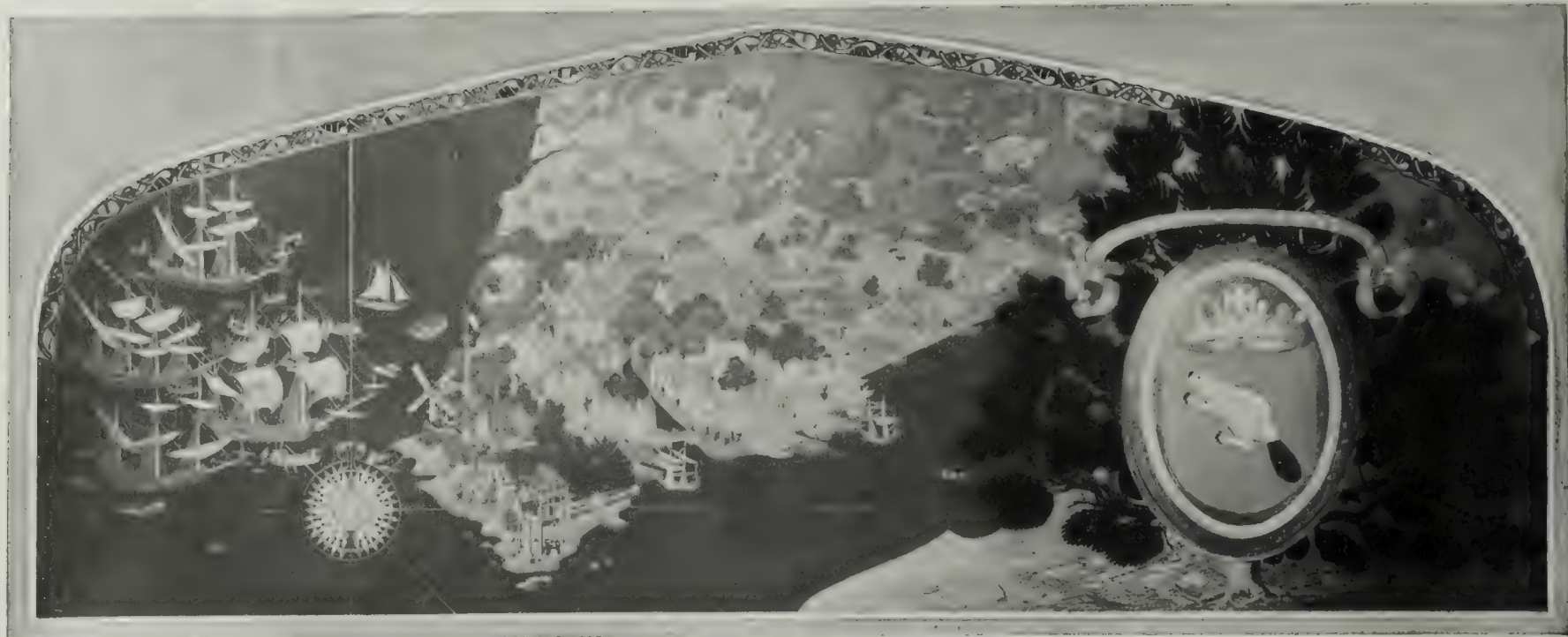


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*Old New York, by Barry Faulkner, in Washington Irving High School*

## Architectural Impressions

By AYMAR EMBURY, II  
Editor Department of Architecture

### *Mural Decorations in Private Houses*

WHY it is that Americans fight so shy of painted decorations on the walls of their houses I do not know. From the present vogue of painted furniture and of color in profusion in all sorts of articles of domestic use, one would expect that the walls of the houses would also be painted in colors and patterns, that we call decorative or mural painting. This is not the case, although from the earliest times mural paintings on the walls of the living rooms of houses has been an extremely common method of treatment. It is only necessary to point out that probably all the rooms of every Roman or Greek house of any importance whatever were painted in decorative panels, sometimes showing only a repetition of conventional designs, but more often landscapes or figure pieces. Likewise in the Middle Ages all important rooms were commonly treated with decorations painted flat on the plaster or even on the stone. While of these in most cases traces only remain, these traces are so numerous and so widely distributed in various parts of Europe that we can almost safely assume that all great houses had some at least of their rooms decorated with paintings. This custom did not come to an end with the Renaissance, although during the period of the Renaissance it was more common to decorate walls with pictures painted on canvas and applied to the walls than it was to paint on the walls direct; but in Italy and France, and to a somewhat less extent in England the painted wall was so common as to be almost as much a matter of course as a wooden floor.

In this country we have made comparatively little use of the talent of our painters, even in our great buildings, and in our private houses the mural decoration is so unusual as almost to be a curiosity. It is hard to explain the reason for this at the present time, although one can readily understand that in Colonial times, especially in New England, mural painting was impossible: first because it was to some extent held to be in violation of the ten commandments to make images of any kind; and,

second, because there were neither trained painters nor any inducement offered for latent talent to develop. In consequence the art of the Colonial period developed along lines of architectural form only; the sculptural decoration was confined to conventionalized patterns, while painted decoration, even such decoration as could be done by the house painter in contradistinction to the "art artist," was exceedingly uncommon; this tradition seems to have persisted to the present day.



*Romance, by Arthur Crisp*

It is not the question of expense which has deterred the American public from using painting as decoration, for very many of our wealthier men have been willing to pay painters far more for easel pictures than the same painters would have been willing to accept for mural decorations, and in the houses of our richest people the wall decorations of stone or marble, or wall hangings of velvet or silk, very frequently cost more than would painted canvases by competent artists. I have frequently tried to induce my clients to include in their houses painted overmantels, friezes, or the like, and generally with little success, although the same clients are perfectly willing to spend a thou-

sand or fifteen hundred dollars for a carved marble mantel which is by no means as handsome or as valuable as a painted overmantel of the same cost. The objections seem to be of two kinds; very many people say that they are afraid of getting tired of a mural painting, to which I reply, "In that case, take it away, get rid of it. That's what you'd do if you got tired of your mantelpiece or of your curtains"; and there is no reason why a piece of house decoration, because it is painted by an artist, should be treated with greater respect than any other piece of furniture, unless its intrinsic value is such that it is worth taking off and selling. Of course, it is useless to argue that if the painting is appropriate to the room and not aggressive, they will get used to it just as they do to any other piece of color around their houses and forget its existence as it forms a pleasant background to their lives. The other objection, which is very frequently raised, is that the client has some particular color scheme in mind which may not harmonize with the picture. The answer to this is that the mural decoration should conform to the general color scheme; the picture is painted to order for a specific place and there is every reason why it should fit the requirements of the person who orders it and of the place in which it is to be put. The average artist is a sensible sort of person, common belief to the negative notwithstanding, and understands much better than do most people that a mural painting is a quite different sort of thing from an easel picture, although I have never found any two artists who agree as to what sort of *painting* is appropriate to mural work.

If I may be permitted to digress for a moment, I would like to express my personal opinion as to what is and what is not good mural decoration, since there is no artist here present to contradict me. In the first place, the artists and architects are in very general agreement that a mural decoration should be a *decoration* and not a *focal point*. In other words, the decoration should fall into the general scheme of the room as a subordinate feature



rather than to leave one with the feeling that the room has been built around the picture or pictures. One should feel that he could stand a piece of furniture in front of a mural decoration without committing sacrilege. Now where the architect and the artist differ is largely in their conceptions of what sort of painting meets this requirement. Artists on the whole are apt to classify pictures into three types — the mural decoration, the easel picture, and the illustration—and to regard these types as being impossible to interchange. They say, perhaps not in so many words, but practically, that any picture that tells a story is an illustration and of lower rank than an easel picture, and very many artists will say that no picture which tells a story can possibly be used as a wall decoration. Likewise very many artists assert that every mural decoration should be in flat colors without modeling other than absolutely necessary to indicate the forms of heads, etc., and that any picture which does not fulfill these requirements tends to open up a "hole in the wall," so that an appearance of instability is introduced. Personally I have never seen a picture so ably painted that one could possibly forget that it was a flat surface; and I do not believe that there is any variety of technique exclusively suited to wall decoration. In mediæval times the decorations were very commonly pictures which told stories, Biblical scenes representing commonly known incidents, battle pictures in which the owner often played some prominent part, and scenes from the daily life of the period. Today the mural painter seems to think it is necessary to express an abstract idea only, such as "Truth," "The Muses," "Art," or "Literature," the "Saints" and the "Devils," or pictures of a generally negative character. The architect, on the contrary, is not as a rule very greatly concerned with the subject matter of the picture. Mr. Harry Ogden, so well known as an illustrator of Colonial subjects, has painted a number of overmantels representing scenes or incidents from the Revolutionary War, which, because of their color and topic, suggest themselves as extremely desirable for use in rooms of Colonial character; and the fact that they tell stories is not, to me, of very much importance. It seems rather that the pattern of color and the scale of the figures are such that they are admirably suited to decorating certain types of rooms, although the subjects are preeminently illustrative. I think perhaps the very great success as wall decorations of the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes has blinded our artists to the possibilities that lie in other types of decoration. I have heard, for example, that Abbey's pictures of the "Holy Grail" in the Boston Public Library are very generally severely condemned, not as pictures, but because they interrupt or disturb the architectural feeling of the room. I do not, however, hear many architects express this feeling; most of them believing that the walls are plainly felt behind the pictures, although most architects also feel that lighting the pic-



*Dining-room in Castle Gould with mural paintings,  
by William Andrew Mackay*

tures artificially has detracted to some extent from their architecturally decorative quality.

However, there is one point where the artists think more strongly than even the architects, and that is that there should be more mural decoration used. I do not believe that there is any work that most artists like as well as the decoration of big spaces, because every artist has the feeling, at least in some degree, that the easel picture, however beautiful, lacks a purpose; its existence is justified because of the pleasure that it gives perhaps, but there is no real reason for the creation of it in particular instead of some other picture of a dif-



*An interior showing an interesting use of mural paintings*

ferent size and shape and equally beautiful. I think also the artist likes the fight that he generally has to produce a composition and a color scheme which will fit into a specific place and which will still be satisfactory to himself, just as the architect rarely designs an ideal house because there is no fun in solving a problem which does not bristle with difficulties; and most artists will put better work and more work into a mural than they will into an easel picture, for which they get twice the money.

In France decorative painting in private houses is still employed to an extent which here seems incredible. The architect includes in his design space for painting and expects that the otherwise monotonous features of a room will be relieved by painted decoration.

In England certain of the most notable of the country house architects, as, for example, Mr. Baillie-Scott, Mr. Voysey, Mr. Prentice and Mr. Hugh Wilson, habitually include decorative painting in the sketches they show their clients, and even indicate the general type, size of figures and color scheme, although I do not suppose that they ever expect to carry these out themselves, any more than they expect to personally cut and put together the woodwork which they show on their drawings; and much of the charm of their interiors is unquestionably due to the very delightful use of color both in the mural decorations and that introduced into walls and woodwork to recall the color scheme. I think the feeling in this country is

that mural decoration is too grand, too magnificent for the average private house, but these houses of the English of today are far less grandiose than the type of interior which we regard as suitable for houses of corresponding size and quality in this country. I believe that the expense to which we very frequently go for marble, for carved woodwork, and even for house painter painting, would amaze the English architect, although I do not believe that the prices that our painters demand for decoration would seem to him immoderate. Yet our American architects very rarely include in their designs or in their estimates of cost, mural decoration, although they very frequently feel the need of color to warm and soften the rigid architectural lines and that in spite of the fact that they not infrequently induce clients to purchase old portraits of persons entirely unrelated to the owner and hang them on the walls to introduce color notes, a thing which is entirely permissible and yet seems in a way to beg the question. If color is an essential to design, I for one do not see why old pictures which approximate the color note should be purchased and hung up on the wall when special decorations can be included in the scheme.

I cannot believe either that people would on the whole be as opposed to decorative work when it is executed as they feel they would before the work is done. I have heard a story, which is very likely not true, that when McKim, Mead and White proposed to use decorative painting in the Boston Public Library as a wall treatment instead of covering the walls with marble wainscot, the committee was opposed to it, until they heard that the great Puvis de Chavannes himself might be induced to do the stair hall. As a matter of fact, this work of Puvis de Chavannes is by no means his best, and is far less interesting, at least to the public, than the work of Abbey and Sargent. Of course the objection to decorative work in this case was that it was not sufficiently substantial and durable for a public building; while the objection for domestic work appears to be that it is too substantial and durable.

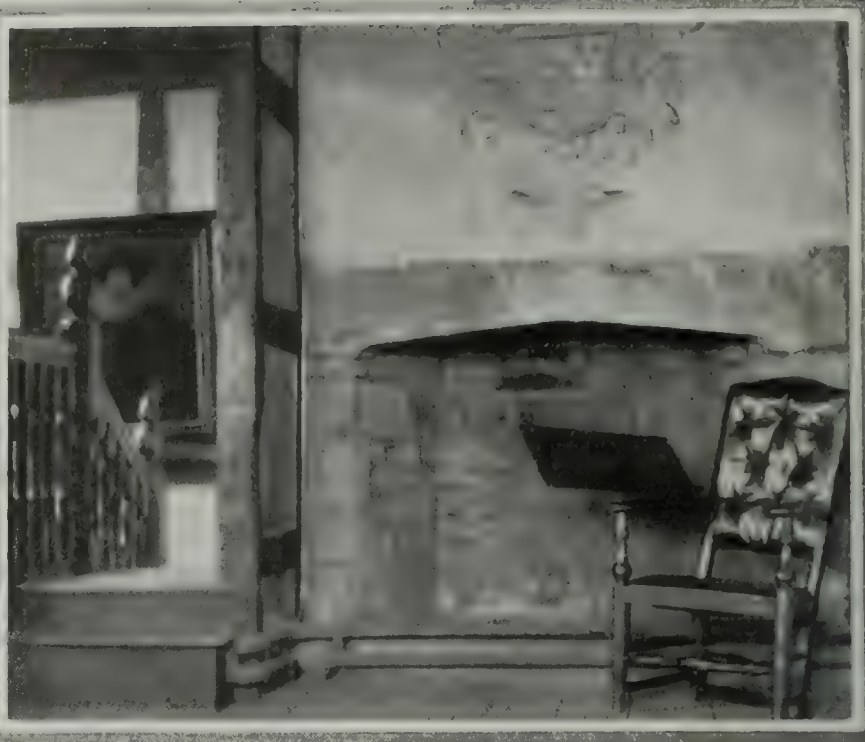
As to the particular places in the average house for which decorative work is especially suited, I may say that those which first suggest

*(Continued on page 164)*





Fireplace in main dining-hall, the oldest room in the house



Crompton's room, containing writing chair, and showing character of structural beams

## "Hall-i'-th'-Wood"

### A Lancastrian "Cluny"

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

THERE was once an architect who set so high a value upon his originality that he refused either to visit Europe or to employ any other method that might endanger this valuable faculty. Taste, usage and tradition were, to him, secondary to novelty, oddity and the charm of the unexpected. He made an immense fortune and achieved a great if transient fame. To him and to his influence we owe the shingled Moorish turret; the jig saw renaissance; the wooden Doric and the plaster Corinthian. Nor was it necessary for the prospective house owner to satisfy himself with a single style—when the spirit moved, all types could be combined in a single domicile. Never in the history of art or neurotics were there such composites, fashioned to shelter mankind from the elements, if not from the ridicule of future decades.

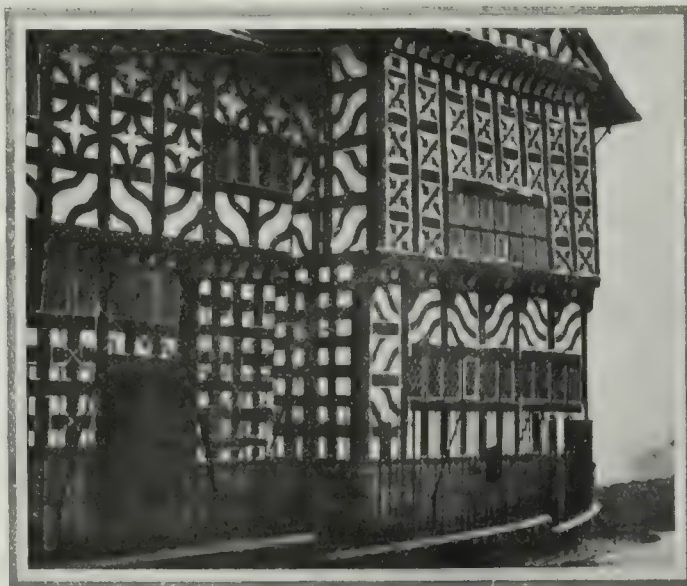
I recall with peculiar bitterness a cast-iron deer perpetually gazing at a Japanese pergola through a colonnade of Egyptian columns. The relationship always mystified and still puzzles me. I seek vainly for the basic idea, and it cast over my otherwise happy youth a shadow of gloom.

Thus vaguely I hope to convey the idea that it is possible to be different without being original—to be even original without being in taste. As an example, outside of the realm of art, a naturalist, freed from the critical judgment of his associates, might postulate a monster with the body of a hog, the head of a buffalo, the legs of a giraffe and the tail of a peacock or a jack-rabbit. Nature's simpler organic forms, the result of survival, the result of the reaction from environment, would be very ordinary by comparison.

I do not intend to imply that art is a static frame of mind, but that it has an organic as opposed to a synthetic growth. The art of each age that is enduring and satisfying is the modified tradition of a previous age, plus a small increment of individuality and new crea-

tion. The artist combines all of these forces in relation to his material limitations, to the usage of the object, and, according to his own interpretations, in a greater or a lesser accord with spiritual and æsthetic impulses.

It is possible to err through too great an emphasis on tradition. It is possible to err through too great a reverence for originality. But the errors in tradition are less likely to



Hall-i'-th'-Wood, showing upper leaded windows

offend that governing sense we loosely classify as "taste."

If we compare the building of the last twenty years in America and in Europe, the comparison will be surely in favor of the new world. There has been a return to structural tradition—a rather fine relation between usage and ornament in our skyscrapers, factory buildings, apartment houses, and in some of our smaller country homes. But whatever faults were in English decorative arts, especially in architecture, during the last generation, are in the processes of correction. For England turns, on a sure axis, from the unreality of the perhaps unjustly named "Victorian Age" and returns to the models

of an unbelievably lovely older England.

In the careful preservation and restoration of her old models she is applying the normal, rational rules of research to the problems of art. And here begins the story I started to write:

In Bolton City, England, there is an old manor house of the Fifteenth Century known in the pleasant colloquialism of Lancashire as "Hall-i'-th'-Wood," or "Hall in the Woods," to use the more formal name given to it by its first unknown builder in the year of grace 1483. This building is composite in type, having two later additions—the last one in 1648. But it is the older portion in the white and black, or "wattle and daub" type, that architecturally and historically is the most interesting.

Hall-i'-th'-Wood has been converted into a memorial museum in honor of Samuel Crompton, the brilliant and tragic inventor of the spinning mule. This great machine was invented in 1779. It transplanted the cotton industry from India to England, and ultimately gave to the world the mechanical control over the spinning of fibres. Today this first machine is quite properly treasured in the British Museum. In Hall-i'-th'-Wood, indeed, there are few direct personal mementoes of Crompton. A violin that he made with his own hands, a writing-chair, a cop of yarn that he spun on his first mule, and a portrait of the great inventor exhaust the list.

With singularly happy taste this memorial has been used to illustrate the decorative arts of England between the dates of 1483, when the Hall was first built, and the last addition in 1648. Bolton owes this museum to the generosity of Lord Leverholm and to the inspired scholarship of Mr. J. E. Midgley, the curator. It is not too great praise to refer to this Lancastrian museum as a "little Cluny." It is rare, even in private collections, to see such a thoughtful selection and tasteful arrangement of materials. It has



none of the coldness and formality of the average museum, but has been arranged as nearly as possible like a gracious private home. The visitor is never conscious of any restriction other than his own sense of propriety. There are few glass cases, and no "Do not touch" signs.

When Crompton, as a boy of five years old, first came to live in Hall-i'-th'-Wood it had been converted from a manor of gracious hospitality into a tenement for modest folks. The room in which he lived and worked, and in which he actually constructed his first mule, is on the second floor in the wing of the building and still has the leaded glass windows through which the spies looked while he was at work on his invention.

In it is an old fireplace, simple and fine in workmanship, with a gentle arch, and above, in the plaster wall, a coat-of-arms. In this room the structure of the house may be seen to advantage. The oak beams were often used in the original form they had been taken from the tree, and this has given to the interior walls of the room an interesting structural charm.

A chair, with a writing board fastened to the arm, Crompton invented and fashioned with his own hands. The only other materials in this room are pictures related to Crompton's life, either portraits of the great inventor or members of his family.

In the main dining hall, in the oldest portion of the building, there is a large fireplace constructed of carefully dressed granite, with a fine sweep of arch. There is an almost Norman simplicity in its construction, and the fire-irons are in perfect keeping. The basket-shaped receptacles on the top of the andirons used to contain the posset cup of mulled wine that was generally offered to the guests upon retiring. There is no tradition of its ever being refused. Two spits are attached to these irons—one for smaller roasts and fowls, and one for the great barons of beef. The smaller spit was turned by a clock-work device fastened to the arch of the fireplace, and on the right-hand side there is a bellows that was worked by a propeller fan. In these devices are plainly shown the beginnings of a mechanical spirit that was later to develop into a great inventive period.

In a newer wing of the building there is a graceful formal Jacobean hearth. The wainscoting, of beautiful golden mellow oak, and the modeled ceiling, were taken from an old manor recently torn down in Bolton, but the fireplace and the fireirons belong in this old house itself. It will be noticed that the andirons have a fleur-de-lis on the top, and this may suggest that the graceful French arts were already powerfully influencing social life in England.

In this room there are carved chests and tables and interesting chairs, and many fine

portraits. A Bible box, the date of 1712 carved in it, is among the most interesting relics.

An old kitchen fireplace, with simple practical forms of spits that can be raised or lowered by notches in the iron, and an interesting old three-legged pot for heating water over the coals, represents a type of hearth that might with great ease and propriety be incorporated in a modern country home. The material of this fireplace is very much like caen stone, and whether it was local or was imported from Normandy I cannot say. On the walls of this room hang some of the simpler wooden implements of husbandry of the last centuries. One of the rarest of all cottage antiques is the old closet chair made to contain hams and bacon.

Photography in an English April is a matter of luck and science, patience and good lenses. All but the good lenses were absent in the photo of the second kitchen hearth. Perhaps they were exhausted in the previous efforts to contend with the driving Lancashire rain and fog. However, enough of this fireplace can be seen to prove that the Englishmen of that period put comfort among the cardinal virtues.

The one inhospitable note is the blunderbus that hangs upon the mantel. Perhaps Dick Turpin may have once defied its dubious terrors. As an ornament I admire it, but I should have a feeling of approaching awe for the courage of the man who would fire such a device.

The crane is so balanced as to carry both a large and a small kettle at the same time, and attached to the mantel is a very rare type of spit used to spin a leg of mutton or ham. In those days the local blacksmith was unquestionably a superior craftsman, as is attested by the fire screen in the form of a glorified Lancastrian rose. And on the mantel itself among other ornaments, are the porcelain dogs, without which no Bolton home is complete.

Within recent years, before political justice was accorded to the ladies, statesmen may have sighed for the more direct methods of other days. The scold's chair, as an answer to the feminine unanswerable, must have been more than an appealing reminiscence. It is of solid, substantial oak, with tough iron bars and a ring whereby to suspend it and its contents above the crystal silence of the pond. It was evidently built for usage; if its proportions and strength are any indication, for rather constant usage. There is little truth, perhaps, in some of the vague traditions handed down to us, that this particular chair was an object of secret local worship. The world is traditionally ungrateful to its humble means of comfort.

On the walls above this chair is a strip of carved wood used as moulds for the gingerbread and cakes of our ancestors, and near the doorway is an old candle mould. The lintel of the doorway, carved from a single beam into a simple arch, adds an interest to the room out of proportion to the simplicity of the device.

Just a word about the structural qualities of the "white and black" type of house. Here is an example in which structure

has been elaborated into ornament. This construction is midway between the mud and branch huts of the early Britons and modern steel and concrete. In this statement there is nothing startling when it is recalled that the Greek temple and the mediæval cathedral owe at least a portion of their charm to earlier wooden types. The frames of these old houses were of upright cross and transverse beams of oak mortised together and solidly pinned. They were built just as the steel constructions of our buildings today, and then through the main beams holes were bored and in them green twigs inserted, forming a fitting basis for the stucco of clay and chopped straw. The toughness of this material is remarkable. Not only



*Jacobean hearth, with oak wainscoting*

walls but floors were often made from it. The green twigs were sufficiently elastic for resistance to pressure, and the straw not only increased the adhesion of the clay, but to a certain extent formed tubular cavities that resisted moisture—a most desirable quality in English building.

In restoring this ancient manor the architects, fortunately, did not have to contend with any dubious modifications and improvements. For over two centuries it had been the tenement of poor folk, and little if any changes had been made. The sturdy framework resisted stoutly the action of the weather, turning the plaster to a rich, pinkish-cream color, and the oak beams to a glossy black.

The noble forests of oak from which it took its name are gone. Below it in the moist valleys, dear to the spinner's heart, cluster the myriad chimneys of smoky, industrial Bolton—centre of the fine-cotton industry, the city conjured into world prominence by the genius of a man who once lived in this old, old house. Yet even today it is remote—a thing apart, with a spirit all its own. To reach it you pass down a cobbled, hedged lane, by cottages only less ancient than the manor itself. It is like passing from the familiar England of today to the England of a simpler, kindlier time. Happy are the people with such memories!

And yet of all the memories that brood about it, the latest seems to me the finest in texture. For but a decade since there were old men living in Bolton who as boys remembered a white-haired, feeble, old man with a gentle smile, and for all his shabby clothes an undefinable nobility, who used to visit the old gardens and wander through the ancient rooms. He was a privileged character, coming and going as he pleased—for it was Samuel Crompton. About him were men who had deceived and robbed him, and gathered the material fruits of his genius. But he, wiser with the years, ripened in the sorrow that could not embitter, visited again the scenes of his great triumph, and tasted the sweets of the success that men might not deny him.



*Scold's chair for dipping, gingerbread forms and candle moulds*



# The New Museum

## *Its Relation to Our Industrial Art Problem*

By W. FRANK PURDY, *Editor Department of Industrial Art*

YESTERDAY, the American Art Museum was, to the many, almost purely an institute of intellectual pastime—a building or gallery that sheltered and preserved exhibits of a bygone genius and skill, largely of value as a record of past achievement, assembled and arranged to satisfy the curiosity of the present. To the few who could appreciate the full significance of its treasures, it has, of course, always been educational in character, although in a more or less passive sense. It received more than it gave. Its use was reserved, primarily for special occasions. It was not in any sense an instrument of every-day use. It was, in fact, a luxury.

Today, this same museum is fast becoming an active force in public service—whether the need is education, recreation, or business—aiming to teach our citizens the art of better living, and keener enjoyment in life, by assuming as its active duty the raising of our standards of æsthetic taste. The art museums of the country no longer merely carefully preserve in locked glass cases, as has been the custom, the treasures of a dead past; they are making these treasures “rise up and speak,” making them unlock the door to a greater future for America, and—what is still more significant—opening their own doors to present enterprise of all industries in which artistic design is in any way a dominant element.

In other words, the art museum has recognized the present great need in America of a national school of industrial design, and has offered itself as a definite aid in the solution of our industrial art problem. It has openly allied itself with the industries of the country by encouraging the use of its possessions as sources of inspiration for better design in current commercial products—clothing, textiles, jewelry, house-furnishings, potteries, hardware, leather goods, etc.—and by offering its rooms as exhibition space to the trade to show results. It is even going so far, in cases, as to adapt its collections to the particular industries of a locality. It is at the same time, through lectures, gallery talks, and the service of special instructors, making itself felt as a practical school of art and design for the benefit of the public, with service to children particularly stressed. It has thus become the needed link between our art schools and art industries—the creation and application of design—on the one hand, and the people—the consumers of design—on the other.

As Mr. Richard Bach, Associate in Industrial Arts of the Metropolitan Museum, says in his clear and emphatic manner: “The art museum today is a museum militant. It searches out its quarry, diversifies its activities to meet demands of many types of people, and constantly seeks new avenues leading to yet other fields where the gospel of art may do its missionary service. The avenues are as many as there are distinct kinds of interest in the public mind generally, and as many again as there are distinct kinds of energy and activity which require the aid or inspiration, the satisfaction or sustenance of-

fered by design. As the collection of books of not many years ago has become the working public library as we know it now, so the collection of rare objects of art is gradually assuming its proper place in public estimation as an influential educational agency. It is our privilege to predict that within twenty years our present slogan of ‘make the galleries work’ will have taken its place among the foregone conclusions of museum thinking. . . . In the industrial arts and in the branches of thought which guide or control them, which serve or contribute to them, there is fertile virgin soil for the art museum, offer-

heart of the youngest visitor. Lectures in the museums by leading manufacturers, and the showing of industrial process films are among other features which demonstrate so clearly that art and our great industrial machinery, art and every-day living, cannot be separated.

Again, to quote from Mr. Bach: “We venture to say that the industrial art museum will be a logical feature in the life of America in the future, that such museums will receive consideration at the same time or even sooner than fine arts museums in municipalities which are primarily industrial centers, that the use of the museum as a laboratory, as an adjunct of the factory and work-room, and as a resource for the designing-room, will be as logical as are the present accepted functions of our great fine arts museums.”

Yesterday, pleasure galleries; today, great art schools, great sources of art inspiration, great mediums of art interpretation and art understanding, great guides to higher art standards—the great haven that will raise our standards of æsthetic taste!



Frederic Allen Whiting,  
Cleveland Museum



Rossiter Howard,  
Minneapolis Institute of Art

ing direct as well as subtle lines of art influence by which, properly used, museums may bind themselves forever to the most intimate feelings of the people, reaching them through their home furnishings, their utensils, their objects of personal adornment, their clothing.”

A brief survey of museum history covering the past six or eight years will produce abundant evidence that this active alliance of the art museums with the industries of the country, their going into business—as it has been expressed—while an apparently radical step at first, has resulted in greater and finer museums and not in contaminated museums, as was feared by some. Only a year or two before the war an admirable and intensely interesting exhibit of applied art from Europe was denied admission to one of our greatest art museums on the grounds that it could not risk such close contact with commerce. Today this same museum is, through the establishment of a section of industrial arts in the educational department—with specially appointed trustees—not only one of the leaders in art service to our industries, but it is jealous of its title, “the work-bench of American taste,” and its annual exhibitions of work by manufacturers and designers are among its most carefully organized and diligently exploited features. This is only one instance of art and commerce working side by side in harmony and for the benefit of all. Another worthy instance is the establishment of children’s art centers—either as separate small museums, or as departments of larger museums—where beauty in both the fine and in the practical sense is made so real and so enticing that a love for it—the seed of future appreciation, desire, demand—is created in the

words: art trades. And there are yet far too many who have not learned that the chief reason for the price commanded by the products of scores of trades is art. Labor and metal must be welded by art (i.e., design) to produce an attractive lamp. Lace curtain or silk weaving looms, wall paper or cretonne printing machinery must be guided by this same æsthetic principle to produce fabrics that will persuade us to purchase. The raw materials alone will not command the price, but when they have been transformed by the infusion of this creative elixir their market value may be enhanced from four to forty fold. This is the work of the complex art trades of today, representing several hundred different approaches to the same result, the finished article of industrial art design for use in our homes or on our persons, made in a factory, however small, and sold across a dealer’s counter. Many of these art trades are not known to the purchaser of the object in the end, they being but steps in the process of manufacture. These all are agencies for the introduction of art into the manipulation of crude materials. Nor does the story end there. Manufacturing is one end of the chain, our purchasing is the other. Between the two runs a series of links in the form of the myriad merchandising methods and shops through which alone the objects in most cases can reach us. These also are lines of art distribution, and in great measure controlling lines in so far as their purchases from manufacturers represent their gauge of what you and I ought to buy.

Art has always been capitalized in some way, else it has not succeeded. The industries today are our great capitalizers of art

### *Museums and the Art Trades*

By RICHARD F. BACH  
Associate in Industrial Arts, Metropolitan  
Museum of Art

EVEN in this day there are many who feel an instinctive revulsion at the coupling of



—they make art pay. The fact that they do this is not in itself a sure sign of degeneration. It is rather a promise of art progress, though not yet a proof of growing taste. It surely offers the opportunity for this, however, and public education will in time do the rest, for as the public taste improves, that of manufacturers and dealers will improve in like degree, with, it is hoped, some acceleration in favor of these last.

This is simply the business of art, for there must be a business of art as there must be a business of doing anything destined for the good of so large a number. It is quite different from the lamented "commercialization" of art, as of everything else with which Americans have been charged. Commercialization connotes fraud or sharp practice; business does the opposite.

The commercial requirement having been accepted as the dictum of the day—and that is no more logical than to accept the printing press or harvester—it becomes our province to establish a wholesome trend of artistic thinking to guide it. Where once a group of craftsmen worked in the manner characteristic of their time, we now have five thousand men or more in a single plant making only textiles of a certain kind. The first group were all artists; the latter are all operatives; some few may feel the call of design, but their work is to guide machines, each producing a part of the finished design. While the craftsmen made a few hundred yards of fine material in their lifetimes, the modern factory must turn out thousands of yards from but one adjustment of a loom to make it worth while to start the wheels in motion. These are commercial reflexes of our mode of living. They need not mean debasement of art; they *do* mean a slowing up of our art growth. As agencies for good of fabulous proportions they can improve our home environment in one market season; but at the same time, if misused or abused, they can ride as a giant juggernaut over the æsthetic progress of centuries. This in fact they have done, and this tide it is the humble purpose of these articles to divert to channels of public good.

As the ways were laid for this intricate growth, art seems to have been sidetracked for a time—for a moment of history, so to speak—until the mechanical problem had been conquered. This has been done, and at a price that will amaze future chroniclers of our national advance in these lines. As a result of these decades of foundation building we have an enormous heritage of technical methods, or factories, or making and selling organizations, but in the rush of material growth design has lagged. The artistic aspect of our great "art trades" is still in embryo; the merest suggestion of real quality of design (not to mention material or execution) commands a figure far beyond the average purse, for which it should truly be most accessible.

For the solution of this whole difficulty education alone holds the key. This means schools, public schools, special schools, always schools. Some slight efforts have already been made in this direction; important in some cities, negligible in others, and for the nation at large not at all notable. The spur will in the end have to come from the art trades themselves.

But education means something more. Our educational institutions consist of a goodly number other than schools. Museums in many cities already have a gigantic equipment for service to the art trades. The collections are mines of resource and guarantees of design. These are the institutions of immediate value. This is the type of educational effort which can be made with the least outlay physically or in dollars.

Museum collections used to be considered as exhibitions material solely. Now they are regarded only in the light of object lesson material. Exhibition is a means to an end; unless accompanied by some educational purpose or method, however indirect, museum material does not do the tenth part of its duty. Preservation will always be a museum function; delectation surely also. But more than that, education is the real purpose. Visual instruction is the school language that applies here.

In the art trades museums have a specific purpose; to the art trades they are silent partners in business. They have untold potentialities for new motives in design, new "selling arguments"; they offer the facts of style and story without disguise of words or his-



John Cotton Dana, Newark Museum

tory. The many art trades can use the museum, and especially the museum of art, as a daily assistant, as a laboratory, as an adjunct of the factory. What is more, the museums themselves have risen to the occasion. One at least, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has established a department for the express benefit of manufacturers, designers and others in the art trades, and maintains an office through which the collections are interpreted to the trades in terms of their own requirements. The staff member in charge makes every effort to keep abreast of trade and manufacturing difficulties and requirements and assists designers in the galleries. The character of



Richard F. Bach, Metropolitan Museum, New York

this work is illustrated in an annual exhibition of work by manufacturers and designers, showing the result of museum study in numerous fields of industrial arts production.

This is a beginning of direct educational work on the part of an art museum in relation to the art trades. Others will follow; echoes are bound to come from other institutions in similar fields or with adequate equipment of this kind. Mountains have yet to be moved before the sun of the new day can be seen. But the beginning has been made and there is hope.

However, the distance from the museum to the trades is as long as that from the trades to the museum. By working from both ends the meeting will be sooner effected. The Metropolitan Museum has visualized its value to the trades and has begun its task of "making the galleries work." Have the trades seen their own good in the intelligent use of museum material? And if they have, are they willing to go to work to prove it?

### Design in the Industrial Arts

By JOHN COTTON DANA  
Newark Museum Association

DO our art museums promote study of designs by Americans, or encourage designing for a livelihood by Americans, or use by American manufacturers of designs made by Americans, or promote desire for and general patronage of and purchase of things designed in America by Americans and manufactured in America?

The answer to the question thus stated is of course "No." In a few museums a little is done to arouse interest in the products of American artists, artisans and factories; and of this little much is made in reports, circulars, bulletins and press notices. But on the fixed habit of our art museums of ignoring American-grown artists and artisans and American-made products, these slender incidents of patronage of things American have no visible effect.

This lack of interest in American art, artisans, craftsmen, designers and manufacturers is not in any degree due to lack of native-born talent and genius in the art field, but due to the fact that our art museums are here not because we feel that we need them to improve our quality of thought, feeling and work, but because we want to be in the fashion. Our museums of art have homes that copy ancient models because we like to copy; they are filled with costly curios, as are museums in the old world, because we are ambitious to rival other curio collections, and, not having been built or filled or fashioned into going concerns to be of immediate practical use to this particular nation, are somewhat worse than useless. They try their best to make us believe that we are not and cannot be "artistic" or "decently creative" in any line whatever, unless we are in full accordance in all our art doings with what the costly curios say.

Could the money spent in one year by art museums and wealthy collectors in this country in patronizing the modern and ancient art of other countries be spent in a carefully directed patronage of art movements in this country, we would see here the opening of a very good example of art "naissance."

Our museums of art are, if possible, even more remote from our daily life and industrial need than are those of England. We have added art museums to other indications that we are in the mode, as far as culture goes, just as a savage puts rings in his lower lip or paints his nose blue. In England the museums of art are in some degree the natural products of a slowly developed civilization.

(Continued on page 174)



# When the Cabinet-Maker Played With Tables

## *The Poudreuse and the Bonheur du Jour*

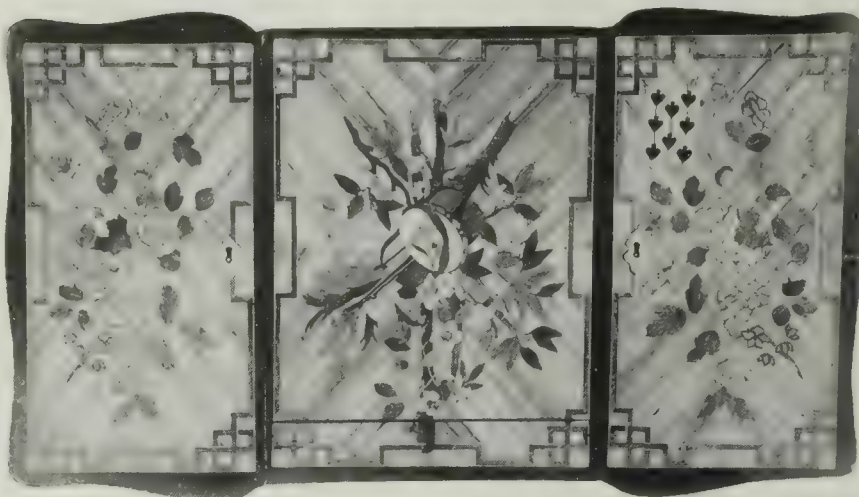
By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

PROBABLY the first piece of furniture made was something approaching a chair—though any discriminating mind is free to contradict this supposition, for when one thinks of the comfort of sandy dunes by the sea, or of deep moss under the pines, chairs are by comparison a stiff convention. Why may it not have been the table that came first, a mere plateau of short legs, such as the breakfast bearing maid sets over your lap while you still loaf in bed? It is entirely supposable that primitive woman sat upon soft sand or softer moss while at her tasks, but surely she needed some place on which to prepare her lord's dish of mushrooms or mayonnaise, without getting sand inter-mixed as an unwelcome condiment.

The table, then, let us say, was woman's first order to the cabinet-maker. It is interesting to follow its designs through the ages, but that is not the intent of the present article; rather let us treat centuries with the ease of the archæologist who bunches them into thousands and tosses aside a few million, and thus we arrive at the moment when the cabinet-maker was playing with tables as Wagner played with the leit-motif. The time is the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The place is France.

Furniture and decorations are made for womankind. If anyone doubts it, a study of the designs of France in the time mentioned will convince à l'outrance. Fancy a man—and a furniture designer was always a man—creating such an exquisite bit of fancy as a *poudreuse* or a *bonheur du jour* for a fellow man! It is not supposable.

Everyone of the daintier meubles of the great French periods of production was directly inspired by the artist's conception of what was a suitable associate for a lovely spirit. Being thus inspired the pieces which were made are especially feminine. So much so that a



*An elegant poudreuse, signed by Boudin, intended for the drawing room. Above, the inlaid top of the same table*

gay blundering man may feel that safety lies only in yonder big over-stuffed chair, and once in its strong enclosure he may use his erudition as connoisseur of the lovely tables, but must remember the nursery command of "don't touch."

Boulle, Reisner, Oeben, Caffieri, a host of men have left their names in the list of those who thought the minor arts worthy of a life's

devotion. Is it not true of all the great periods, that artists devoted themselves as readily and as seriously to articles of use as to producing canvases, and is not this co-operation with the great arts one reason for the completeness of the period?

It is no reflection on our men of today that parallel beauties are not invented. Conditions are entirely different. There no longer exists such an institution as the manufactory of the Gobelins, with the State to pay its bills while men of varying arts gathered under its roofs conspired to produce such furniture as has not since been made. Then an artist who worked at furniture was supported by the State, given solitude for his creative moods and leisure for his exhausted ones, with a salary sufficient to keep his family in comfort. A Bolshevik's dream, one might say with modern impertinence. The contrast with today's methods is striking. Conscientious copies of those inspired works are our best, and a very good best it is. It is this desirability of the well-made copy, that makes a pleasure of studying the old pieces, such as those which illustrate this article. If one can own a few, even a very few, they give cachet to a room which is elsewhere filled with comfortable modern wares of such practicality as delights the hearts of most families.

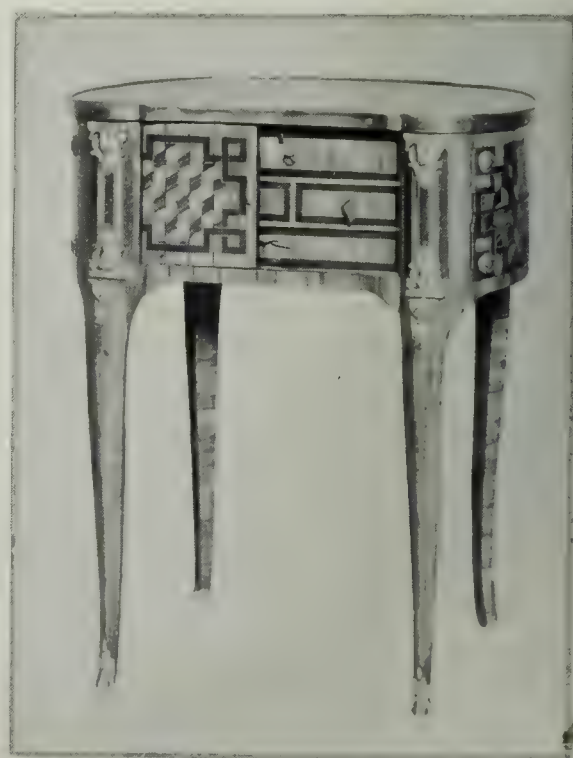
What the French cabinet-maker could do in pure joyous ornament is easily seen in the plates. The ciseleur, the sculptor of metal, then produced those exquisite pieces of contributory beauty that, under the name of ormolu, ornament all the important tables of the period. Whether it was the ornament for the knee of a cabriole leg, or merely the scutcheon of a keyhole, it was made with the attention to detail which is usually accorded only to objects of gold or of silver. It is often in these moments that the first evidences of a new and replacing style are found, as in the forecast of



*A music stand of inlay, fitted with a lower shelf and brightened with ormolu feet and scutcheons*



*In shadowy inlay a basket of flowers ornaments each side of this table*



*Flexible doors of inlay slide aside to show unsuspected drawers with leather pulls*





Slim curved legs support a table of inlaid wood fitted with a leather top and ormolu gallery around the top



The able creator of this table has omitted all angles and has thereby produced lightness and grace



Even to the chiselled key the ormolu that ornaments this table shows the pains taken by the artist

the style Louis XVI or the coming Empire.

It was essentially a time of inlay, which means also a time of veneer. This is applicable to case-furniture only, particularly tables and cabinets, for such work would not stand the hard wear of chairs. The ebeniste—so much easier word than cabinet-maker—had before him an array of woods ranging through such a palette of color as to suggest innumerable combinations. And with this palette he arrived at his effects of subordinated painting.

But perhaps his most interesting ingenuity was displayed in making of his small pieces of furniture a *multum in parvo* by hiding within a comparatively simple exterior a complexity of receptacles. There is for example the small kidney-top table of deep apron in geometric inlay, the front of which slides its slatted length into the sides and reveals a series of dainty drawers.

A wondrously fine piece of this luxurious type of cabinet-work, is the historic toilette table, or *poudreuse*, which by sovereign right stands in the drawing room. Its other claim for such public placing is the ingenious decep-



Specially notable in this table are the metal mounts and the flat top which opens to display receptacles

tion it practices. When closed it is a table with drawers, awaiting with decorous elegance a book or portfolio or fan to be laid on its plateau. Its inlay is of such beauty as to give reason for the table being free of drawing-room bibelots, a pattern into which is even introduced the eight of spades as if to declare the table made for cards.

But lift the central panel and you find yourself reflected in an upright mirror hinged to stand like an easel. And lifting the sides reveals two cases filled with jars and bottles, ointment and powder boxes, all that can contain the alchemy of the toilette of the most fastidious of *bien soignée*. Not only charm and piquancy are here, for the fittings are all of ancient glass and enamel, but the beauty and ingenuity of the cabinet-worker's art. The man who thought worth while to devote his talent and his time to this work of elegance of ingenuity and restraint is Boudin, who has stamped his name into the wood after the proud manner of the first ebenistes of his day.

A lady's desk nowadays is like unto that of her husband's capacious altar to the god of business. It has room for the writer's elbows to spread without disturbing the current business laid thereon for quick attention, room for the pile of papers which control the house-keeping, for the address before the club, for the charities. It is the bureau of direction from which the woman orders her life and

that of the family with its complications.

The desk of the lady at the court of Louis XV was called not a desk nor anything suggesting labor or serious thought. Its playful name was a *bonheur du jour*. Fit only for a happy day's accessory. Fit only to use in penning a pretty note to be concealed in a handkerchief. Its tiny top, swept by the doors of the side-cabinets would scarcely hold a telegraph form.

But does that hurt its charm? Not a bit; we cling to its pretty name, we set it conspicuously aside like an altar, dress it with an orchid or two and dream about the lovely ladies in wide silken skirts whose lives seem to have been made up of love and laughter, but who should have heard the distant rumble of the coming tumbril.

The little *bonheur du jour* with its fanciful inlay of Chinoiserie represents perhaps a whimsy, but full of grace and dignity is a similar piece of larger size rich with inlay and with ormolu which ornaments the legs and decorates the top. Here one might not conduct a factory perhaps, but one might at least, by pulling out the drawer top, dash off a few duty letters.



A charming example of the bonheur du jour showing elegance of line and ornament



A bonheur du jour which is made gay with the colors of inlaid Chinese motifs





*The Resurrection, Flemish tapestry. First half of Fifteenth Century*

# The Inspiration in Gothic Tapestries

## Second Article

By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

IT is a joyous fact that the heart of a child beats within the breast of the adult, and that the fairy-tale gives to that heart a quickened pulse. The age of chivalry is but the age of fairy tales enacted year after year, and the records of that time are our present delight. Books by ancient writers tell the tales in words, but it remains for tapestries to tell the action in pictures. And this pictured record of the spirit of the times in the Fifteenth Century is even more important than that left by the art of painting. More generous in size, more dramatic in action, the tapestry pictures thrill us now far more than do the miniature painting of corresponding time. Exquisite though the paintings be in Books of Hours, and in missals, they seem almost solely for the delight of the closeted scholar. But the tapestries flaunt themselves with a hearty challenge, inviting attention and asking for intimacy with their *personages*. Ladies spread their robes with the same attention to fashion that ever claims the interest of woman, and in the poise of their heads is the appeal of meekness, or the thrust of pride.

As for the man of the tapestry world, his elegant activity and gorgeous toilettes pique the interest of the laziest and send him to the library keen for the secrets of the past.

Who the people are, what are their intents, it is a happy pastime to investigate. There are a few guide-posts to the way. These are general, very, and much looseness in conclusions has resulted. The history of tapestry not having been written through the ages as consistently as that of painting, we find ourselves animated by the inspiring spirit of discovery, in the hope of adding something to the slowly accumulating knowledge.

Chivalry and Romance having been at their height, we look to tapestries for some of its best records. The legends of King Arthur often thrust themselves into the tapestries, not so much as a whole, but by the introduction of a few characters—that being one of the charming perplexities of the ancient method, the mixing up of characters.

A little key to identity is given in the group of heroes so loved in the Fifteenth Century, that mixed band called *Les Preux*. Prominent among these knights, half mystic, half heroic, were King Arthur, Godefroi de Bonillon, Charlemagne, Caesar, Hector. Sometimes the ancient weaver was kind enough to

the fairy tale. She is usually shown with floating waves of sunny hair, while pieces of armor dress her graceful lines. She is Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons and darling of the mediæval tapestry weaver. That she and her warrior maidens lived to fame in the First Century in no wise interferes with her appearance at a tourney in the Fifteenth.

Besides being Penthesilea, she is one of *Les Preuses*, the feminine group, corresponding to *Les Preux*. Just as the latter are chosen for their qualities and for the legends which glorify them, so are chosen these ladies. When appearing in a tapestry, unless they bear a name frankly displayed, there is little possibility of recognizing them, except the Amazon queen, who wears armor and whose banner shows three crowned female heads. Others of the fabled company of *Preuses* are Semiramis, Deyphile, Synope, Argentine, Hippolyte, etc., ten in all.

When the artist of cartoons set about to make a scene of impressiveness such as a "Triumph" the characters were apt to include in the magnificent crowd one or two of the *Preuses*. Chronology counted little, and the ladies of centuries gone marched familiarly with ladies of the Burgundian court.

The present passion among tapestry lovers is to credit to France many a hanging that has been labelled Flemish. Delicate work it is, requiring the enthusiasm of the scholar, for clues are small and few. But with the aid of history, and given an eye which com-

pares, a good memory, and a feeling for art, the work becomes a pastime, and the game is won.

It was under the rule of the swash-buckling Dukes of Burgundy that Arras became the great producing centre; it was under the destructiveness of Louis XI in 1477 that Arras weavers were driven from the town and the ateliers abolished. But before the obliteration of the art of tapestry weaving other towns were active. A list of their names shows them all to be close by Arras, or in northern France.



*Conversation Amoureuse, Flemish tapestry. Early Fifteenth Century*

label the knight who stands within a group entirely unrelated, which is a help by no means to be despised. This introduction of a character long dead denotes a tapestry which pictures legend or allegory, not fact.

The ladies of the tapestry—often their tale is told with detail most entrancing, but, alas, how hard to identify a character on whom the entire story depends when all characters dress in the fashion of France or Flanders at the time of weaving. One lady of grace and action oft visits a tapestry group with an inappropriateness most satisfying to the lover of



Given the same epoch, the towns all produced much of the same fashion of design and thus comes the difficulty of rightly placing the town of weaving, and thus, too, comes that convenient term, Franco-Flemish, a blanket which covers all. This, however, does not prevent the instant recognition of Burgundian work, for it is full of the frank vigor—almost brutal vitality—which was characteristic of the Flemish and their rulers at that time. It was when Tournai put out her work that a more delicately fantastic style was apparent. The atelier of Pasquier Grenier of that town is one to remember, as work from that source is lately being identified.

Tapestries from the districts which were well within the borders of France show a more gracious art, less conscientiousness, perhaps, in depicting ugly things, but with ever a wish to make art the interpreter of beauty. That is the main clue to their identification; they are more lovely, less rugged than the Flemish work. They have, besides, a suavity of tone, a soft quality in the colors that is popularly called "pastel." Besides this, there is a love of plain unshaded color used much after the fashion of the Chinese in painting. Another point is the looser quality of the fabric. Little effort at fineness is made, but instead a soft pliability most charming to the touch. It must be remembered that these early tapestries were made to hang in gentle undulations.

An excellent example of the most noticeable points in French work of the middle of the Fifteenth Century is a large hunting scene without border, in the Metropolitan Museum. Here is a fascinating picture of secular enjoyment wherein is picturesquely portrayed man's irresistible desire to exterminate the family of deer. But as Swift and Armour had not then invented cold storage, it is possible these fine gentlemen were really in need of meat. The student of arms will notice the absence of firearms, the costume designer will revel in the dress, especially that of the young prince and his conscientious attendant, whose arms are built for human conflict and not for animal slaying. But the artist will note the increase in the number of planes in this picture and the beginnings of a surer perspective.

This tapestry is light in tone, the colors few and used with characteristic breadth. The weave is coarse but even and the texture soft. An even better example of these endearing qualities is a French tapestry in the collection of Edson Bradley, Esq., representing the court of Vice and the castle of Virtue, a purely symbolical work, full of the delicious impossibilities that make of the early work a continual feast to the modern eye and the modern intelligence. A little later in this Fifteenth Century of glorious record, France developed a different sort of design, which reached its full perfection in the set of *The Lady and the Unicorn*.

The tendency in France was toward romance in the second half of the century. Religious subjects were always woven, partly because large orders for cathedrals and monasteries were given, and these, perforce, demanded the agonizing death of a saint or the history of a Bible character. But when artist and weaver had their happy secular way, the tapestry reflected the love of nature, the beauty

of gracious ladies, the sports of active lithe-limbed men. And, besides, there was always the timid and gracious portrayal of the eternal game of love. In the Edson Bradley collection is such a tapestry, French, portraying the bewitching Isabeau de Bavière and the most intimate of her courtiers in a wood of such appealing loveliness and conviction as is rarely portrayed by any medium. Our talented American Lady Speyer owns another, a wondrous knight of the Middle Ages

tered. These Trojan tapestries form a class of their own. The cartoonist, judged by later standards, was an arrant bungler, crowding his canvas with pyramids of actors, knowing nothing of restraint, but trying to throw into one picture as many persons and incidents as would portray the entire classic siege at once. Yet it is this very bungling that in these days of sophistication constitutes a charm. That Greeks and Trojans should dress as mediæval Burgundians, that Priam should be enthroned

in a Gothic tower gives us keen delight. An especially fine piece of the Trojan War is owned by Edson Bradley, Esq., and another by Clarence H. Mackay, Esq.

It might have been that the artist of the cartoons drew more pleasing faces, but the weavers stamped them with the features of their fellows who were often Flemings of scant beauty.

No matter who the cartoonist in the middle of the Fifteenth Century, the master weaver and his helpers were for the most part Flemish. The reason is sought by those

who demand reasons and found in the fact that the Flemish gave more time and patience to the art than any other weavers. They had no secrets of technique that were not open to all, but they had patience beyond limit and an enthusiasm for the art that was willing to sacrifice all for its perfecting. The loom was the altar on which they happily laid sacrifices of liberty and time, an altar before which they worshipped daily.

The weavers of other countries might have done the same. But the fact remains that they did not. Thus it happened that when other countries grew jealous of the great Franco-Flemish industry, they sent for the tapissiers of the North to come to them as chiefs of ateliers to instruct their native weavers. The result of this was merely a change of locale for the weavers, and the work remained Flemish, even though the loom which produced it was set up in Italy, in Spain, in England.

The cartoonist was the one who set the key for the different styles of subjects and of their treatment. If the master weavers were invariably Flemish, the cartoonists were drawn from wider regions. As the century crept on, greater and yet greater artists drew cartoons, and lesser artists adapted great works to the uses of the loom. The list of names is staggering—it includes the Van Eycks, Van der Weyden, Bouts, Jean de Bruges and many others—the Italian school coming later.

As one thing hangs upon another, the reason for the improvement in the cartoons is this, that the patient and talented Flemish weaver was making a better fabric than ever he had done before and had reached a point where he could interpret to perfection the designs of the painters.

Tapestries of the first part of the century were devout, or effective, or dramatic in simplicity. For us they have a force which grips the affections and inspires the imagination. But they were coarse in quality, puerile in their naiveté. This coarseness of fabric the Flemish weaver gradually abolished. He set his loom with finer threads, that there might be more points to the square inch and thus an increased possibility of finer modeling. The master weaver of Flanders was fast reaching the highest perfection of tapestry weaving.



*A Hunting Party, French tapestry. Middle of Fifteenth Century*

mounted on a horse which steps with spirit through the land of the thousand flowers.

Fashion ran to the Trojan Wars for subjects in the middle part of the Fifteenth Century. In almost all large collections are to be found one or more of these. For the most part they were woven in the high key peculiar



*An Amazon, one of Les Preuses, French tapestry Circa 1500*

to French work of the time. Tapestries were more often than not composed in the grand manner, large in size, because of the uses to which they were put. Primarily they hung the cold walls of huge halls. But their province was also to decorate the city streets and bridges for processions and pageants, to dress gorgeously the way of a royal bride or of a hero returning from the wars.

Thus the scenes of the Trojan War made appropriate hangings for public rejoicing and gave a touch of that classic erudition which has ever inspired awe among the little let-



# Folk-Songs in America

## Mr. Howard Brockway's Settings

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THERE have been many efforts made in the last few years to prove, first, that a distinctively "American" music is desirable, second, that such a music can be founded only upon native folk-songs expressive of the "American" character (whatever that may be), and third, that such folk-songs exist in the Kentucky mountains and other regions remote from railroads, and that the collections of them recently published by Mr. Howard Brockway and Miss Loraine Wyman and by Mr. Cecil Sharpe contain the germ of our future distinctively native art. It is not necessary to agree to any of these theses in order to enjoy the beauty of the songs themselves. One may hold that so cosmopolitan a nation as ours cannot and should not have a music narrowly distinctive. One may deplore any attempt to limit our music to any one range of style and influence. And one may point out that the songs in question are primarily and essentially British, however modified during their sojourn on this side of the Atlantic. Yet despite all of that one must be dull indeed not to enjoy them: and in art an ounce of joy outweighs mountains of argument.

In attempting to estimate the value, then, of Mr. Brockway and Miss Wyman's new collection, "Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs,"<sup>1</sup> now added after four years to the "Lonesome Tunes,"<sup>2</sup> with which they broke ground, we may well eliminate all problems, most of them of a highly controversial char-

acter, of the relations of folk-songs, nationalism, and musical art. We may well content ourselves with the more modest inquiry: Of what type is the beauty of these songs, and to what extent has it been preserved or enhanced by Mr. Brockway's settings? And even this question may prove to be not as simple as it sounds.

IF we look, for instance, at the opening vocal phrase (not the piano introduction) of one of the loveliest songs in the earlier collection—"The Nightingale," reproduced herewith in a facsimile from a manuscript of Mr. Brockway—we shall notice two things: first, that the melody itself is as simple and pure as the morning in May it celebrates; second, that Mr. Brockway, while keeping as a basis the simple "tonic" and "dominant" harmonies the tune suggests, has adroitly added notes foreign to them (technically called "inharmonic tones") which greatly enrich their effect, lending them a certain sultry luxury delightful to our modern ears, however far removed from the childlike naïveté of the melody they accompany. In this case, in other words, he preserves yet enhances the characteristic beauty of the folk-melody. When we turn to the piano introduction, however, we have still no doubt about the enhancement, but we begin to be not so sure of the preservation. For here Mr. Brockway, letting flow freely the imagination of a sensitive and highly trained musician, has surrounded the four notes of the theme with a maze of subtle harmonies which

are indeed of exquisite beauty and poetry, but which have only the most dubious relation to folk-song. In this particular case, to be sure, we may be so fascinated by the beauty of his result that we shall not stop to question his process, nor even perhaps feel any incongruity at all. Nevertheless it must be insisted that in such a method the danger of incongruity is always lurking in the background, and that in some cases Mr. Brockway has not succeeded in keeping it at bay.

The question is not at all an ethnic or historical one, as whether these songs were ever actually sung, by the unlettered people who preserved them, to such accompaniments. Of course they were not. But that does not matter in the least. The letter of fact is not what is important here, but the spirit of art. The question is entirely an aesthetic one, one of congruity of style. In the passage discussed, and still more in such a song as "Jackaro" in the "Lonesome Tunes," Mr. Brockway has put distinctly sophisticated harmonies to these child-like tunes. But as harmonies are after all nothing but the sum of simultaneous melodies, this is tantamount to saying that he has associated subtler, and sometimes even chromatic melodies, with these direct diatonic ones. Sometimes, as in the opening of "The Nightingale," they marry, so to speak, and live happily ever afterward. But in other tunes the fusion is imperfect, and a sensitive taste gets the impression either of an artificial elaborateness in what has been added, or curiously, and

(Continued on page 168)

(1) Oliver Ditson Company.  
(2) H. W. Gray Company.

### A Reproduction of One of Mr. Brockway's Manuscripts

*"The Nightingale"*  
(Harlan County, Ky.)

Harmonization by  
Howard Brockway

Andante sostenuto

One

morn-ing, one morn-ing, one morn-ing in May, I met a fair coup-le a—

PP *molto legato*





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# Farm Plays in America

*With Special Reference to the Present Production of "Way Down East"*

By KARL SCHMIDT

IT is Christmas morning in the house of Farmer Allan. Dora, the farmer's beautiful niece, is hanging holly. Luke Blomfield, the faithful swain, proposes to her once more, only to be refused; for Dora loves her cousin, Will Allan. Now, it is the wish of the squire that his son should marry Dora. In this way he hopes to atone for the fact that he quarreled with her father and never spoke to him again. Will, however, is secretly married to Mary Morrison, another cousin. Just before he sits down to his Christmas dinner (the *property* roast turkey is already on the table), he turns his son and Mary out of the house with a carefully phrased curse or two. Then he sits down with appetite, cautioning all present that Will and Mary are never to be mentioned in his house again. He is no "forgiving fool," and if any one speaks of the outcasts, "out he goes!"

All this is from the first act of "Dora," which is, so far as is known, the first farm play in anything like the modern sense.

In recent years no type of play has been so long-lived in the American theatre as the rural or farm or country or pastoral play. Call it what you will, it is always popular, and, like the circus, it is always the same. There is a feeling that if you have seen one circus you have seen them all, and this is even truer, if possible, of the farm play. From "Dora," the pastoral play that Charles Reade fashioned from Tennyson's poem to the motion picture production of "Way Down East," there has been nothing new in the farm play. In "Dora" are to be found the brothers that quarrel, the unforgiving and hardhearted squire, the table with food, the relative who eats charity bread (incidentally, she works as a servant and, as she says, if she has "eaten their bread, I have wrought for it"), the oft-rejected suitor, and last but most important of all the hasty departure of at least one leading character with a father's gentle curses.

Admittedly one of the problems of modern farming is to keep the young on the soil. In the world of stage farms there is no such

problem. Labor demands must not stand in the way of moral justice. Nor is this true of plays alone. There are few rural communities from which no one has been sent on his way. Only this last summer I chanced upon an advanced case. A farmer found that his son, though he was what the region termed a good worker, stayed out late at night—after ten o'clock daylight saving time. Out went the boy! But he came back, married, and finally took over the farm. As father could not adapt himself to son's newer ideas, he was in turn turned out, and now he is wandering about the countryside, doing an odd job or

ated so deep an impression last season, we find a father with his finger pointed to the door, speaking thus: "Yes—go!—go!—You're no son of mine—no son of mine! You can go to hell if you want to! Don't let me find you here in the mornin'—or—or—I'll throw you out!"

From this big and necessary situation in rural drama has recently come some positive good. It gives D. W. Griffith his best opportunity in the film version of "Way Down East." Anna Moore leaves in the snowstorm that precedes the great thaw. The faithful David after her. The men in the sugar-

house have not seen Anna; perhaps she wandered over toward the river. She has. Exhausted, she is on a large cake of ice floating in the middle of the river. In a buffalo coat David jumps from ice block to cracking surface, as no Eliza in a river of canvas and soap boxes could ever have done. Again and again he all but goes under. Just as the block upon which Anna is riding reaches the waterfall—it must surely go over!—David crouching on a block, which has temporarily become lodged, rescues her. These ice scenes are by far the best part of the picture. They are so good mechanically that the spectator is a bit inclined to lose track of the floating Anna and the pursuing David in his honest wonder at the way

the feat was accomplished.

Everything that was in the play is in the picture, and a great deal besides. Some of the additions help, but some—such as the high-life party to which Anna goes as a sort of Cinderella—are a detriment. Nor are all the added things well done. Mr. Griffith has been praised so much for his good work that there is a feeling that he can do no wrong, that he can accomplish easily the things that others fail to do. This probably tempted him to introduce some bad color pictures, which are, as always, painful and for the most part out of register. In his staging of the barn dance, the reel, and some of the other country features, Mr. Griffith has done nothing

(Continued on page 160)



Scene from "Way Down East"

two and waiting for the cider to get hard.

Everyone remembers the big scene in Lotie Blair Parker's sterling drama, "Way Down East." If not he can refresh his memory by seeing D. W. Griffith's production of the same story in the movies. Anna Moore is serving the guests in the house of Squire Bartlett, and the raging Squire refuses food: "I want no supper of her cooking!" He has found out that Anna has a *past*! Out she goes and now! His son David, who loves Anna, protests. But Anna will go. Before she goes, however, she has her say for once. Why not turn out the man? "There he sits, an honored guest at your table!" Lennox Sanderson, city man and villain, jumps up quickly, but so quickly that he escapes the blow from the righteous fist of David.

It was this scene that inspired Everett Shinn in his amusing burlesque, "Hazel Weston; or, More Sinned Against Than Usual." To Luke Prentice falls the task of turning a daughter out-of-doors: "No," he says, "I ain't got nothing agin' her, but thar's a snow-storm comin' and out she goes, anyway. Out ye go, gal!" Incidentally, and as another proof of the longevity of the rural play, these two Shinn burlesques, "Wronged From the Start" and "More Sinned Against Than Usual," are the basis for the Charles Withers act in the present edition of "Hitchy Koo." In one form or another they have played for years in this country and in England and were the beginning of the managerial career of the now all-important Arthur Hopkins.

But house clearing is not confined to the popular rural plays and burlesques. In Eugene O'Neill's fine but somewhat overrated prize play, "Beyond the Horizon," which cre-




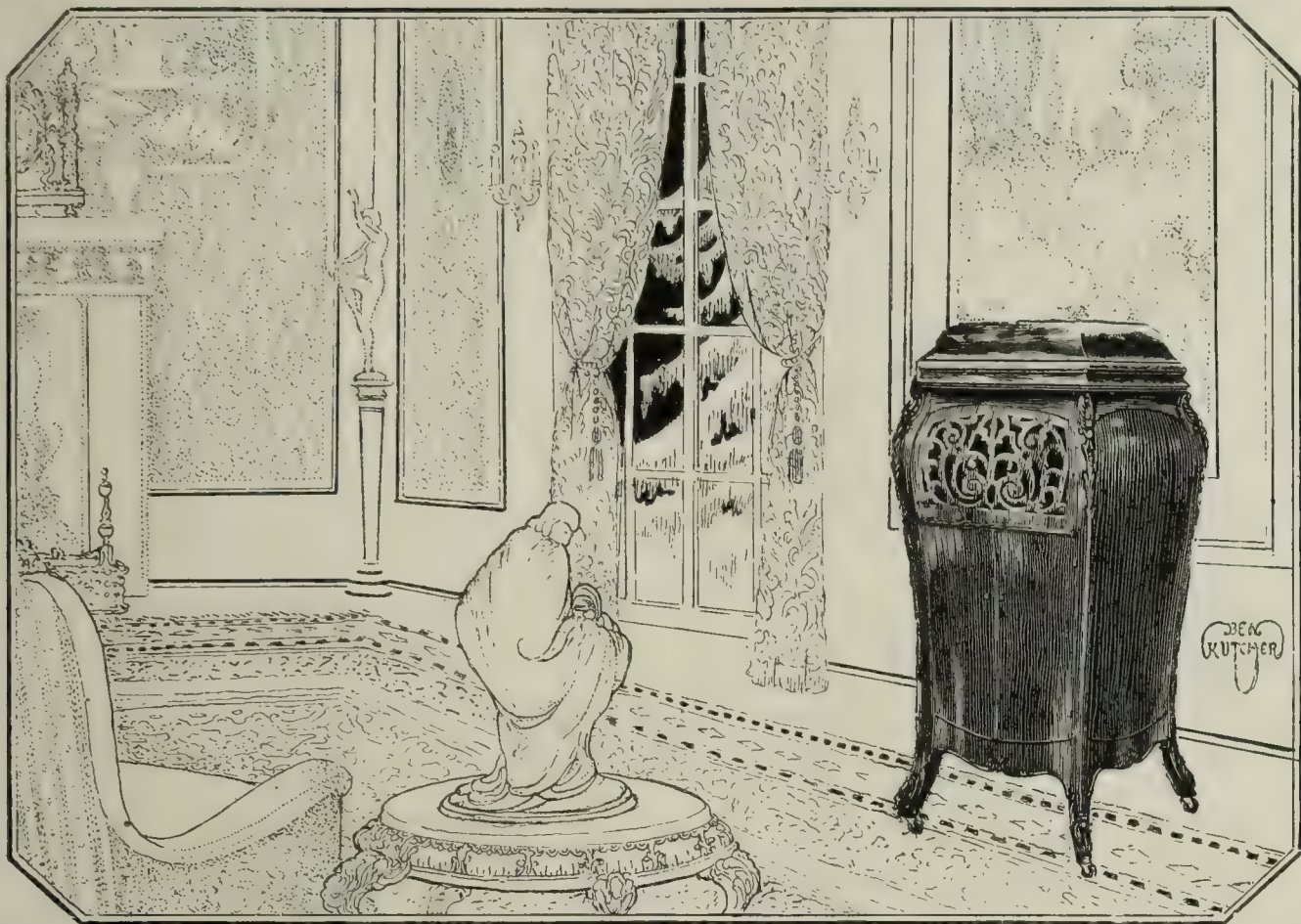
Hero and heroine



Villain and heroine



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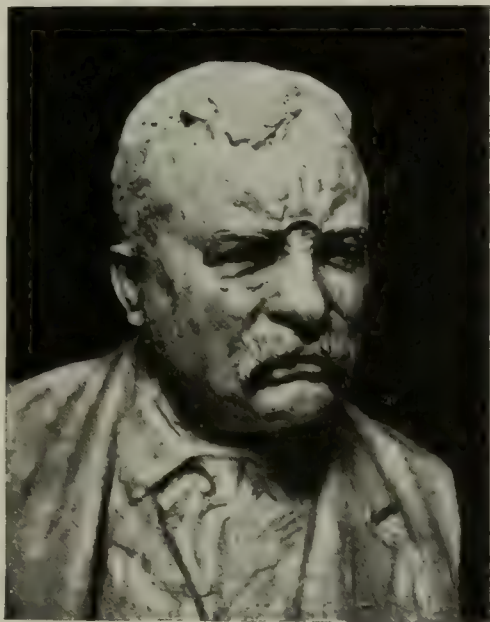
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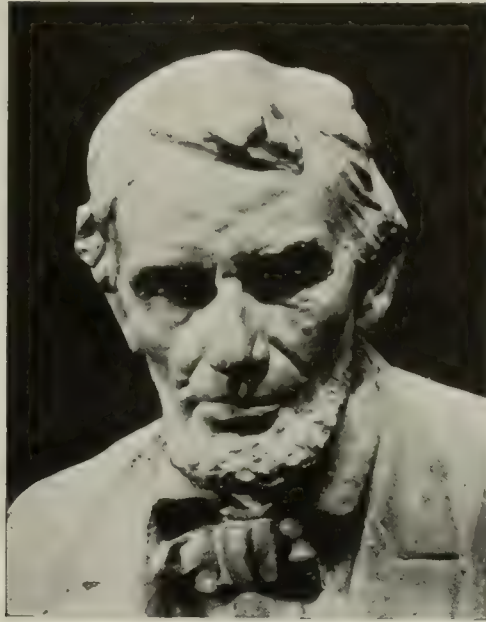
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The awakening to mother-  
hood

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Mr. Borglum has begun the most colossal piece of sculpture ever undertaken in the history of the world—the great Stone Mountain memorial to the Confederacy, near Atlanta, Ga. On the sides of a mountain of solid granite will be carved from the living rock the Confederate army, figures of men and horses fifty feet tall, in high relief. Work on this was begun several years ago, and interrupted by the World War; it will be resumed at an early date.



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By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



*Pavlova is again in America*

THE East just now runs riot on the stage. Here and abroad. In London and New York. No wonder. There are no bounds to the romantic possibilities of Eastern dreams in dramas, operas, comedies and spectacles. Dreams, rather than realities, no doubt. Dreams largely due to the "Arabian Nights." Dreams changed and visualized to suit our Western taste, which might recoil from many facts the East condones. Turn where one will in drama and in music, our managers and artists feel the influence of Asia and of Africa. They are attracted by its mystery, its color, its glowing warmth, its passionate life and power.

There is something very sinister and secret—perhaps Sadic—wrapped in the red and purple glories of Cairo. Can they explain the spell they have for all the thousands who, year after year in London, have packed His Majesty's to sit through "Chu-Chin-Chow," and for those other thousands who now flock to the performances of "Mecca" at the Century

Theatre and to several other theatres?

The play in "Mecca" is a pretext for the pageantry and splendor of the background. Mr. Oscar Asche, who devised it, is first an actor and a manager—next a playwright. The story he has wrought out, in his artless way, is a mere peg for spectacle. It is as innocent as the plots of London pantomimes. And it is acted, by some members of the cast, in the uproarious style which doubtless suits those efforts. There are artists in that cast, a few real artists, who make the most of every chance they are allowed. Among them I may mention chiefly four—Ida Mulle and Thomas Leary (who impersonate a Chinese wife and husband, with delightful skill), Gladys Hanson (as a flamboyant Cairene widow, a princess to boot), and Herbert Grimwood (who lends almost tragic dignity to the character of the villain in the case, one Nur-al-Din). To these it is but fair to add a singer, of ingenuous grace, named Helen Toback, who impersonates Zummurud, the heroine of the story.

As for the tale, it deals with the intrigues of the Pretender, Nur-al-Din, to overthrow the Sultan, Al-Nasir; the abduction of the ingenue by Nur-al-Din, and the victory of his lord, who makes Zummurud his bride. And, mixed up with the plot, we find a swaggering, roaring, ranting, posturing wrestler, Zummurud's father. This fellow, Ali-Shar, supplies the low comedy in "Mecca," comedy of the sort one sees in London pantomimes.

But for the play in "Mecca" no one greatly cares. It is the spectacle, the pageantry, the pomp, the maddening ballets and the backgrounds, that will draw the public to the Century Theatre. There are enough of them to make spectators gasp. And much is wonderful. So much, indeed, that it seems almost finical to carp at slips and flaws in what is truly a sensational "production." But there are flaws to fret the archæological, and others, in the draperies, "props" and colors. The old Cairenes may have forestalled our Navajoes. Yet it did seem, to say the least,

a trifle strange to find what looked like rugs made by Red Indians displayed in the last act of this great show.

Not that it mattered. But it seemed a pity. For, by and large, a very bold and untrammelled manager had surpassed himself in staging Mr. Asche's latest show-play. He had heaped gold on gold, and color upon color. He had gone farther than Diaghilev and Bakst in inventing rich and gorgeous harmonies and barbaric ballets. At one point (not, I dare say, the one most may admire) he had, if I mistake not, reproduced for us

(Continued on page 156)



*Alice Delysia in "Afgar"*



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# The Automobile Salon

## *The Last Word in Motor Car Design*

By BLAKE OZIAS

THE Automobile Salon at the Commodore has turned out almost exactly as forecast in this department last month. Apparently every exhibitor was able to carry out his plans—the outline of which formed the basis of our November article. With the exception of the Packard Company, all the exhibitors announced were there, no single exhibit was late or behind hand, and as this is being written—on the third day of the show—everything seems to be working out “according to plan,” as von Hindenburg used to say of his retreats.

The surprising thing is that business is being done—actual signed orders given and real money passing from the hand of buyer to seller. I say surprising, because little actual business was expected—not only on account of market conditions but because people did not do much buying during last year's show, and it was accepted by exhibitors generally that sales would be negligible. People come to the Salon to look things over but buy later at their greater leisure. Whether the sales reported and rumored on Monday and Tuesday will keep up for the remainder of the week no one can tell, of course, but it may be taken as an encouraging sign that sales have already been made, and of the more costly cars. Let us hope that it is an indication that conditions have begun their necessarily slow return to normal. Prices were fairly firm, with a newcomer, the Lanchester, topping the list with the figure of \$14,000 for the chassis alone. Napier and the English Rolls-Royce were tied at \$13,500, while the American-built chassis of the same name remains at \$11,750, with deliveries promised for early in the new year. The feeling with both the exhibitors and the public seems to be that prices generally will not decline further.

The novelties at the show were, as predicted, the Lanchester and the Napier from England, and the new Pierce-Arrow, which embodies a number of modifications of the previous type. Examples of Pierce-Arrow cars were shown by the Holbrook Company, the Rubay Company and the Kimball Company of Chicago. Pierce-Arrow has adopted left-hand drive and the well known radiator and cowl lines have been changed. On close examination one sees that these changes have



not been great, but the effect is so to alter the general appearance of the car that few people will recognize it when it is seen in the street. The abrupt break at the dash line has been eliminated and the effect, when we get accustomed to it, will doubtless be to make the car look lower and more graceful. The coach work shown by the body builders above named was along standard lines and in the conservative manner one always associates with Pierce-Arrow.

The Napier people have a touring car and a chassis, the radiator and cowl line of the car being somewhat, though not radically, changed. A special feature of the chassis is an anti-rolling device fitted to the rear end of the torque tube which is said to make the car—which is hung on cantilever springs—very steady at high speeds.

The Lanchester chassis is novel in several respects. The wheelbase is 150 inches, quite the longest chassis in the show. The tread is wider than standard and the transmission is epicyclic—a complete departure from the sliding gear type, which is employed by every other car in the show. Another detail is a water gauge in the front of the radiator. Where one usually finds the maker's name-plate or other distinguishing mark there is an opening covered with plate glass through

which the water level may be observed. The body is of the open type, illustrated in our November issue, and is rather barrel-shaped at the sides. The generator and starting motor are placed with their shafts in a vertical position, giving easy accessibility to the brushes.

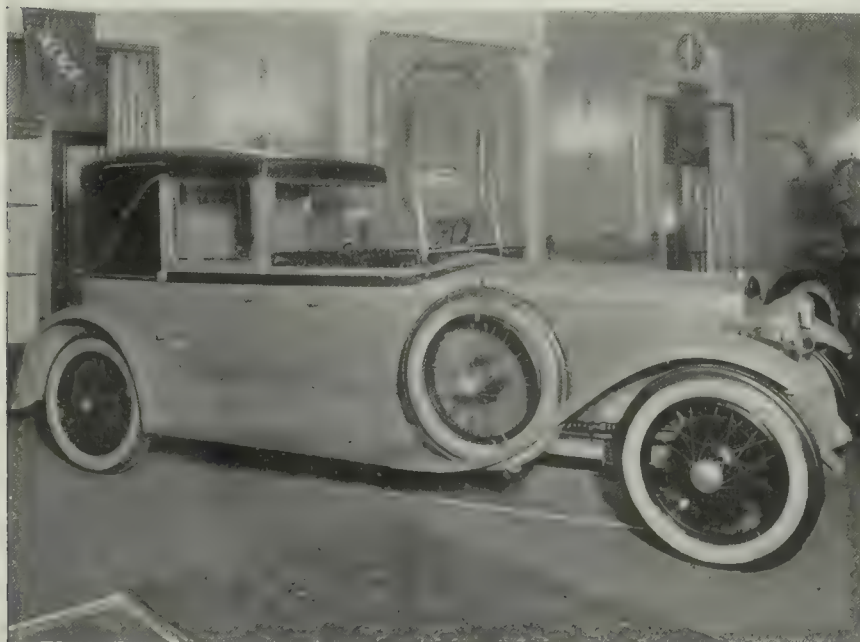
The Minerva Company is showing a sedan on the six-cylinder chassis, with coach work by the Brooks-Ostruk Company, and a stripped four-cylinder chassis. Neither of these models is widely different from previous Minerva productions, but they are attracting much attention from old Minerva owners.

There remain among the foreign cars Delage, Lancia, Rolls-Royce and Sunbeam. Of these, Lancia and Rolls are so well known to motorists that a detailed description of the exhibits would be superfluous. Both exhibits present some very interesting examples of coach work of both open and closed types.

Lancia has an attractive flat top cabriolet by the Aircraft Company, formerly builders of aeroplane fusillages, who have taken up motor coachwork. These builders are also showing examples of their work on the Locomobile chassis. One of the most interesting Rolls-Royce models is a severely plain four-passenger open car with body by F. R. Wood & Son.

The Delage, which made its first Salon appearance last year, has a much more extensive showing this year, consisting of a cabriolet and a four-passenger sporting trap by Brooks-Ostruk, a town brougham by Holbrook and a stripped chassis that is stock in every respect—although one might easily take it for a show chassis, so well is it finished in every detail. Two special features of the coach work exhibited by Delage are an entirely new and very attractive design of head lamps, the lines of which carry out to a certain degree the radiator and cowl lines, and a new type of running board, which gets away entirely from the conventional aluminum or rubber-covered variety one sees everywhere.

As was the case a year ago, the Delage chassis attracted great interest with its brakes on all four wheels—a feature that has proved wholly satisfactory to those American owners who have already had their cars in service for some months. For many years engineers have given their attention to the development of

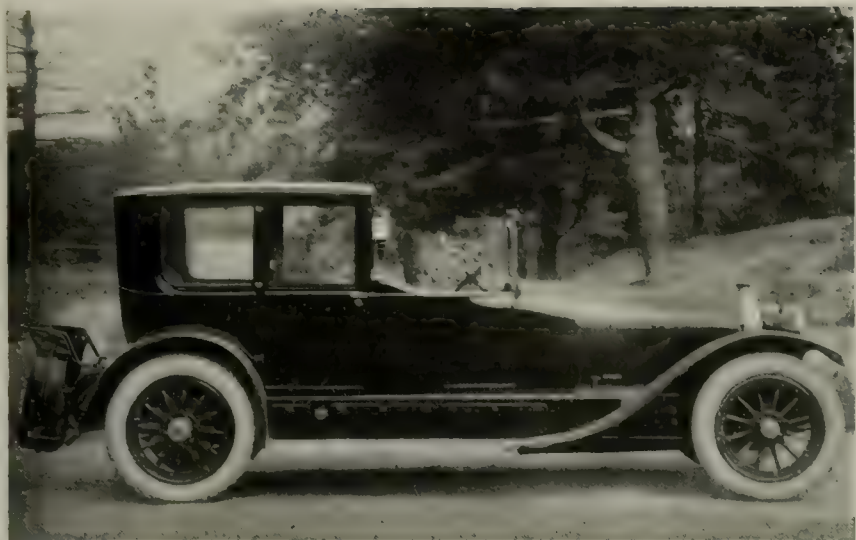


*Delage town brougham, body by Holbrook*



*Minerva sedan, body by Brooks-Ostruk*

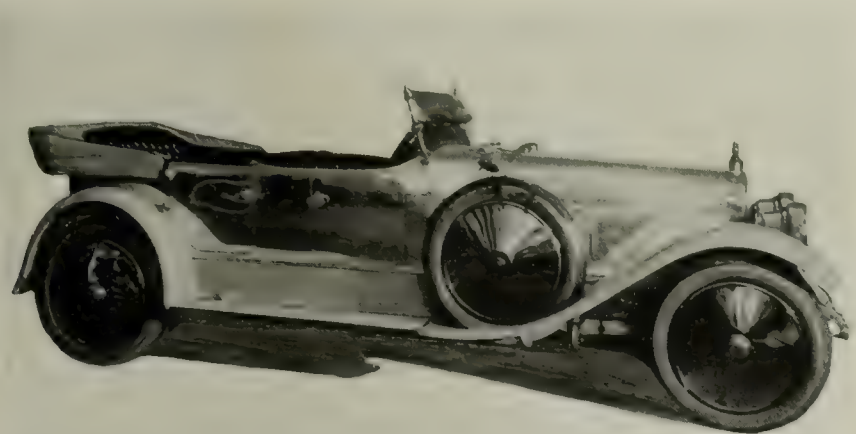




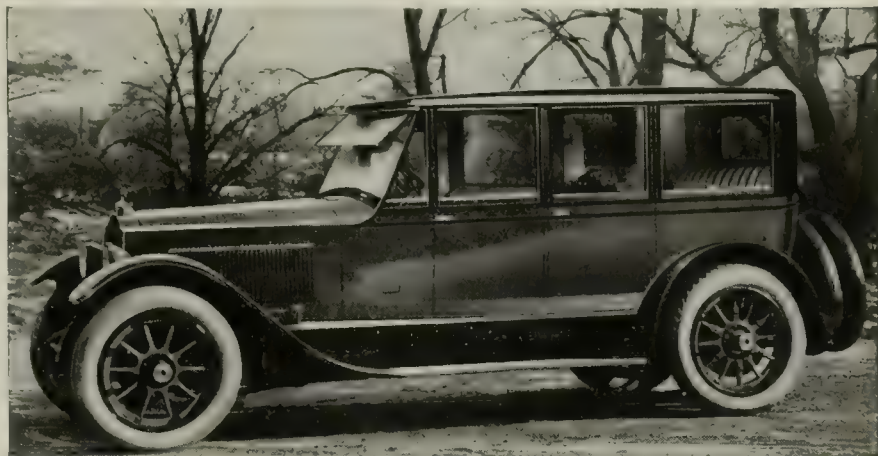
*Locomobile cabriolet, body by Locke & Co.*



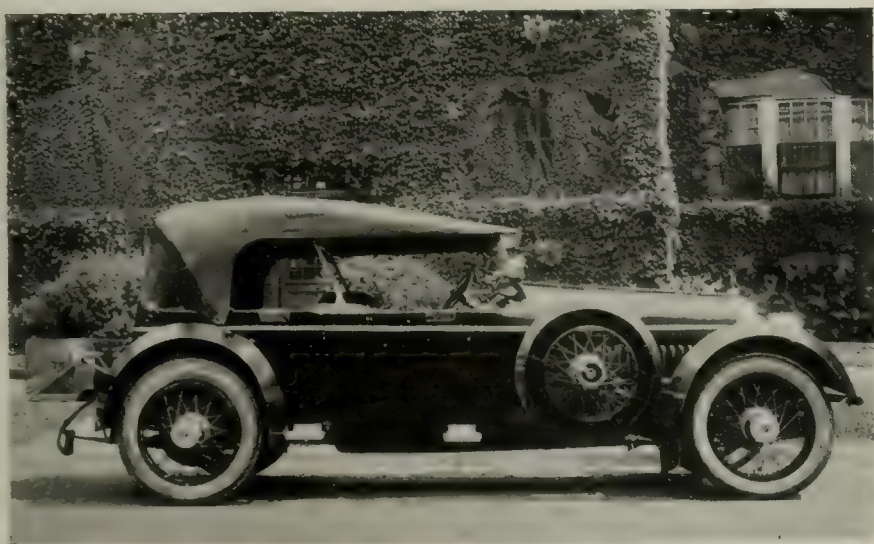
*Rolls-Royce cabriolet, body by Brooks-Ostruk*



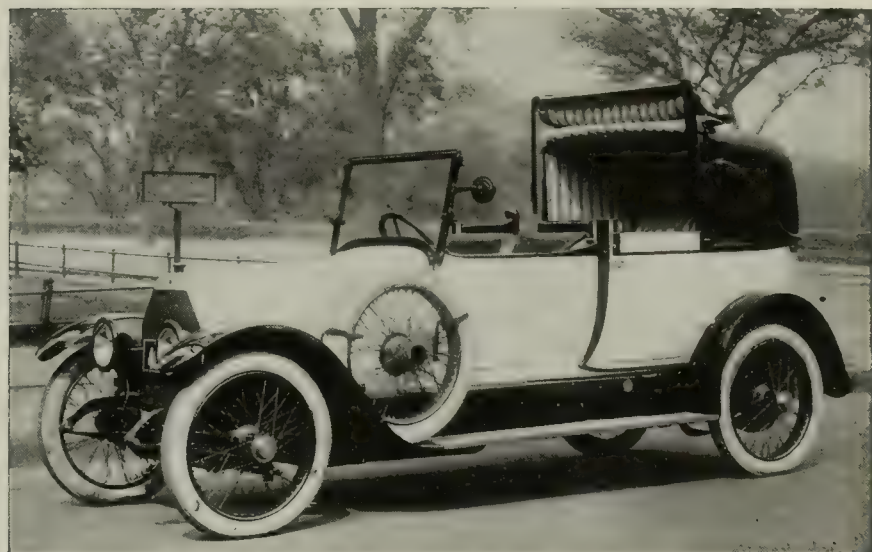
*Sunbeam four-passenger sport model, polished aluminum body*



*Inside drive Packard limousine, body by Holbrook*



*Cunningham sport model*



*Lancia four-passenger cabriolet, body by Locke*

power and speed in a motor car, and "quick getaway" has been the burthen of many a salesman's song, while comparatively little attention had been given to the improvement of a car's ability in quick deceleration. It is often much more essential to stop quickly and surely than it is to get away in a hurry—anyone can see that—and the application of the braking action to all four wheels simultaneously and with the single operation of a foot pedal seems to have solved the problem so long neglected. Not only does this system add very greatly to the factors of comfort and safety in driving, but they enable the driver to utilize to a much greater extent, and with much greater satisfaction, the power and speed capabilities of his car. Also the four-wheel brake is said to eliminate skidding on wet pavements, and for this reason is greatly appreciated for town use.

Sunbeam, which also made its first Salon appearance a year ago, has one of the largest exhibits here, consisting of five complete cars and a stripped six-cylinder chassis. The coach work is all very interesting—

the product of the Brooks-Ostruk Company, the most striking example being a four-passenger sport model in polished aluminum finish. There is a very charming town car on the four-cylinder chassis, a cabriolet and a limousine on the six-cylinder.

Among the American cars with important exhibits are Cunningham, Brewster, Porter, Daniels and Winton, all with a complete line as regards variety of coach work. So far as can be observed, there have been no changes in the chassis design of any of these cars. Packard and Locomobile are here, exhibited by coach builders—two very fine examples of the Locomobile being shown by Locke & Co., who have done so much of the fine coach work for this famous chassis. Packard is very well represented by the Holbrook Company and the Fleetwood Company.

The Winton Company is here with its own exhibit, which means that it has definitely cast its lot with cars of the Salon class and will not be represented at the American show in January. The exhibit consists of several closed models and an open sport model, all of the

coach work being the product of the Winton shops.

Cunningham is very well represented with a variety of body types and a speed car built on the well-known Cunningham lines. Here again the coach work comes from the same source as the chassis and does great credit to the designers.

The United Auto Body Company is showing an example of their coach work on a Renault chassis, and the Kimball Company of Chicago makes use of the new Pierce-Arrow to present examples of their design and workmanship.

Panhard is showing a chassis and two very charming examples of the body work of one of the newer French builders. One of these is a coupé, or town brougham as we call it here, and the other a limousine.

If one were to sum up impressions gained thus far in the week of the Show they would be as follows: There is a very complete exhibit of fine cars—no less than seventeen different chassis being shown, with examples of coach work by at least a dozen builders.



## The Christ in Modern Art

(Continued from page 101)



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in which Christ is shown seated at a poor man's table blessing and breaking the bread as He hands it to the toilers. On the whole, French painters have not given of their best to the Christ. Léon Bonnat's "Good Samaritan," the noble work of Puvis de Chavannes, and an exquisite little water-colour of "The Lord's Supper" by Gaston la Touche are prophetic of the contribution France may yet make to the Christ in Art; but unfortunately it is through the meretricious illustrations of Doré and the indifferent work of Tissot that French sacred art is most widely known to-day.

It was far otherwise in England, where the German Nazarene movement found its counterpart in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Not that the Pre-Raphaelists had much in common with the Nazarenes. Theirs was in no sense a religious crusade, but rather an artistic and poetic revolt against the showy and grandiose manner of the later Italian schools. The Pre-Raphaelites were at once thinkers and naturalists, and their work must be described as epoch-making. This does not mean, however, that it was intrinsically great. Perhaps Ford Madox Brown came nearest to greatness in his relentless love of truth and his power of interpreting the thought behind the face. And yet even in his profound and potent "Entombment"—a work which needs to be closely studied in order to be rightly appreciated—he seems to come nearer the craft of historical illustration than is consistent with Art at its highest. Holman Hunt's work is so well known that it is unnecessary to speak of it here in detail. His "Light of the World" especially has become a commonplace of artistic appreciation; its speaking symbolism has that moving, thrilling quality that never fails to stir the soul. Yet, in so far as it is symbolical, it falls short of being a full expression of Christ as seen through the medium of the modern spirit. Both Rossetti and Burne-Jones left Pre-Raphaelitism. Rossetti soon became the centre of a new group that forsook naturalism for a mixture of mysticism and archaism, in which the fervid, voluptuous, somewhat dilettante genius of Rossetti found congenial expression. In his well-known picture, "Mary Magdalene at the House of Simon," he has made his one contribution to the interpretation of the Christ. Framed in a small gable window, the face of the compassionate Saviour looks upon the Magdalene. It is a deep well of pure pity; the pity of love, not of condescension; pity that cleanses and attracts. With subtle power Rossetti conveys this spell of the Christ—the very genius of redeeming love. The picture stands out from all the rest of the artist's work. In his "Annunciation" and elsewhere, Rossetti shows himself a master in the art of conveying a

sense of mystic awe, but the awe his Christ-face inspires is something more than a psychic thrill. It has a moral quality, a spiritual gravity. As we gaze, we are not merely attracted but searched.

Burne-Jones followed Rossetti into what came to be called the New Idealism, and the austere grace of his increasingly decorative work made a strong appeal to the somewhat weary and pessimistic soul of his age. It is hardly unfair to say that pessimism is his dominant characteristic. A sense of spiritual languor is powerfully conveyed through the rhythmic flow of lines that seem to draw the beholder into a sad, vague sleep. Even in his wonderful "Easter Morn," with its magic of restrained suggestion, the note of sadness is paramount. The Lord is risen indeed, yet even the angels' faces remain untouched by joy.

And here we come to the yet unpainted Christ of the twentieth century. Already he is shaping in men's thoughts and ideals, and it cannot be long before He takes form and colour. He will be the great Joy-bringer, the Giver of life abundant, life overflowing, life triumphant. In Burne-Jones the incurable sadness of an introspective and analytical age found expression; but as the mind of to-day pierces deeper into the Christ-mystery, it will discover a well of pure joy. Some have suggested that Twentieth-century Art will return to the primitive Christ—the simple, gladsome Christ of the Catacombs, the Divine Orpheus, the fair young Shepherd, the Master of life's feast, turning its water into wine. But no such naïve return to primitive conceptions is possible; to attempt it would be to sink into the most sterile of archaisms. Neither art nor life can go back behind the Cross. If in our shallowness we imagined that possible, the Great War has cured us of such delusions forever. But it remains for life to experience and art to interpret the joy and glory of the Cross; to grasp the grim fact with naked hands.

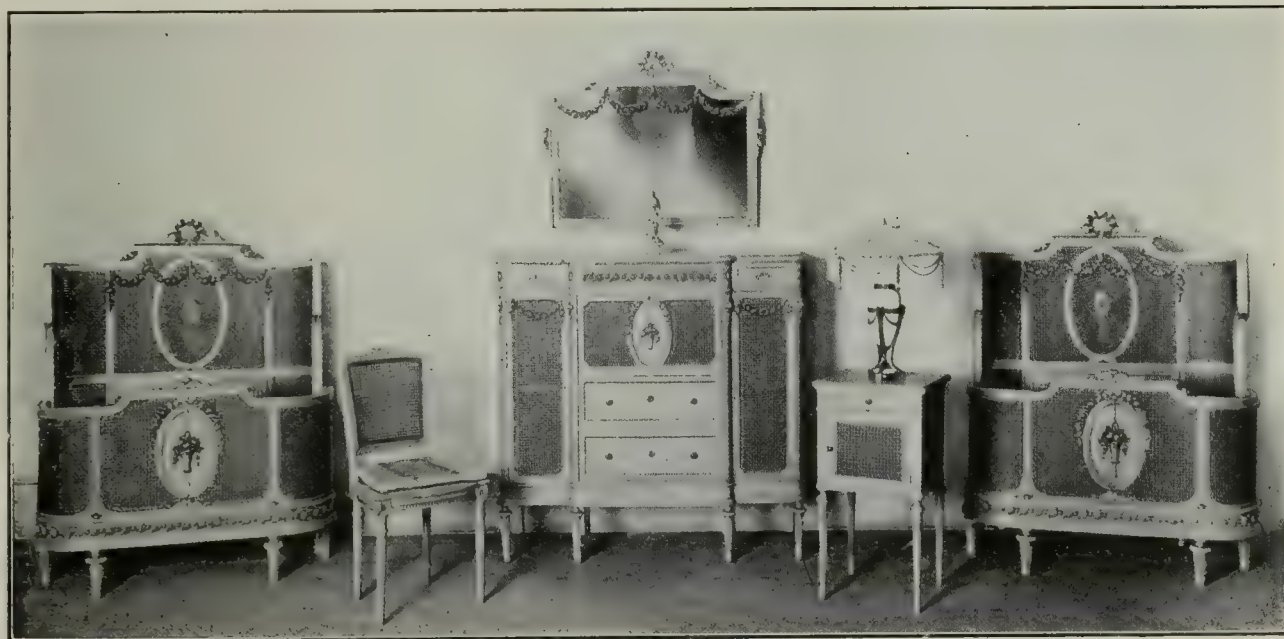
WE have done with sacred art that appeals to a coterie of pundits. We want an Art at once great and popular, profound and universal, which shall give to the democracy Christ, the great Brother, Helper, Healer. Such is the vision of to-day, and to that vision artists of every nation, including India and China, must bring their best before it can find full expression. We have Epstein's "Christ," nobly arrogant, pointing with granite pride to the print of the nails; but we look for the great Servant, clothed in invincible meekness and omnipotent love, whose exceeding bitter death holds the secret of life untrammelled and regnant,—life splendid in energy and athrill with the joyous passion of the free.





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# The Harmony of the Costume

## *Every Part Should Contribute a Just Proportion to the Ensemble*

By CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

WHILE there are many designers who teach that the Costume is an entity, not a few flout their own teachings. The true artist sees his vision synthetically, just as the true philosopher sees life whole. But in the field of dress there are many factors besides art and philosophy.

The rarest thing in the world is a costume in which every part contributes a just proportion to the ensemble. It does not require a fashion expert to note the riotous confusion in the dress of bejewelled women who lack taste. The dress struggles in one direction, the hat digresses in another, while shoes and gloves declare their right to self-determination.

Let us start from a concrete definition of the harmony of the costume. Harmony implies the beautiful in dress; a beauty achieved by the correct relationship in every detail to the expression of your personality. It has been urged that dress influences thought and mood, but it is equally truthful to assert that our thoughts influence dress. From which it may be inferred that the lines of personality precede the lines of dress. They are like parallel lines which meet in some imaginary terminus.

As I have pointed out in my former articles, the line of the natural figure is the criterion for any design which strives to become artistic; fashion experiments with the natural figure—art in dress respects it. It would be an interesting diversion for my readers to study the line they habitually fall into; the pose of the body; the line taken in walking; and the draped lines when seated. In proportion as dress conforms to these natural lines does it become significant of personality. If your lines and personality are related to those of the mannequin, then the models shown by the latest decrees of Fashion are intended for you; if not, it is not only inartistic but a confession of weakness to strive to imitate the professional model.

A mechanical adherence to the whims of Fashion can never take the place of this knowledge of your natural lines. It is sufficient merely to take cognizance of the differences between American women and your typical Parisienne to realize that in dress we must work out our own idioms.

IN this article we will build the costume as an architect builds a harmonious structure. Starting with the correct corset as a foundation, it will suffice to rehearse some fundamental principles. Many a smart gown is ruined irrevocably by incorrect corseting. In purchasing a corset the following points are essential: Straight lines, first and foremost, no matter what the style of the gown, for either a one-piece dress or a fitted waistline can more readily be made over a straight-line corset. The length of the corset must be determined by the requirements of the individual figure. Vitally important is it to realize that whether large or small in bust, the corset should be low, not over two inches above the waistline, especially in front. The back may be an inch or two higher. This is especially desirable as an offset to corpulence below the shoulder blades. For slim figures, corsets or girdles of soft material, boned front and back and sides, are ideal. The elastic girdle without boning is better adapted for

sports wear, but for constant use is most impractical, since it permits the figure to expand and gives it a tendency to roundness.

Correct corseting, then, rests on the knowledge that the front and back must present a flat appearance if the body is to have the right carriage. Moreover, such flatness is of the utmost importance as the basis for correct lines of the dress.

Equally important and often ignored is the need of correctly fitted undergarments. The clue in this department is the avoidance of fullness. Undergarments should have requisite softness, fit snugly, and should be worn under the corset so as not to leave "Bertillon marks" on the outer garments. It is also a matter of moment that the shoulder pieces be made of narrow ribbon, or the same material hemstitched in a narrow band, for today most of our gowns have tight-fitting shoulders and the unnecessary bulginess often created by the top of the undergarment is unesthetic.

COMING now to the dress itself: we need not reiterate those principles of line and simplicity which have been stressed in these columns. Once the right lines are mastered, it then becomes a problem of color, embroidery and decorations. Both design and ornamentation must be right if an artistic result is to be ensured.

On the theme of color in dress there are to be found many high-sounding generalities, but a few simple principles are adequate. Harmonies of one color are the safest for those who are not familiar with the technique of colors; as, for example, two or three shades of brown, green or violet. Variety in one color may be obtained by the use of different materials. In using harmonies of contrasting colors, there should be one dominant color in the dress, the secondary colors being in much smaller quantities, appearing, in effect, only as accents. When two colors not in perfect harmony are put together they destroy each other. If this sounds like a platitude, it is worth repeating. Each color may be beautiful in itself, but they act and react upon each other, and often when they do not actually swear, they scold. The supreme effect in costume is to be achieved only by a skillful intermingling of colors that blend naturally. Therefore, fashions which dictate discordant combinations should not be followed.

We have had occasion to preach color-optimism and the self-expression of personality through buoyant color schemes. Excluding the garish and the tawdry, there is no reason why American women should fear radiant colors. Restraint may err through immoderation. The wardrobes of our women should contain more of the brighter colors now restricted to sports costume.

FRENCH women often dress with reference to the eyes to bring out the beauty of their colors. But every individual has her own most becoming color and should study her requirements and assert her color. As a rule, the human figure is too small, especially out of doors, to permit of many colors, and for this reason costumes of one color, or two or three shades of one color, are most effective for street dress. Good color can be had in inexpensive materials as well as in luxurious textiles, so that the choice resolves itself into

a question of good taste rather than of means.

Garniture and ornamentation offer free scope to the play of individual fantasy; and if we suffer from an excess of conventional motives it is because we are surfeited with conventional fashions. A study of tapestries, paintings and the arts of design, and an observation of masterpieces, will help every woman to acquire sound taste in the matter of embroideries.

The hat crowns or mars the costume. Millinery may not ensure matrimony, but the wrong hat distorts the effect of the right gown, and men are so superficial. Once we understand that the hat completes the costume, we shall be careful to choose millinery that is severely plain and preferably dark in colors. The size is not crucial. While autumn colors are most becoming, a black hat always constitutes correct style and harmonizes with almost any type of dress.

WE can learn a lesson from Continental women who give time and thought to studying mirrors at different angles in order to tilt the hat at the right angle and to get just that poise so that when you address her you see only the most flattering part of her face. Short women might select hats that incline becomingly upwards; but if the face is round, one may choose a brim that is turned up at the sides. The right hat helps to express individuality, and it is a frame for the face which should be chosen with as much care as the frame for a portrait.

The veil creates illusion and as such is important in the ensemble of the costume. A veil keeps the hair in place and helps to maintain the hat at the right angle, a consummation devoutly to be wished. In my years of close study of the primary differences between the chic Parisienne and the smart American girl, I have come to the conclusion that they are to be found in the way in which foreign women wear their hats. Cobwebby veils either in brown or in black, with minute designs, enhance the complexion. Veils should always be worn on the hat and not used as hair net. To pin and fasten the veil properly to the hat is an art in itself, and in many cases gives a chic that could not be obtained otherwise.

The costume would be incomplete without correct hose and shoe. Except for formal evening wear, fancy stockings are not in good taste. A plain stocking serves the useful purpose of preventing any spotlight from being thrown on any particular part of the costume. Black hose for the street always harmonize with navy or dark colors.

The silk dress could be beautifully simple, its plainness relieved by a net yoke that could be changed as often as desired. For the suit, a dark color is preferable, of tricotine material or soft serge; both wear well. A waist of batiste or crepe de chine, which improves with laundering, completes this most useful member of the dress family. The tailored dress could be made of the same material as the suit. The dance frock, to be truly serviceable, should be either of heavy chiffon or a satin or taffeta fabric.

With correct foundation to the costume, the dress falls into a natural harmony, built on correct lines, decorated in good taste and crowned by a hat that is a fitting peroration.



# The Costume as an Entity

Courtesy Bonwit Teller & Co.



*An evening gown of white and silver brocade. The skirt is draped and has a panel train which carries out the dominating lines of the dress. The bodice is tastefully embroidered in sequent beads and does not permit the garniture to challenge attention away from the design of the gown*



*The feather fan may be chosen from a variety of material—real shell, or horn, or amber. The beaded purse has a noteworthy Persian design of authentic motives and is subdued in coloring*



*The handkerchiefs are of hand spun linen, one in genuine Valenciennes, the other of rose point lace. It is unnecessary to choose any name for the perfume illustrated as it is symbolic of any exclusive French make. In the field of perfumery the supremacy of the French has not yet been questioned*



*The importance of correct shoes and stockings is often overlooked. The evening slippers illustrated are of silver brocade, with a magnificent buckle brilliant in spots of jet. The street boot of patent leather has a new blucher, and is ornamented with a buckle of fine brilliant cut steel*





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Josephine Victor and Herbert Lomas in "The Skin Game"

## New Plays by Galsworthy and Others The Rival Opera Companies

By ROLAND WOOD

MORE plays, of many types, have been produced within the past few weeks on Broadway. Among them two are by John Galsworthy. Of these the first is a dark drama named "The Mob," with which the busy and resourceful Neighborhood Playhouse has begun one more full season. "The Mob" is, in essentials, an attempt to do, with English characters, what Ibsen did (and did a great deal better) in his "Enemy of the People." I think less highly of the author of "The Mob" and "Strife" and "Justice" as a dramatist than as a novelist and a moralist. He seems at all times more intent on pointing morals than on building plays. "The Mob" is less a drama than a pamphlet, a special plea for liberty of conscience. It is monotonous and, now and then, one-sided. The central figure in the plot is a Cabinet Minister, who, after fighting to prevent his fellow ministers from waging war against some minor power, goes on the stump, resigns and preaches pacifism. As a result a half-crazed woman murders him. He is a victim, to be sure, perhaps a martyr. But he does not convince us that his cause is right or that the theory he proclaims is just and wise. "The Mob" offends, of course, all who believe in patriotism. And it is marred (like other well-meant works of Galsworthy) by a gross anti-climax. The play has ended with the hero's "martyrdom." But that is not enough

to please the author. He adds a futile and superfluous epilogue.

The second play of Galsworthy, "The Skin Game," has been a great success in London for some months. Here it is running at the Bijou Theatre. It is a grim, ironic, rather ill-made comedy. Not, as two New York critics seem to think, a symbolical "war play." I discussed it a short time ago with Galsworthy and he did not even hint at under-meanings. It is a plain, somewhat clumsy, effort to rub in the unquestioned truth that, in the clash of class with class, those who begin a fight may have to wage it with inhuman weapons and, in the struggle, may soil what seemed decent souls.

The parties to the fight of which the developments are shown us in "The Skin Game" are two neighboring families at Deepwater, an English country place. They typify—perhaps a bit too broadly—the so-called gentry, with their hallowed code and customs, and the aggressive newly-rich. The Hillchrists (and especially Mrs. Hillchrist) find their old habits and their social decencies disturbed by the coming of a truculent chap named Hornblower and his family. When Hornblower evicts one of his tenants for his industrial purposes, after promising to let him keep his cottage, the Hillchrists throw down the gauntlet. The fight is bitter and the issue seems uncertain. But in the end the Hillchrists get rid of their rivals, thanks to their knowl-

(Continued on second page following)





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(Continued from second page preceding)

edge of the scandalous past life of Hornblower's daughter-in-law. Yet, though they win, they do so at a loss of honor and feel sadly shamed.

One would fancy, from the comments of some writers on this social comedy, which goes near to tragedy, that no one before Galsworthy has used the theme of "The Skin Game." Yet it was handled in a vastly better way by Sandeau, Balzac and a dozen other dramatists. Above all, it was dealt with, twenty years ago, by Octave Mirbeau in his gripping three-act play, "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires." Again, the author of "The Skin Game" spoils his play by anti-climax. His tale is ended long before the final curtain. The last scene in the comedy is needless. Indeed, a Frenchman, with a little ingenuity, might have wound up the tale without the two scenes in the closing act, though, to do this, he would of course have had to use some of the incidents that act contains.

There are many deft and telling episodes in "The Skin Game." The dialogue is, as a rule, well written. The characters are, with some exceptions, firmly and clearly drawn. But, on the other hand, time has been wasted on a conventional auction scene (a reference to which was all one needed), and the introduction of a female spy into the plot leads nowhere.

Besides, it would be hard to find one character in the play with whom Americans could really sympathize. The fact will of itself, I fear, prevent "The Skin Game" from becoming popular on Broadway.

But all can understand and most will sympathize with the characters in an amusing comedy of married life called "The First Year," which has begun, as I believe, a prosperous run at the Little Theatre. The quarrels and misfortunes of the youthful couple in that play as drawn by Frank Craven go home to everyone. Although absurd, they are true as truth, and, in a homely fashion, point their moral. "The First Year" is indeed a "slice of life" dished up for us by an observant humorist. Of all the plays that I have seen for months, this seems to me in some respects the most

skillful effort to portray Americans. The actors in the cast perform their parts with spirit, humor and devout sincerity. It is evident that they enjoy their tasks. Whatever else you see, don't miss this play.

You will find much to laugh at



May Collins in "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer"

also in the earlier passages of "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," a four-act comedy by Harry Gribble, now running at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. It is another satire on the artistic temperament. But, dealing as it does, not with Italian artists, but with plain Americans, it lacks the effervescent charm and buoyancy of plays like "Enter Madame" and "The Great Lover." The central character may or may not have been suggested by a favorite London actress. The ambient is, in any case, American, and Mrs. Palmer, the spoiled star, might be American, though what she does and says seems largely English. The protagonist in Mr. Gribble's work is well interpreted at times by Mary Young. Not with the lightness and the art which make the singer of Gilda Varesi so adorable, but with no little tact and with some power.

I hear good things of "Bab," a dramatization of the book by Mary Roberts Rinehart, now at the Park, and of "The Meanest Man in the World," with George M. Cohan, at the restful Hudson Theatre. But all I know of them so far is what I hear.

THIS season, as in some preceding seasons, two great and wealthy opera companies will compete here (for six weeks at least). One, our own New York Metropolitan, will give us twenty-three long weeks of lyric drama.

At the Metropolitan, before these lines are printed, the forces of which Mr. Gatti-Casazza has, for thirteen years past, shaped the activities, will have gone back to work. Two months from now, at the Metropolitan Opera House, we shall hear the artists of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Metropolitan prospectus announces no works wholly new

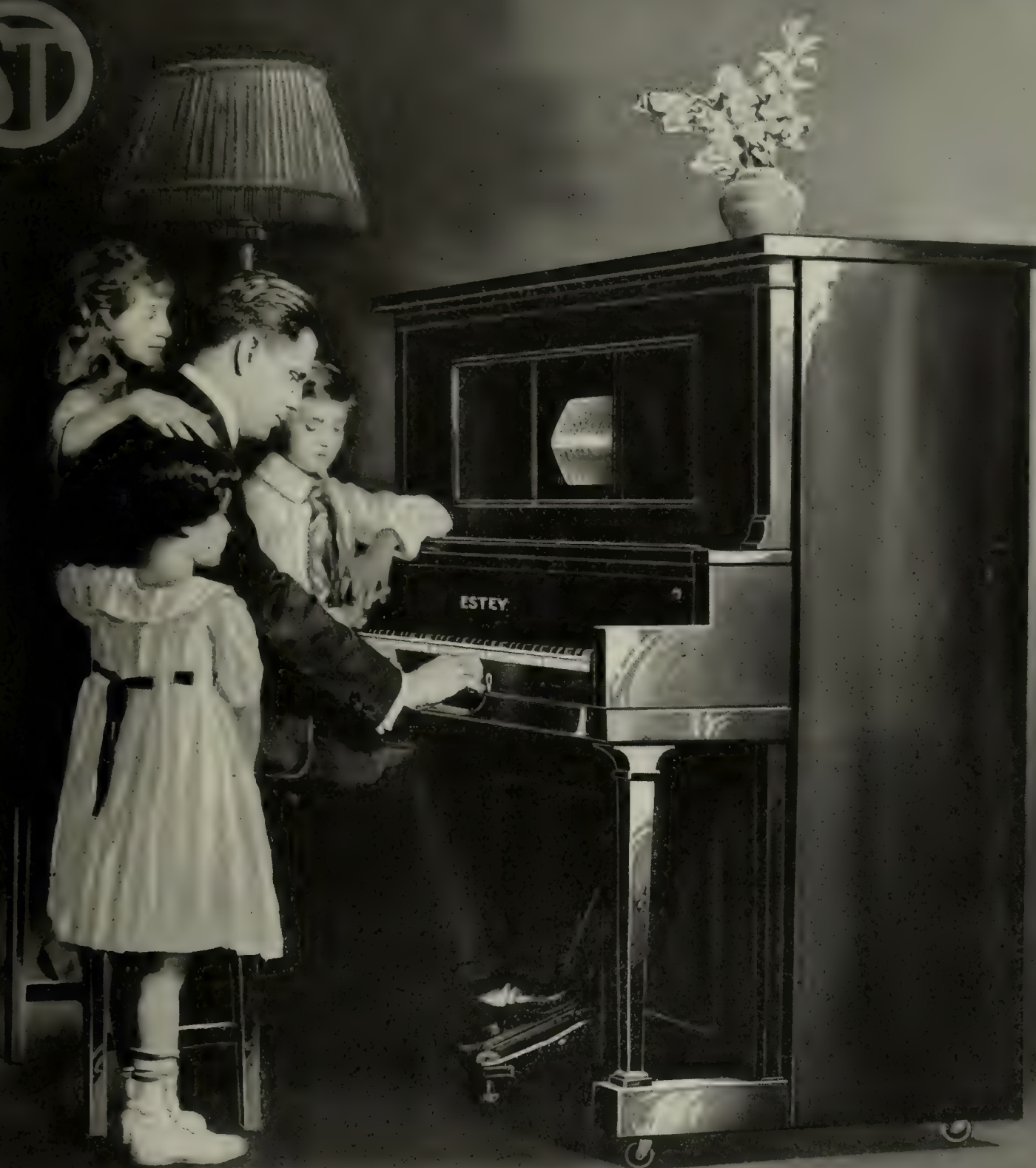
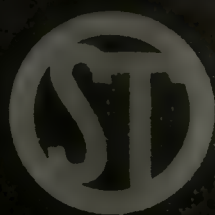


Lucrezia Bori

(Continued on second page following)



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(Continued from second page preceding)

to this community, with the two exceptions of "The Polish Jew," a romantic tragic work, in two acts, by Karl Weis (a fellow-countryman of the Czech, Smetana), and an Italian ballet, by a composer oddly named Pick-Mangiagalli. The title of the ballet is "Il Carillon Magico."

But it does promise several works, not really new, but half forgotten. Among them are the attractive "Andrea Chenier," of Giordano, heard twelve or fourteen years ago at the Metropolitan, and before that at the Academy, and Verdi's early (or transitional) "Don Carlos," with which most of us could easily have dispensed. Besides these, we may expect the only opera of Boito, yet produced, his "Mefistofele." And, this year, in addition to the English version of "Parsifal," we shall have "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolde." Like "The Polish Jew," both will be sung in English—an other proof that the Metropolitan directorate has lost its faith in its old cry of "Opera in the original language only."

But the most fascinating promise of the season, at the Metropolitan, concerns the performance, after years of strange reluctance, of Charpentier's beautiful and long popular lyric drama of Parisian life, "Louise." If the Louise announced can do half as well with her own part as Mary Garden does, the work may be maintained in the Metropolitan repertory.

All who recall (and who does not?) Lucrezia Bori of the lovely voice will learn with pleasure that that popular soprano has quite recovered from the results of the distressing operation which, some years ago, compelled her to stop singing. She will return to us this season. The breakdown of this young and charming artist on the threshold of her career was much deplored.

New sopranos and contraltos (two or three of them American) have been added to Mr. Gatti-Casazza's company. Some have appeared already with the Chicago forces, among them Elvira Leveroni and Carolina Lazarri, Nichola Zerola, a tenor of the robust Italian type, who sang—fitfully—for a night or two at the Academy under a fitful management, fifteen or sixteen years ago, besides other tenors (of what rank is not yet known), with a new baritone, named Danise; a basso, William Gustafson, and a long-lost but still remembered former member of the

company, namely, Robert Blass.

Of the new Americans, not the least likely to do well is Sue Harvard, a young soprano who has studied with that great and regretted artist, Olive Fremstad.

The re-appearance at the Metropolitan of Emmy Destinn will no doubt be welcomed.

As for the repertory, by and large, it will be not unlike what we have had so often. The bills for the first week include such stand-



Emmy Destinn

bys as "La Juive," "Aida," "Zaza," "L'Elisir d'Amore." But, to offset these, at the first of many matinees, we shall have "Tristan and Isolde." Yes, in English; of what kind we can but guess.

Caruso, of course, heads the company, which, in essentials, will not differ much from that which we have heard this many a season. The conductors will again be Bodanzky, Moranzoni, Papi, and—last, but not least—Albert Wolff.

The prospectus of the Chicago company, now under the executive management of Mr. Herbert Johnson, an American, and the artistic management of an Italian, Gino Marinuzzi, holds out high hopes of a most interesting season. There will be more stars than there ever were this winter at the Metropolitan Opera House—stars of great fame and proved ability. Among them will again be Mary Garden, Raisa, Galli-Curci, Bonci, Titta Ruffo, Galeffi, and to the joy of those who love French opera, Lucien Muratore. Nor does this end the list. Rosina Storchio, the soprano, a celebrity in her own Italy, has been engaged. And Joseph Hislop, a young tenor, Scotch by birth, Swedish by training, and cosmopolitan in taste, will also have his chance of adding to the laurels he has won at Covent Garden.

Two absolute novelties, the "King Oedipus" ("Edipo Re"), of Leoncavallo, and the "Love of the Three Oranges," of the pianistic Russian, Serge Prokofiew, are promised. Also the postponed opera of Maestro Marinuzzi, "La Jacquerie," which has been sung, so far, only in Rome and Buenos Aires.

Among the revivals we may count on, one will be sensational. We are to have "Salome" once more, the "Salome" of Strauss, with Mary Garden as the perverse heroine and Muratore as Herod. It will be sung in the original French of Oscar Wilde. Three of the Wagner operas and music-dramas may also be presented.





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## At the Galleries

(Continued from page 99)

down to a more explicit, matter-of-fact level. Mr. Nevinson is a young English artist with an acute knowledge of the value of news. He is energetic, industrious, extraordinarily clever, with more than a touch of the illustrator, and full of that naïve surprise over the mere fact that he is an artist which is so characteristically English.

Moreover he has the shrinking violet quality of an H. G. Wells, and jumps into the headlines with fine abandon. British artists, when they visit America, have no absurd self-consciousness about publicity. They are intelligent, direct and fearless in their press campaigning. Even such a poet as Lord Dunsany, when he came to America, put himself in the hands of a manager, with first class press agents. Mr. Nevinson goes Lord Dunsany one better. He is his own best press agent, and meets the press more than half way.

Mr. Nevinson is not a Sir William Orpen, the cleverest commercial painter of his day. If he were he could take back to England a handsome fortune.

On the contrary Nevinson was associated with the group who "blasted" Sir William, who after all is the only painter able to make a Rolls-Royce look worth its price in pounds sterling.

Mr. Nevinson is then a fine, healthy, courageous protest against Orpenism. This fact alone should give him a definite place in our affections. American artists should take him up also as a practiced and fearless propagandist. There is a great deal of blasting to be done here in America, where, as Mr. Nevinson so justly notes, people are proud of their modernity when they buy the work of such a classic as Cézanne.

To look at Mr. Nevinson's large collection of paintings is to realize that here is a painter who is not content to settle down to one limited little specialty and putter over it eternally. Mr. Nevinson is a born explorer. He has tried them all—all the different fashions of modernity. And everywhere there is cleverness and still more cleverness. The hardest thing to find in his painting is the man himself. In spite of one or two weak portraits, and one or two landscapes almost as weak, the note of the exhibition is ability. Mr. Nevinson is able, brimful of ability. Whether he is an artist or not is something I for one have not yet discovered.

Like the skilful downright visualizer that he is, he does not leave you in a moment's doubt as to his ability. Sometimes he is intriguingly abstract, but he doesn't dabble in things that can't be understood by his audience. There's no nonsense about him.

Deep down in his heart the layman dreads more than any other the stigma of being called old-fashioned. But even more terrible

than the stigma is the thought of being compelled to think about art. The literary or illustrator's sense in Mr. Nevinson enables him at the same time to give the modern look to his painting and yet not to leave his audience in horrid doubts about what he means. For this reason he is a doubly valuable propagandist. He has the true exhibition quality, no hesitancy, no stumbling. He is as clever as Sir William Orpen himself, and infinitely more worth while, because instead of a common tawdry appeal he is an agent of living thought. Let us embrace him then as a blaster of all the Orpens and Orpenites, and hope that out of so much fresh energy, industry, enthusiasm and ability the artist may eventually emerge.

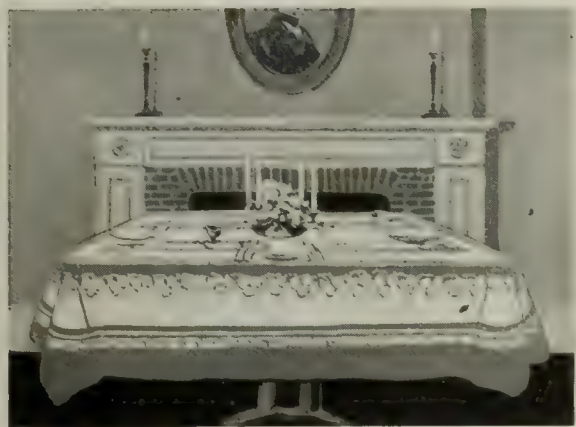
Augustus John has given world-wide publicity to the vandalism of Lord Leverhulme in cutting out the head of the portrait which the great English artist painted for him. Such essentially criminal acts have been occasionally performed in the past, but it is doubtful if they will be performed by even the most arrogant in the immediate future.

One of the new galleries to open this season is the Société Anonyme for which, it is understood, Miss Katherine Dreier is supplying the funds. The interesting facts about the new gallery are that the pictures are shown to the very best advantage and that, instead of acting as a dealer for the artists, it sends customers directly to them, not undertaking sales itself nor charging commissions. Furthermore lectures are held and a small reference library has been begun for the purpose of advancing the ideas of the artists for whom the gallery is a propaganda agent.

On the whole the new gallery is a kind of rarefied "291" minus the stimulus which Alfred Stieglitz gave to that pioneer institution. In the November exhibition a distinguished head by Derain was by far the most interesting work shown, and fully repays a visit to the gallery. Many of the same artists seen regularly at the Daniel Gallery are also here.

The new Folsom Gallery on West 57th Street opened with an exhibition of American artists, which was assembled in a measure by the artist, Louis Bouché. In the one gallery in New York managed by an artist, the De Zayas Gallery, there has been a higher standard in the exhibitions than in any other gallery in New York. In view of this fact it is of peculiar interest that Mr. Folsom should have Mr. Bouché as an adviser. Being an artist Mr. Bouché's sympathies are with the modern men, but he is not one-sided and when he gets into his pace we may look forward to some stimulating exhibitions at the little gallery on 57th Street west of the Avenue.





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Wallace Morgan, 'Americans Mopping Up at Cierges'

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## Books of the Season

(Continued from page 111)

about the costumes in which the different tragedians and comedians chose to robe themselves.

To lovers of the arts Professor Odell's book may be cordially recommended, since it contains a history of the beautiful art of scene-painting and also a history of the auxiliary art of costume-designing. The illustrations consist of portraits of performers, views of theatres, inside and out, reproductions of significant stage-sets, and portraits of actors in character. They are skillfully selected; they are novel; and they really illustrate the text—a virtue not so common as it might be.

The two novels chosen for consideration here are the "Vacation of the Kelwyns," by William Dean Howells (New York: Harper & Brothers), and the "Age of Innocence," by Edith Wharton (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). They are both books of high distinction—imagined, invented, constructed and composed with an indisputable mastery of the craftsmanship of fiction. As it chanced, they both deal with life here in

the United States in the same period—a little more than forty years ago. And they are as unlike in matter and in manner as any two novels could be. Mr. Howells introduces us to a little group of unworldly people in a Shaker settlement, and Mrs. Wharton is of the world worldly, peopling her chapters with fashionable folk of the innermost circle. To pass from his pages to hers is like going from a quiet New England garden into a conservatory, opening off a New York ballroom. Mr. Howells's simple narrative has a delightful fragrance; and Mrs. Wharton's complicated intrigue has an amazing cleverness. Where he is humorously gentle, she is brilliant with an almost metallic lustre. He sympathizes with all his characters, although he never sentimentalizes over them; and she has scant sympathy for most of her creatures, although she understands them all. He is content with quiet color and with figures drawn delicately but firmly; and she handles her brush boldly and is not afraid of color.

## What's On in the Book World

**A GARDEN OF PEACE** by F. FRANKFORT MOORE. New York: George H. Doran Company.

IT is not an ordinary garden which Frankfort Moore, the author of "The Jessamy Bride" and other romances, describes in his last book, "The Garden of Peace." By a stroke of good fortune he secured property in Yardley, Sussex, walled in by the ruins of a medieval castle. Bit by bit Mr. Moore explains his scheme of transformation of the ancient premises, not into modern formalities of "graceful groups of laburnums and lilacs," but into places of enchantment such as "The Rose Colonnade, The Cascade, The Italian Garden, The Ali Baba Place, The Peach Alley, and The Herbaceous Terrace.

In the atmosphere of such dignified æstheticism, as might be expected, there will be found a warmth of human personality. Mr. Moore's interesting "growing-up" daughters and their charming mother appear and reappear in the scene of his plant-life activities; and, again, as might be expected, they are vividly portrayed by the author-gardener. This is true also of the neighbor-guests, who make up the little garden gatherings, sometimes held in the Temple "built of brick with marble laid upon it," and sometimes in the Place of Roses; but always with talk of many things—veritably, "of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax, of cabbages, and kings." Mr. Moore accusingly says to one of these intimates of his, "You are so full of promiscuous information which you cannot hide!" This accusation may well be turned against the au-

thor himself and in the same happy mood, for he opens up subject after subject throughout his book, and, in a whimsical manner, vivifies the work under his hands of trellis-making, and so forth, by his wealth of reminiscences.

Mr. Moore relates the family dispute over the name of his book and that he had protested that it was not a "catchpenny" title. One realizes quite fully that this is the real garden's real name. The war agony has been held out of its walls rigidly, but there are moments when one grows conscious that it almost obtrudes itself into the blessed spot. Peace comes, however, to Yardley, and again one feels the intoxication of the news in the wild "Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!" of the Moore children, who join in the chorus of the "five hundred on the High Street of Yardley." One greets it, too, as Mr. Moore intends, perhaps, with other generations of its inhabitants, for of the little town he says: "It is certain that men left Yardley Parvu for the First Crusade: one of the streets that ran from the Roman road to the Abbey, which was founded by a crusading Norman Earl, retains the name that was given to it to commemorate the capture of Antioch when the news reached England a year or so after the event; and it is equally certain that Yardley men were at Bosworth Field, and Yardley men at Tournai in 1709 as well as in 1915; and it is equally certain that such of them as came back talked of what they had seen and of what their comrades had done. The tears that the mothers had proudly shed when they talked of those who

(Continued on second page following)





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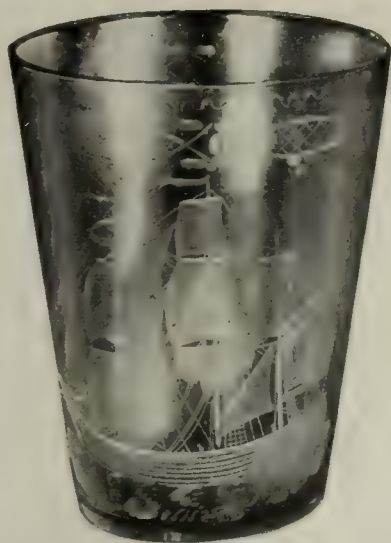
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(Continued from second page preceding)

had not come home in 1918 were shed where the mothers of the Crusaders of 1099 had knelt to pray for the repose of the souls of their dear ones whose bones were picked by the jackals of the Lebanon. On the site of one of the churches of the market-place there is now built a hall of moving pictures—Moving Pictures—that is the whole sum of the bustle of the thousand years—Moving Pictures. The same old story. Life has not even got the instinct of the filmmaker; it does not take the trouble to change the scenes of the exploits of a thousand—ten thousand—years ago, and of those of today. Egypt, the Nile, Gaza, Jerusalem, Damascus, Mesopotamia. Moving pictures—walking shadows—walking about for a while, but all having the one goal—the Garden of Peace; those gardens that surrounded the churches, where now the apple-trees bloom and fruit and shed their leaves."

A STUDY OF POETRY by BLISS PERRY. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.

THAT response to the rhythmical arrangement of words or to poetry comes through the instinct for the drumbeat, which is something inborn, a part of human consciousness concerned closely with the emotions, is in itself an answer to the question provoked today by the appearance of a new book on poetry: What does he say about *vers libre*? Bliss Perry, Professor of English Literature in Harvard University, in "A Study of Poetry," explains carefully the inevitable union of that response implanted in human beings to rhythm and "embodied feeling," which is poetry, and the instinct of mankind to use his imagination, and with communal development, to share his creation, whether it is represented by a totem pole or a poem.

Since sound in poetry is of primary importance, as it is in music, then the poetic images must conform to its demand, or there must be at least a fair compromise between the two. "Meaning values," says Professor Perry, "like sound values, are never fixed in a mechanical and universally agreed-upon scale, they are relative, not absolute. Sometimes meaning and sound conflict with one another, and one must be sacrificed in part, as when the normal accent of a word refuses to coincide with a verse accent demanded by a certain measure, so that we may 'wrench' the accent a trifle, or make it 'hover' over two syllables without really alighting upon either. And it is significant that lovers of poetry have always found pleasure in such compromises. They enjoy minor departures from and returns to the normal, the expected measure of both sound and sense, just as a man likes to sail a boat as closely into the wind as he conveniently can, making his actual course a compromise between

the line as laid by the compass, and the actual facts of wind and tide and the behavior of his particular boat. It is thus that the sailor 'makes it' triumphantly! And the poet 'makes it' likewise, out of deep, strong-running tides of rhythmic impulse, out of arbitrary words and rebellious moods, out of 'Thoughts hardly to be packed, Into the narrow act, Fancies that broke through language and escaped,'

until he compels rhythm and syllables to move concordantly, and blend into that larger living whole—the dancing, singing crowd of sounds and meanings which make up a poem."

Primarily written for the poet-student, "A Study in Poetry" is not merely a comprehensive and technical work for his benefit, but a book for the enjoyment of all appreciators of poetry. The discussion of the lyric in types, in races, and in epochs is of especial interest, and is conclusive regarding the probability of the survival of the art of poetry. Of Free Verse, Professor Perry says: "That it has now and then succeeded in creating lovely flowering hybrids seems to me as indubitable as the magical tricks which Mr. Burbank has played with flowers and fruit. But the smiling Dame Nature sets her inexorable limits to 'Burbanking'; she allows it to go so far and no farther. Freakish free verse, like freakish plants and animals, gets punished by sterility."

THE PLEASURES OF COLLECTING by GARDNER TEALL. New York. The Century Company.

THE dust of ages is carefully removed from before one's eyes in Gardner Teall's book, "The Pleasures of Collecting." While he relates the history of such antiques as Chelsea china, Sèvres porcelain, Sheffield plate, pewter, chintz, samplers, corverlets, wax portraits, straw marqueterie, Chinese and Japanese lacquer, Italian majolica, and tells something about certain pieces of Chippendale, Sheraton, and other furniture, he builds up a rich past with its lovers of beauty who bequeathed these treasures to the present generation.

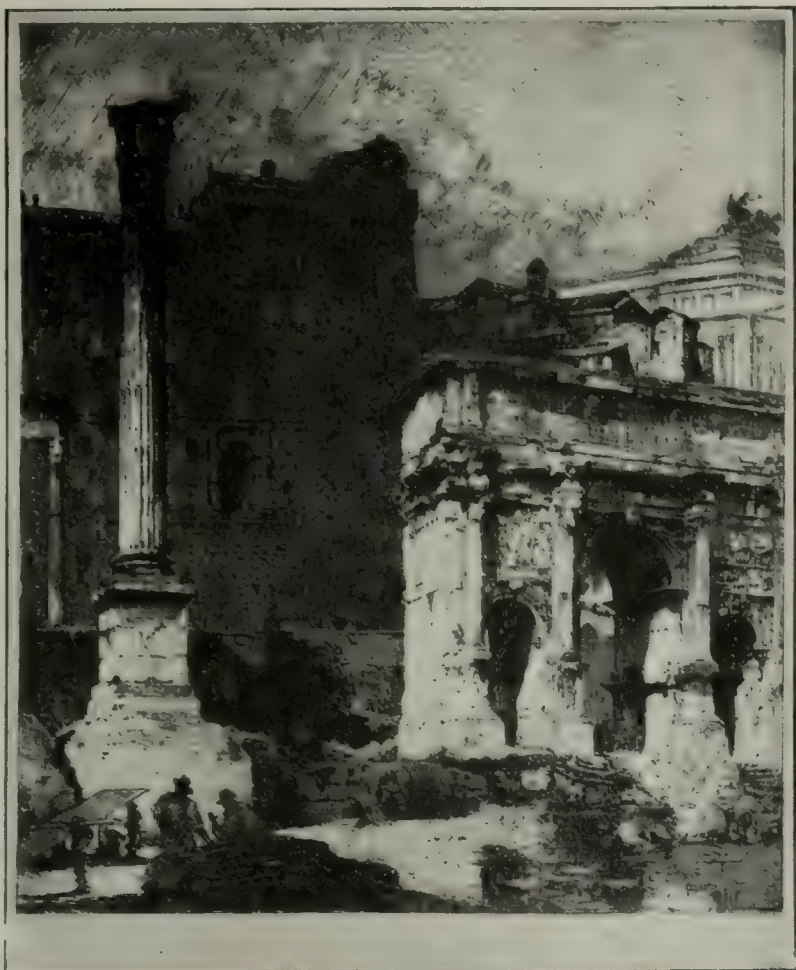
While Mr. Teall gives one a clearer vision for the viewing of antiques, he gives also a better knowledge of the mind of the collector. The reader is taken into his haunts and feels the magic of the cup of tea served with the old "cup plate," and the wealth of romance tucked into the Eastern chests which were the property of the "Major," who, one is led to believe, inspired the author.

That collectors hoard their treasures as "castles built on sand," since, like the sand scattered by the tides, these hoardings are ultimately sold at auction and once more scattered means no real loss. Society in each generation is the richer because of the hobby which makes the art-collector seek these treasures for his enjoyment. There

(Continued on second page following)



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(Continued from second page preceding)

are many excellent illustrations and a very complete bibliography in the book, which adds greatly to its interest and value.

**PROPORTIONAL FORM** by SAMUEL COLMAN, N.A., and C. ARTHUR COAN, LL.B. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SAMUEL COLMAN and C. ARTHUR COAN in their work, "Proportional Form," commence with a somewhat axiomatic proposition: "Nature adheres tenaciously to whatever form it adopts." Anarchy—mental as well as political—does not produce harmony, an essential to beauty, according to Nature's simplest laws. When the harmony of thought, sound, color, or linear production ceases, whatever may come forth has no claim to beauty. "Consciously or unconsciously," they say, "beauty must have a reason behind it." Further argument in their subject shows variation as a high-light to symmetry; or, to quote from "Proportional Form" exactly, "an antidote to symmetrophobia." The variations, however, must be confined within the limits of integral composition, otherwise the harmony is destroyed.

The circle, square, curve, spiral, and eccentric, as given in nature, are closely studied in their relationships and the findings put down carefully; both in the text, the work of Mr. Coan, and in the drawings and correlated descriptions, the work of Mr. Colman. Following these studies the collaborators proceed to prove something of the extent to which early artists and architects drew their conceptions of perfect form directly from Nature's own well-illustrated laws of beauty. Little by little through the centuries man ceased to go to Nature for first-hand knowledge, and in his art ideas accepted the achievements of the preceding generations as his own foundation on which to build. Earlier generations, whose work proclaim their recognition of some of Nature's principles, did not carry penetration beyond certain points, even as Pythagoras accepted the facts in his discovery of sound values and knew nothing of the reasons. To stimulate interest in Nature's laws of beauty and through these to discover the canons of art is the purpose of this excellent book.

**LIGHTING THE HOME** by M. LUCKIESH. New York. The Century Company.

THE practical and the poetical are combined in "Lighting the Home," by M. Luckiesh. The installation of the lighting fixtures desirable for each and every room is given, with helpful comparisons regarding the suitability of each to the particular needs. In describing the period styles of the lighting fixtures, Mr. Luckiesh says: "The market is flooded with incongruities and monstrosities. Many fixtures today are assembled, and parts totally unrelated

to each other find themselves related to the same fixture because they happen to meet the mechanical requirements. To complete the incongruity, sometimes parts are adapted to the fixture without regard to the fact that the ornamental design is upside down."

The expressiveness of color and the impressiveness of color make up the artistic part of the book. The effects of colors and the places which they hold in common usage as representing certain human sensations all bear directly upon the important subject of satisfactorily lighting the home. Mr. Luckiesh believes that we are on the verge of a new era of artificial lighting in which colored light will play a prominent part. He is enthusiastic over this possibility.

**THE ROCK GARDEN** by E. H. JENKINS. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE author of "The Rock Garden," E. H. Jenkins, is an expert, and his book is a text-book for the landscape gardener and will prove a most useful guide for the amateur gardener. Details concerning the kinds of stone, soils, and the species of plants adapted to these, and how, too, to group them in order to obtain artistic arrangements are carefully given. The chapter on the suburban garden may help to solve several garden problems where there is lack of space. Mr. Jenkins includes suggestions for wall gardening, which is only beginning to have the development which he predicts for it. The illustrations show the effect of ideal grouping in various types of rock gardens and for their paved pathways.

**SOCIAL CONSCIENCE OR MONOCRACY VERSUS MONOCRACY.** By ADAM ABET. Co-operative Publishing Company, Incorporated.

ADAM ABET, the author of "Social Conscience or Monocracy Versus Monocracy," puts into this book stories, verse, and essays representing his literary strivings for twenty years. Concerning the miscellany, he says in the foreword: "There are connecting strains throughout, close-twilled cord and loose-flying tassel of ideas and ideals, all running into one pattern; even as all sprung from the self-same social conscience." A very serious attempt is made to reach out towards the warring elements in capital and labor and in the races who "wage jealous battles" and bring them into reconciliation. The sincerity of the author is apparent, but he has jammed his material and in doing this he loses a very great deal.

The "short novel," with which the book opens, is an effort to portray the conditions of a laboring centre in America where there are laborers of many nationalities. As it stands there is no vitality in it. This is also the fault of much of the poetry, but certain verses are both interesting and original.





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## William Glackens

(Continued from page 103)

Making use of the sentimental attitude of these people a certain number of businesslike practitioners in the arts, better equipped to enter Congress than to be artists in the stricter sense, prefer to win an easy profitable mediocrity by ringing the trite changes on the "nobility" of the artist's profession—particularly as exercised by themselves and their intimate friends, the "old masters."

WILLIAM GLACKENS is far removed from these preachers on one hand and from the too, too cerebral followers of the latest fashions on the other. There is humor, play, enjoyment in his paintings and his drawings. They are fresh, instinctive, knowing and seeing, unclouded with the slightest touch of pomposity or with the dryness of chess-playing painting, smiling, unassuming and delightful. Some of his canvases rank among the most purely beautiful works of art of our day. Although William Glackens has long held a high position among artists, the scope of his reputation would be wider in America if he were not American.

He delights in painting so much, has such a good time at it, that he ignores art politics, and belongs to none of the log-rolling gangs who make it a practice to praise no artist who is not a member of their own little set. Outside of their own circles these artists only have eyes for the particular Frenchmen or Spaniards or primitives that they happen at the moment to be imitating. For them there are no American artists except themselves, and, not realizing that art is superlatively human, they limit themselves to aping a purely inhuman viewpoint. Essentially they are more academic than the academicians themselves, for each believes exactly what the other believes.

The art of William Glackens has none of these studio-bedroom-and-bath limitations. His spirit wanders much farther afield. His cultivation is too broad, his intelligence too fine to be limited to the set rules laid down by those who have the habit of over-indulgence in self-adulatory discussion and the desire to limit the great modern movement to a bookish dogma. The world is his interest, not the latest studio chatter from Paris, which is the guiding influence in the lives of so many of those who have suffered from the smothering spirit of the studio-bedroom-and-bath, from a kind of porcelain tyranny that tends to smooth down the inhabitants of studio warrens into the same mental mould.

The only studio I ever saw William Glackens in was a good, old-fashioned work-shop which no lady could possibly have transformed into an imitation homelet of the great metropolis. In the days before profiteering landlords, studios were only habitable for two when the lady in the case

was locked in the wood-box on rainy days and locked out in the park on sunny days. But one day, weary of the park, a lady met a profiteering landlord and together they concocted the modern New York studio with its adjoining cells. How much humor it requires for the lady to make these box-like centers of business and social activity human, only the lady herself appreciates. And if the lady hasn't a healthy sense of humor she is either thrown through the north window by the violence of the inevitable domestic explosion, or else the man goes to sleep.

But not all studio-bedroom-and-bath art is confined to official painting. Many a would-be modernist lives in a similar establishment without the influence of a lady with a sense of humor. Some disagreeable foreigner said that the wives of the members of the Boston school of near-Vermeer always take their knitting to the studio to chaperone the model. Admitting that the artistic results bear out the truth of the malicious suggestion, would the presence of a quiet, serious, knitting lady be any more sobering to the artist's imagination than the presence of a lady, draped in home-made batik, dabbling at Persian lampshades while the man is working out his morning problem in Picasso? Decidedly not!

NOT so long ago these earnest people were working out problems in Renoir whom they discovered about thirty years after everyone else had. William Glackens responded to the glory of Renoir long before Renoir became the idol of the cerebralists. Renoir himself is credited with saying that art is learned from art, not from nature. Every painter derives from some painter or painters, and the less of an imitator he is the less he is at pains to cover up his tracks.

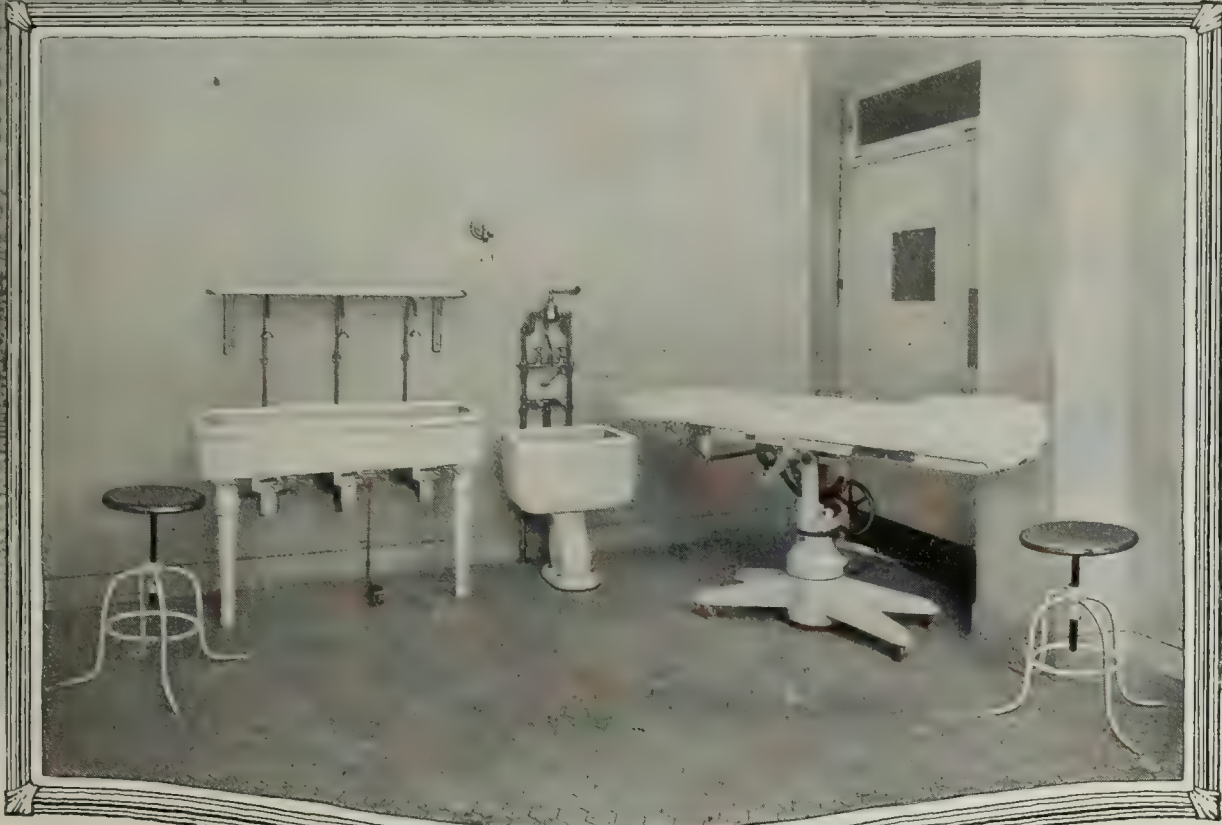
The American artist who is not indebted to some Frenchman is rather rare, since modern art is an outgrowth of French genius and American art of to-day an outgrowth of French art.

Glackens has been called by some hasty commentators an imitator of Renoir. This superficial judgment seems to me to imply as barren an appreciation of Renoir as it does of Glackens. But what commentators say for or against his art makes little difference to Glackens.

Because Glackens does not paint to win votes, because he ignores the progress of his fame, because he enjoys his work, he has been able to work harder, longer, more steadily than poorer natures who are forced to spur themselves on by constant adulation and notice. He has the humor which often accompanies great talent, and is a sign of health, and his art has escaped the artificial quality of the metropolitan "art colonies."



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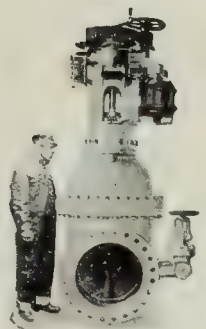
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1855

1920



## Ikon-Painting in Russia

(Continued from page 105)

works of Bilibin, Bakst, Goncharova and Burliuk.

The numerous big monasteries and convents have remained the nuclei of the art, as not only do they give continually lucrative orders and sell the ready-made ikons, but they teach and train young men to draw, paint, carve and gild or do the mosaic work. One of the biggest ikon-painting schools in Russia is the ecclesiastic art academy in the Monastery of Sergeyeva, near Moscow.

The monk supervisors of teaching maintain that there is an ethical beauty in certain design and color combinations which adepts should know, practice and keep secret. This does not lie in perfection of technique, in realistic effect. The secret of the esoteric force of ikon-painting must be learned orally. It cannot be expressed in print or writing. Superstition and truth are mixed in the secret teachings.

An initiated master-painter of the Snetogorsky Monastery told me, briefly, the following queer principle: An ikon-painter has to know that the colors of a good ikon are the exhalation of the forces of a divine magnet of which the earth and universal space are composed. "Stars and moon are magnetic," he whispered. "They have become so by contact with the universal magnetic fluid. Like certain metals and certain people, thus certain colors are more or less magnetic. A very fine needle can be magnetized through contact with a miracle-creating ikon. Like man and a magnet thus the ikon imparts its life-force in a certain degree to other beings, heals the sick, influences the mind and the fate of a nation or individual. The most magnetic star in the universe is the sun. Next to the sun is man's heart; and next to the man's heart comes the sacred art. A number of plants are attracted to the sun; others to the moon. The lotus, the sunflower and the acacia unclove their petals at its rising, and close them at its setting. The blossoms of the nightshade and moon-flower react the same way to the rays of the moon. Men and colors have their sympathies and antipathies. The vine feels aversions for the cabbage, but is fond of the olive-trees. In the same way there are magnetic sympathies and antipathies in the colors of an ikon, as one has to be fully familiar with plants or minerals from which the colors come and how they attract or repel each other." The artist went on explaining the specific mystic qualities possessed by certain blues, reds and oranges employed most frequently in ikon-painting.

The celebrated Russian scientist, Vladimir Tschish, discovered a great difference between the effect of the same blue upon the optical

nerve when the pigment is produced from different sources of raw material. He asserts that not only do certain colors gain in their pleasing effect by age, but actually produce vibrations that the ordinary color sense is unable to distinguish.

From a historic point of view it must be admitted that hardly any art works in the world have played such a vast rôle and have been treated with so much awe and respect as the ikons of the Russian Greek Orthodox Church, the wonder-working ones of St. Kazan, and those of the Chapel of the Virgin of Iberia in Moscow, the holiest shrines of the Slavic race. The Church fathers give ikons an age of nine centuries. They tell pilgrims the number of national calamities they have averted, victories won and miracles performed. They estimate that at least four hundred million pilgrims have knelt before them. They claim that the ikons helped to win the wars against the hordes of Genghis Khan, Tamerlan, Napoleon, and will, sooner or later, bring peace and order in the present affair of Russia.

An average ikon measures one to four square feet and is rather crude, primitive and flat in its conception, to the casual glance, but when hung by tens and more on the wall of a moujik-house or a church, it becomes an attractive decorative object.

Though the ikon is considered a religious shrine and conveys an ethical meaning to the Russian, yet it is and remains a piece of racial decorative art and plays æsthetically the same rôle in refining the taste of the masses and in giving a simple emotional spiritual food as do the folk songs and folk dances, national designs and ornaments. The ikon cult has made the average Russian a natural martyr and saint, an artist in psychology. The moujiks reverentially prostrate themselves before ikons. Each man carries out his cult with no reference to that of his neighbor. Each wants to work himself into an ecstasy. If he succeeds, he has been to church; if not, he hasn't. Therefore the moujik understands suffering itself as a thing to observe, not to feel only. He accepts the hardships of his lot as God's experiments with man. The means is nothing, the end is all. Hence the joy in sorrow and sorrow in joy in his whole mental composition. Hence his long-suffering, fierceness, tenderness and brutality.

Thus the ikon has been a great factor in shaping the character of the Slavic race and in creating that form of emotionalism, imagination and mysticism which one finds nowhere else. The ikon is not a piece of individual art in the Occidental sense, but a product of distinctly elemental racial nature.

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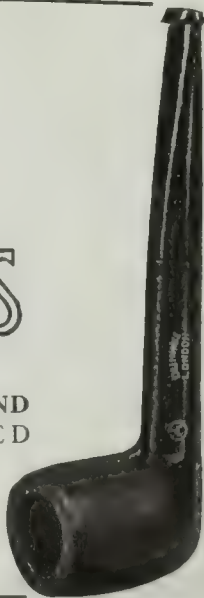
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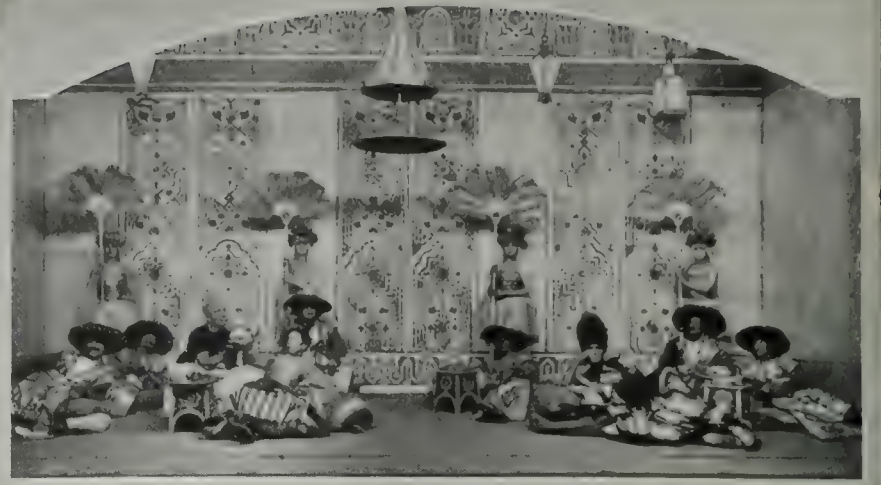
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Scene from the production of "Afgar"

## From East to West Again

(Continued from page 130)

a famous Tissot picture of a slave market, with a blue sea and crowded shipping as a background. As an artistic feat this scene is the most noteworthy of many striking and impressive scenes in "Mecca."

But it is in the "Bacchanale," conceived and shaped by the unrivaled master, Fokine, that "Mecca" stirs one to the loudest transports. The whirling revels of those scores of half-nude dancers leave one breathless. Mr. Daniel Frohman was quite right when, in commenting on that very fine, if fleshly, episode, he coupled it with one of Doré's fantasies. You may object, on virtuous grounds, to Bacchanales. It is your right. But, if you do object and are sincere, you should steer clear of "Mecca." The Century is not for prudish people. You may repudiate or accept such entertainments as it has to offer. But if you crave for sensuous beauty, as most do, in "Mecca" you will find all you can want, and more. It is an achievement which appeals, not to the mind, but to the eye and ear.

I say the ear. For there is music—lots of music—thrown in with this "mimed mosaic." Mr. Percy Fletcher, the composer of the score, need not be criticised. He has devised just what was needed, I dare say, to fit the spectacle. He has drawn freely upon some of his contemporaries for his songs and interludes. And the result is, in its own way, quite effective. In another Oriental work heard lately here, Mr. Henry Hadley borrowed no less daringly. There is little new in Mr. Fletcher's score—to opera-goers. But there is much that may seem new to those who hear it.

Forewarned; forearmed. You know, at all events, what to expect in "Mecca." A show, a pageant, dances, startling color schemes. Of its own class it is undoubtedly the most gorgeous, and—in a sense—the best New York has seen.

Following along the same lines, "Mecca" has been followed by another play, called "Afgar," an Eastern fantasy of a less dazzling kind, more intimate, but not per-



Alice Delysia

haps less daring. It has introduced to us a London star, Alice Delysia, who for two seasons past has packed the Pavilion Theatre. It seems to be a case of personality, though other reasons may in part explain the surprising vogue of this young actress. Among them we may safely count her looks, her handsome face and her attractive figure. Alice Delysia's taste in dress may also largely help to explain her popularity. It would be strange, indeed, if it were not impeccable; for, not so long ago, Delysia was a *midinette*—one of ten thousand other witching *midinettes* one met in Paris.

But now Delysia is a factor on the stage, a household word, an idol of the Londoners. She ably impersonates the heroine in "Afgar" at the Central Theatre, the leader of a feminist uprising in an Eastern harem. The East again. But arranged to suit the West.

One may find Oriental touches here and there in several other works which are now current on the New York stage. For instance, the five dainty Chinese maidens in "Honeydew," the Zimbabwé opera, or operetta, at the Casino. They lend distinction to the scenes in which they play their parts, for a few moments. The secret of their charm is not their costume but their un-Western restfulness. It is a foil for the persistent restlessness of the comed-

(Continued on second page following)



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(Continued from second page preceding)

ians, male and female, in the cast. It has the mystery which seems to me a great, if not the greatest, lure the East has for the more obvious West. We still have many things to learn from the example of the brown and yellow races whom we disdain or patronize. Poetic and symbolic hints in art. And the repose of which the Chinese maids in "Honeydew" are such engaging instances.

"The Peri," the most recent offering of Pavlova, is full of mystery. It is a poem of the dance, and not a ballet; mapped out by the accomplished Russian Clustine and set to music by the French composer, Dukas. Not since that too, too enigmatic artist, Nijinsky, appeared here as the Faun some years ago, have we seen anything at all in the same style or mode as this strange work. It will—it must be—caviare to the general. But by all lovers of real Oriental symbolism, pushed to extremes, it has been hailed, abroad, as an achievement of perverse seductiveness. Perverse it is, despite its lovely quality. As bold and unblushing, in effect, as the alarming "Faun." The story that it tells, though, is poetical and beautiful.

Iskander, seeking for the mystic flower which holds the gift of immortality, comes to a sheltered vale, secluded from the world by purple rocks. And there, beneath a great fantastic hill, aglow with color, he meets the guardian of the magic flower, a Peri—clad, chiefly, in her innocence. Iskander grasps the flower and turns to go. But he is mortal; and, when he has won the prize for which he has braved pain and death, he is conquered by the Peri's loveliness. He gives her back the flower of immortality, with which she ascends to Heaven.

There, in a nutshell, is the simple plot. As it was mimed at the Manhattan Opera House by Pavlova (as the Peri) and Stowitts, a new actor-dancer (as Iskander), suggestions of a rather hectic character informed the tale. Much as I liked the story and the scenery, and even more the music in which Dukas bathes the poem, like others I felt just a bit relieved when the distracting Peri left the vulgar earth for the celestial heights. There had been moments just before her flight to heaven when she had seemed somewhat compromised.

## Calendar of Current Art Exhibitions

Ackermann Galleries, 10 East 46th Street, exhibition of Sporting Prints, December 1-31.

Ainslie Galleries, 615 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Geo. Inness, December 1-31.

Anderson Galleries, 489 Park Avenue, sale of the autographs and manuscripts of the late John Boyd Thacher, December 1, afternoon; 198 Japanese prints from the collections of Dr. J. Clarence Webster and W. T. Southern, December 6, evening, and December 7, afternoon and evening. Books from the library of Robert Porsier; December 10 and 11, afternoon, collection of early English silver and English and French furniture of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; December 13, afternoon and evening, and December 14, afternoon, Part 2 of the library of Dr. Frank P. O'Brien; December 15 and 16, afternoon, libraries of Rev. James M. Bruce and the late Russell W. Moore, M.D.

Arden Gallery, 599 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of flower paintings by five Americans, December 1-27.

Babcock Gallery, 19 East 49th Street, exhibition of the Guild of American Painters, December 1-11; annual exhibition of cabinet paintings by C. R. W. Nevins, December 1-15.

Daniel Gallery, 2 West 47th Street, exhibition of paintings by Charles Demuth, December 1-31.

Dudensing Gallery, 45 West 44th street, International exhibition of paintings, December 1-31.

Durand Ruel, 12 East 57th Street, exhibition of paintings by Mary Cassatt, until December 10.

Ehrich Gallery, 707 Fifth Avenue, paintings of the Madonna from various schools, December 10-31; crayon portraits by Frederick Theodore Weber, December 1-20; handwrought jewelry by Frank Gordon Hale, December 10-18.

Ferargil Gallery, 607 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Alden Weir, December 1-31.

Folsom Gallery, 104 West 57th Street, exhibition of sculpture by John Storrs, December 8-24.

Gimpel & Wildenstein, 647 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Francis McComas, December 1-11; Paul Helleu, December 15-31.

Harlow Gallery, 725 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. exhibition of old English sporting prints, until December 8.

Kennedy Gallery, 613 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of etchings by Troy Kinney, December 1-31.

Kingore Gallery, 668 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by William L'Engle, until December 14; exhibition of the work of Nicholas K. Roerich, December 21-January 7.

Knoedler Gallery, 556 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of modern French and Dutch paintings and Whistler etchings and lithographs, December 1-31.

Kraushaar Gallery, 680 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Miss Peck and Miss Haworth, until December 18.

Levy Gallery, 559 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of modern paintings from the French Salon, December 1-31.

Macbeth Gallery, 450 Fifth Avenue, fourth annual exhibition of intimate paintings, until December 27.

Milch Gallery, 108 West 57th Street, holiday exhibition of selected paintings of limited size, and etchings and color etchings by William Meyerowitz, December 1-25; portraits by Albert Delmont Smith, December 2-31.

Montross Gallery, 550 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of the work of Vincent Van Gogh, until December 31.

Mussman Gallery, 144 West 57th Street, exhibition of etchings by Henry B. Shote, December 1-21.

Rehn Gallery, 6 West 50th Street, exhibition of important small examples of American painters, December 1-31.

Schwartz Gallery, 14 East 46th Street, exhibition of woodcuts by Derohas Lunn, December 1-31.

Scott & Fowles Gallery, 590 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of contemporary English paintings, December 1-31.



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## A Note on American Literature

(Continued from page 109)

the author's technical best and his artistic worst; in America for his technical best and for his artistic—pretty fair. The result is that many a young American novelist finds that he can, without excessive concession, make out of two or three short stories as much as out of a complete novel. He abandons the novel, accepts the puritanic limitations of the popular magazine, and from the point of view of literature is lost. (In literature a man is either lost or saved.

film does not destroy the novel as a form, because the movie entrepreneur will film a popular novel rather than a new idea. But of course he wants a filmable novel: under present conditions no good novel can be filmed unless it is mangled. The movie appeal is financially terrible. Consider a young writer who has sold five thousand copies of his first novel. That is a great success, and yields him fifteen hundred dollars. If he goes on working as an artist, and is very, very lucky, he may reach a circulation yielding eight thousand dollars. In the old days he was tempted to write slush, and could then hope to make three or four times as much. He could resist

that temptation. It was a large but not unmanageable temptation. Now, however, the film comes along, and says to the writer of even a first novel: "We like your book. We will give you ten thousand dollars for the film rights; we will contract for the film rights of your future books at rising prices; within five years you will own a quarter million—if you work as we want you to do." There is the difference in temptation. The old appeal to be as Mrs. Barclay offered *advantage*; the new appeal to be a film writer offers *fortune*, offers the deceptive hope of "freedom to write what one likes"—when it is too late, when one has lost the desire and perhaps the capacity.

That is very difficult to resist, and many will fall. I do not suppose that all American novelists will be seduced into contriving suitable close-ups, or that they will impose upon their plots the desired heart touch, but I do feel entitled to say in conclusion that an artist can deal with a movie man only if he remembers to keep a watch upon his honor, and, while dining with the devil, is careful to use a long spoon.

## Farm Plays in America

(Continued from page 126)

to justify his claim of leadership. He has followed rather far behind the directorship in some less pretentious pictures. The comic relief added to the original story is of the lowest order and as unnecessary as anything seen in seasons except, perhaps, the weird and disturbing comedy which the American adapters put into "Spanish Love."

In the reckoning these shortcomings will not matter, for the picture is sure to have success. This is not so much due to any startling work in the directing or producing, but to the very vitality of the story and the excellence of the ice scenes.

Everyone knows "Way Down East" and everyone likes it in spite of its conventionalities and obvious sentiment. It is a better, far better story than any Griffith has worked on since "The Birth of a Nation." In the pictures the two biggest successes that the foremost director has had have been the two sure-fire fields of the American theatre—the Civil War, which has had practically no failures on its list, and the rural play. There is an impression that "Broken Blossoms" was an artistic success—whatever that may mean—but actually it was little but photography, with lapses of drama. A moving picture must have a wide appeal, and without that it is nothing. Alongside of "The Miracle Man," which

George Loane Tucker directed, "Broken Blossoms" was crude and clumsily contrived.

There is another element of positive strength in the picture "Way Down East"—the acting of Lillian Gish. Some persons still contend, usually they are connected with the regular theatre, that there is and can be no acting in the pictures. These same persons think that Charles Chaplin is a mere knockabout comedian, whose substitute could be recruited from any circus. It does not matter how the effects that Miss Gish gets were obtained, whether the tears were produced by the glycerine, onion or soft, sad music method. The scene with the sick child, though perhaps too long, is emotional acting of a high order. Quiet, simple and tense, rather the better for the absence of the sobs that would accompany the impersonation in the spoken drama, or "speakies."

The moving picture has given new life to the rural play. "Shore Acres" and "Peaceful Valley" have been done recently. No matter how many of these old plays are brought to light, they will contain nothing that is very different from good old "Dora," which was first produced in this country about 1867. In writing a farm play be sure to read this model. And do not forget to turn at least one character out of the house. But not in pleasant weather. Rain is good. But snow is better.



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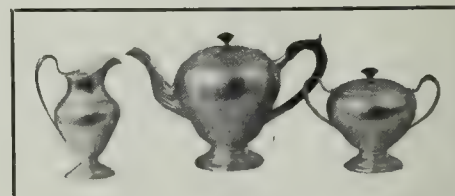
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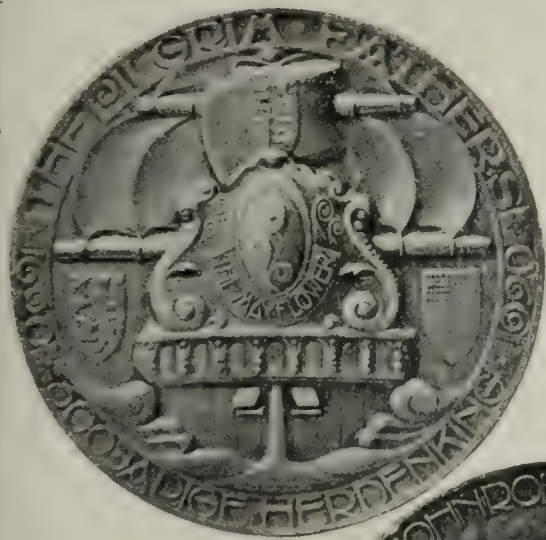
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## Architectural Impressions

(Continued from page 113)

themselves are overmantels and friezes. It has become almost a custom to place over the mantel place in the living room as interesting a work of art as the owner possesses; this being sometimes a mirror, often a picture, sometimes an extremely elaborate clock, or other mantel ornament. It is perfectly natural that this should be the case, because the living room is, after all, the family room and the fireplace is the natural center of interest and attraction in the house. I suppose that one sits in front of the fireplace more often than in any other spot, and if we possess any real treasure it is there that we will most constantly regard it. Very often, however, this cherished possession of ours will not be in size or color or style appropriate to so important a center, and we go out and purchase for ourselves an elaborate mirror at an expense only slightly less than the cost of an overmantel picture from a very competent painter; we then have something ready made of which there are thousands of copies, instead of something made to order, absolutely fitting to its purpose and of intrinsic value. Mr. Crisp has made for several of my clients overmantels which were as becoming to the rooms in which they were placed as the most satisfactory of their dresses were to the people themselves, and which were at the same time by no means inferior works of art, and even from a monetary point of view are a good investment because of the likelihood that they will increase in value. Mr. Crisp is but one of a number of American painters who are entirely willing to do decoration with the owner in mind rather than to grasp the opportunity for what the Greenwich villagers call "self-expression."

The second place in every house for which painted decoration naturally suggests itself is a frieze on a wall which is otherwise too high or in which the treatment of the ceiling is differentiated from that of the walls. One of the illustrations in this article shows a frieze decoration by Mr. Wm. Mackay called "In the Sargasso Sea," which combines very happily because of its quiet tones and simple method of painting, the ideal wall decoration with the interest that lies in a visual expression of that quaint old story of the Port of Missing Ships. In the hall of Sansworth Wood the lower portion of the room is wainscoted in oak, but the ceiling is in half timber, in accordance with the English tradition of the hall. Here the architect is not tempted to blend these two distinct motives one into the other, but has frankly divided them by a painted frieze in brilliant color of a mediæval scene entirely in character with the design of the room. I do not believe that such a picture will ever be-



*A painted door, by Arthur Crisp*

come tiresome to the owners of this house, because, long after they have become accustomed to the story which it tells, the rich band of color will constitute just as essential a part of the design as is the oak wainscot or the half timber of the ceiling.

Mural decoration in the lunette above a square headed doorway with a circular trim is of course common in French and Italian art, and the enrichment of the space above the doorway is by no means uncommon in other European work regardless of the shape of the space, and in the old Dutch example illustrated in this article an overmantel and the two panels above the doorways in combination resemble a frieze; a very agreeable way of enriching the fireplace end of a room, and when the other sides of the room are treated in a manner distinct from that of the fireplace end, there can be no objection to the use of frieze on one wall only.

I do not happen to recall any American domestic interiors in which the entire wall surfaces from the base to the ceiling were completely covered with paintings except the Green room and stairways of the Belasco Theatre, but when the proportions of a room permitted I can imagine no more interesting way of treating a wall. We do not hesitate to cover great wall surfaces with woven tapestry which, after all, is a sort of mural decoration, or with the newest form of art in this country—the Batik work—but we do seem to shy away from the simplest and most logical method of decoration, which is *paint on canvas*, in spite of the centuries of precedent we have for such treatment and its obvious advantages.



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## Christmas Carols and Noëls

(Continued from page 108)

mal musical notation by the priests.

During the Middle Ages the troubadours, minnesingers, gleemen and their like sang the old carols or invented new ones. In Poland, as early as the Thirteenth Century, the carols were sung in every home in the Christmas celebrations. In Germany, as the minnesingers were superseded by the meistersingers, the old carols were rearranged for more elaborate presentation. Luther writes: "At the time that the festival of Christ's birth was celebrated we went from house to house and village to village, singing popular Christmas carols in four-part harmony." And in Spain the singing of carols was a part of an elaborate Christmas celebration in every home of any pretensions.

What the Christmas festivities, with the dancing, games and songs, meant to the vast body of English people may be judged by the fact that by custom and the edict of the king they were the only celebrations of the year in which the working people could participate unreservedly. In Act 3 of "King Henry VIII" we read: "No manner of Artificer, or Craftsman of any handicraft or occupation, Husbandman, Apprentice, Labourer, Servant at husbandry, Journeyman or Servant of Artificer, Mariner, Fisherman, Waterman, or any Servingman, shall from said feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, play at tables, tennis, dice, cards, bowls, clash, coying, logating, or any other unlawful game out of Christmas, under the pain of XXS to be forfeit for every time; and in Christmas to play at any of the said games in their masters' houses

or else in their masters' presence."

It is not surprising that the Christmas festivities were cherished and enjoyed to the uttermost in England under these circumstances. Even in the Seventeenth Century, when the art of music developed as never before, the carols remained in their simplicity and as they were sung by the work people. It was only as the Round Heads gained ground that carol singing was repressed and an effort made to supersede it by hymns, written, sometimes, with the avowed intention of extolling Oliver Cromwell.

But the heyday of carol singing was past; and although with the Restoration all governmental pressure was removed, the temper of the people had changed. Life had taken on a new aspect. The contented vassal was gone. Puritanism, Democracy, and later the pressure of industrialism tended to discourage the care-free, simple pleasure of earlier days. The time of spontaneous, irresponsible festivities was past. Nowadays, except in very remote villages or in undeveloped countries, carol singing is to be heard only in schools and churches. The church services at Christmas time occasionally include the old carols, more often the old church anthems, and too often, alas, modern compositions of little value. But the yule log, the dancing, the singing from door to door is of the past. The concentration of people in the cities has impoverished and depressed country life, and presents new problems to the humanist who would give back to the world some of the spirit of simple social pleasure it so sadly needs.

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A MEDAL of unusual excellence, struck in Holland, commemorating the tercentenary celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in America, has just been issued by Royal Begeer of Utrecht, Holland. The obverse and reverse are shown in the advertisement in this issue of Mr. William Braat, 154 Nassau Street, New York City, the American representative of Mr. Begeer.

The obverse shows the "Mayflower" in conventional design, with the shields of America, England and Holland. The words "The Mayflower" appear under a small mayflower. Around the circumference is the inscription "The Pilgrim Fathers. 1620-1920. 300 Jarige Herdenking," the latter words being the Dutch for "300th Anniversary."

The reverse bears a realistic representation of the building called "Jan Pesynshof," at Leyden, Holland, where John Robinson and his little band lived and worshipped during their stay in that town. It has the inscription: "The Spot Where John Robinson Lived, Taught and Died. Jan Pesynshof. 1609. 1625."

The medals are struck in genuine bronze and sterling silver, and can be obtained from Mr. Braat.

Although designed and issued in Holland, it is essentially an American medal. The designs are typical of events 300 years ago, and in their execution there seems to be even more than a suggestion of the quaintness usually associated with the Dutch people, which gives the medal a charm that is too often lacking in present-day production.





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## Folk-Songs in America

(Continued from page 122)

yet naturally when you think of it, of a limitation, crudity, or bareness in the original tune, which cannot adapt itself to its more luxurious environment. The freedom of the setting leads one instinctively to demand an equal flexibility in what is set—a demand which it cannot satisfy.

THE danger, then, of such a method as Mr. Brockway's would seem to be sophistication. Yet his collections triumphantly prove that it is better to meet this danger squarely, and occasionally to be vanquished by it, than pusillanimously to run away from it and take refuge in literal transcription. Some collectors have printed their tunes without any accompaniment at all, or added only the barest and hardest harmonic scaffolding, in hymn-tune style, leaving us to the mercy, in the ballad songs, of endless repetitions in which the cruel monotony is unrelieved. One cannot but be grateful to Mr. Brockway for not following their example. He has made, on the contrary, several alternating settings for each of his ballad songs, ingeniously varied in subordinate rhythmic figure, in register, and even in harmony. In "The Lonesome Tunes" he had already worked out, in such a ballad as "The Mary Golden Tree," a scheme of such settings, pleasantly contrasted, and containing "happy thoughts" like the *ostinato* figure in the treble, in the third verse, which was as charming in its way as anything of the kind in Brahms's "*Deutsche Volkslieder*." In the present volume he has carried the plan much further. By some figure as simple as it is felicitous the piano part is again and again made to comment on the text, as in the hoof-beat rhythm at "He rode till he came to fair Ellendor's gate" in "Lord Thomas and fair Ellendor," the lullaby motion at "She laid her babe on its downy bed" in "The Daemon Lover," or the mysterious high open fifths that accompany Polly's dream in "Young Edward."

THUS if the composer occasionally succumbs to the temptation to be sophisticated, or to make harmonic "effects" of the sort that the thoughtless identify with "originality," he far oftener achieves the much more difficult, true, and precious originality of turning simple means to new uses, of making even the common and the familiar take on an unsuspected magic. His gaiety will easily outlive the portentous dullness of much that fancies itself most "serious" in our music. He is wholly free or pretentiousness and pose. He has the wit, the skill, the imagination, to treat a simple cross-rhythm with a truly Brahmsian distinction, as in the third verse of "Little Matthew Grove," to make a plain downward scale, in

"Charming Beauty Bright," sound delightfully polyphonic, to harmonize the frequent traces of the old modal intervals found in folk songs with quaintness and beauty, to dispose the fingers of the two hands so that charming pianistic color results without effort. And at every turn he knows how to delight through sheer musicality. To take two examples almost at random, look at the final cadence, over the lengthened word "sleeps," of "Lord Orland's Wife," or the delicious dissonance of the E flat against the D in the first measure of "No, Sir, No." No pondering, one feels, has gone to produce these things. They have been struck off spontaneously, impromptu, at full musical speed, as a galloping horse strikes out sparks.

FINALLY, Mr. Brockway has wit. His earlier collection left no doubt of his possession of that rarest of musical gifts. Did he not give us there "Frog Went a Courting," with its quaint modal steps ever more amusingly harmonized, and its indescribable lighting streak in the piano between stanzas? Was there not "The Old Maid's Song," with its dissonances snapped from the piano as with the lash of a whip, and its lugubriously inconclusive "Don't you let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity"? And now, for full measure, there is another old maid, who won't be taken even out of pity, and whose desperate ultimatum "I won't marry a man that's tall, And the little old dumplings are worse than all;

Oh, I won't marry at all" is ironically commented upon by Mr. Brockway's rhythm in a way that must be heard to be appreciated. And there is "Noah's Ark," with its zestful swing, its wild pauses, and its irresistible distillation of ragtime harmonies—a veritable *tour de force*. But above all there is "The Toad's Courtship," with its translations of a satiric "a-hum" (hummed with closed lips) in comment on each line, into as many musical terms as there are situations.

"Toad went a-courting and he did ride,

A-hum"—(matter-of-fact.)

"Yes," said lady Mouse, 'I'm within'

A-hum"—(coy, languishing.)

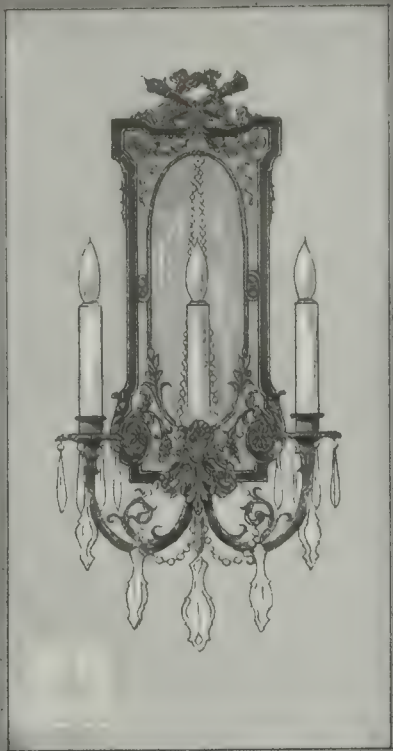
"Not without Uncle Rat's consent,

A-hum"—(firm, resolute.)

"Would I marry the President,

A-hum"—(positively portentous).

And all this characterization by means of a few notes on the piano, the voice part remaining unaltered. . . . Schopenhauer once said that the metronome movement in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was enough to make one forget that there was nothing but misery in the world. One would like to hear the great pessimist's comment on Mr. Brockway's Toad.

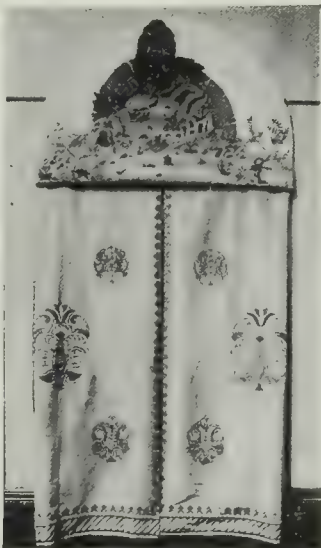


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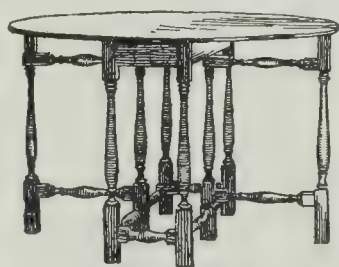
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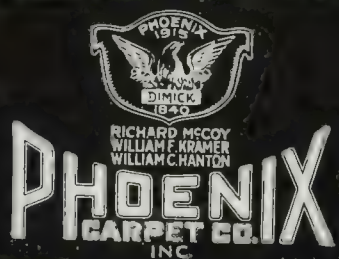
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| 2—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.              | 16—Eve. Philharmonic Society.                     |
| 2—Eve. Boston Symphony Orchestra.                | 17—Aft. Philharmonic Society.                     |
| 3—Aft. Philharmonic Society.                     | 17—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.              |
| 3—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.              | 18—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.              |
| 4—Aft. Boston Symphony Orchestra.                | 18—Eve. Gala Concert, Claudia Muzio.              |
| 4—Eve. Philharmonic Society.                     | 19—Aft. Kreisler and New York Symphony Orchestra. |
| 5—Aft. Violin Recital by Kreisler.               | 19—Eve. Newman Traveltalk.                        |
| 5—Eve. Newman Traveltalk.                        | 21—Eve. Philadelphia Orchestra.                   |
| 6—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra and Ampico.   | 22—Eve. Piano Recital by Jacques Pintel.          |
| 7—Aft. Piano Recital by Percy Grainger.          | 23—Eve. Mischa Levitzki and Sascha Jacobsen.      |
| 7—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.              | 25—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.              |
| 8—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.              | 25—Eve. Violin Recital by Mishel Piastro.         |
| 8—Eve. Society of Friends of Music.              | 26—Aft. Song Recital by Hulda Lashanska.          |
| 9—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.              | 26—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.              |
| 9—Eve. Philharmonic Society.                     | 27—Eve. Oratorio Society.                         |
| 10—Aft. Philharmonic Society.                    | 28—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.              |
| 10—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.             | 28—Eve. Virginie Mauret, Classic Danseuse.        |
| 11—Aft. Symphony Concert for Young People.       | 29—Eve. Mecca Temple.                             |
| 11—Eve. Song Festival by Lydia Lipkowska.        | 30—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.              |
| 12—Aft. Philharmonic Society.                    | 30—Eve. Concert by Martin Smith Music School.     |
| 12—Eve. Newman Traveltalk.                       | 31—Aft. Philharmonic Society.                     |
| 13—Eve. Song Recital by De Roda Helmuth.         | 31—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.              |
| 15—Eve. Violin Recital by Helen Jeffrey.         |   |

Aeolian Hall—December

- |  |  |
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| 1—Morn. Lecture on "Current History in the Making"; Jessica Lozier Payne.                  | Godowsky, Spalding, Kindler, The Philharmonic Orchestra. Cond. Josef Stransky.                             |
| 1—Aft. Piano Recital, Constance McGlinchee.  | 15—Aft. Piano Recital, Charles Cooper.   |
| 2—Aft. Song Recital, Cecil Fanning.  | 16—Aft. Song Recital, Alice Moncrieff.   |
| 3—Aft. Piano Recital, Katherine Bacon.   | 16—Eve. Song Recital, George S. Madden.  |
| 3—Eve. Piano Recital, Philip Gordon.   | 17—Aft. Piano Recital, Katherine Bacon.  |
| 4—Aft. Piano Recital, Harold Bauer.  | 18—Aft. Piano Recital, Magdeleine Brard.   |
| 4—Eve. Song Recital, Francis Day-Monti.  | 18—Eve. Piano Recital, Harriet Scholder.   |
| 5—Aft. Symphony Society of New York; Mischa Levitzki, Soloist.                             | 19—Aft. Symphony Society of New York; Fritz Kreisler, Soloist.   |
| 6—Aft. Song Recital, Dicie Howell.   | 20—Aft. Piano Recital, Elsie Teal.   |
| 6—Eve. Song Recital, Sergei Radansky.  | 20—Eve. Song Recital, John Finnegan.   |
| 7—Aft. Piano Recital, Yvonne Dienne.   | 21—Aft. Concert, Organist and Choir, Mt. Holyoke College.  |
| 7—Eve. Concert, Elshuco Trio.  | 21—Eve. Piano Recital, Germaine Schnitzer.   |
| 8—Aft. Piano Recital, George Beach.  | 22—Aft. Recital for Two Pianos, Ella Dahl Rich and Agnes Hope Pillsbury.                                   |
| 9—Eve. Recital for Two Pianos, Rose and Otilie Sutro.                                      | 26—Aft. Symphony Society of New York; Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream—Text recited by David Bispham. |
| 10—Aft. Song Recital, Grace Northrup.  | 27—Eve. Piano Recital, Paul Seeligman.   |
| 10—Eve. Song Recital, Lawrence Haynes.   | 28—Aft. Piano Recital, Ernesto Berumen.  |
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## American Lithographs of Today

LAST spring the Library gave emphatic evidence of its desire to serve the cause of American graphic art by arranging an exhibition of "American Etchings of Today." Now the same has been done for contemporary American lithographs the exhibition to remain on view from October 15 to January 15.

If lithography has not been adopted by artists, as a medium for direct expression, to the same extent as etching, that is all the more reason for reviewing what has been accomplished. It may help to show how well lithography is adapted to the artist's needs.

Perhaps lithography has played somewhat the role of a stepchild beside etching. It has been, to many, almost synonymous with purely commercial undertakings. And yet this process is peculiarly one for the artist, one in which he can find a sensitive response to his mood. How rich are the resources of this art is always again apparent when one looks over an exhibition such as this. It is most directly obvious through the great variety of technical possibilities: crayon, pen-and-ink, washes, grained tones, scraped lights. And there is a range of tones from the most delicate silvery grays to the deepest, most velvety, most resounding blacks. In this variety of opportunity lies the possibility of response to every temperament that may seek expression.

IN the early days of lithography in this country artists of note were occasionally enlisted in the service of the lithographic printers—Sully, Inman, et al.,—and this fact has some significance, even though there were no startling results. In the present exhibition, the work of that time is noted in a little introductory group of early prints, as are also the lithographs of Wm. Morris Hunt, J. Foxcroft Cole, Thomas Moran and others, done in the sixties and seventies. Connecting more directly with present-day activities is the movement toward "painter-lithography" fathered about 1896 by Montague Marks, and responded to by J. Alden Weir, H. W. Ranger, Carroll Beckwith, and others. Then Whistler took up this art with a joyous spontaneity. The French masters of the process had accustomed us to blacks of a rich resonance. Whistler gave us crayon drawings of few lines, and lines that were tremulous in their evanescent gray. And so the varied possibilities of the lithographic stone were again evidenced.

THERE are evidenced about as many different ways of handling this most pliable and adaptable medium as there are contemporary artists represented in this exhibition,—about forty, by the way. The stone responds in very obvious fashion to the personal touch. In these modern examples of lithography, one finds the utmost delicacy of pearly tints and the rugged vigor of broad, heavy crayon strokes, straight realism and an imaginative quality that leans toward Blake, the sketch made to try the process and the products of a most thorough knowledge of lithographic printing, the open line and the tone. And when you come to the matter of subject, there is the choice of the city view or the roadside, the imposing cathedral or the farmhouse, the realistic portrait or the ideal composition, the prizefight or nymphs by the waterside seen through a tremulous haze, views that hold you by the interest of locality and others that might be scenes from anywhere. But throughout there runs the interest of the varying use of the medium, at times with a strong preoccupation with the intriguing delights of technical experimenting.





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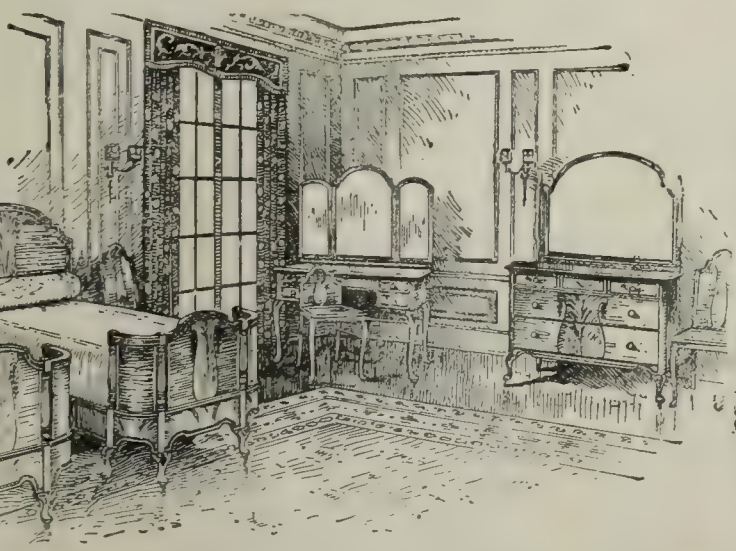
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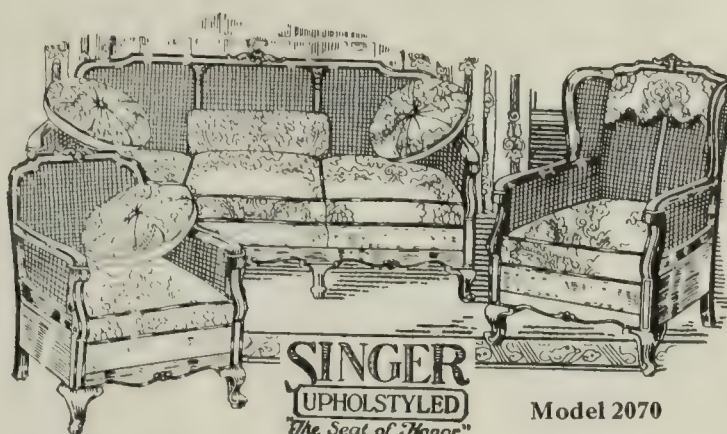
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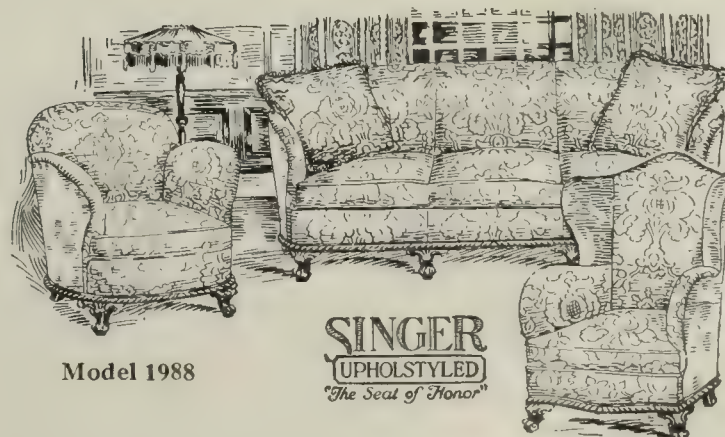
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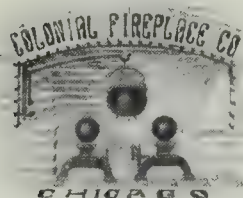
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## Architecture and Words

(Continued from page 107)

with the facts to be explained. We subsist on a number of architectural habits, on scraps of tradition, on caprices and prejudices, and above all on this mass of more or less specious axioms, of half-truths, unrelated, uncriticised and often contradictory, by means of which there is no building so bad that it cannot, with a little ingenuity, be justified, or so good that it cannot plausibly be condemned."

In the face of this supremely true statement of the case, the real wonder is that anyone still reads architectural criticism, and a feeling of pity for the cruelly betrayed reader might be keenly felt, if it were not for the fact that most people like phrases, the more glib and neatly turned the better. This condition, which has long sustained professional phrasifiers, forms the subject of a jolly exposé called "Protective Thinking," by Edgar James Swift, in a recent issue of *Scribner's*. "And the success of such phrases," says Mr. Swift, "indicates that there are many compliant minds luxuriating in verbal vacuity, and never experiencing the pleasurable pains of mental inquisitiveness. Phrases assist in classifying ideas and principles of action without mental effort. And, since no one

wishes to take unnecessary trouble, this painless thinking is popular." And later in the same exposé: "The substitution of phrases for thinking is a common means of human deception. It is popular because it is so satisfying. Well-chosen, striking words are convincing—if one does not inquire too closely into their meaning. To accomplish their purpose, phrases must be sufficiently vague to suit the needs of many people. . . . Vague phrases make a noise that sounds like wisdom."

In short, the fault lies not entirely with the critics, deplorable as much of their technique is. If, to the reading public, architecture, and art, and many kindred things lie ever behind a veil, obscure, esoteric, inunderstandable, the reading public has largely itself to thank. It has accepted counterfeit coinage and then made outcry because the counterfeit coinage would not buy admission to the realm of thought.

Ideas that are worth while are the product of thought, rather than of reading the ideas of some one else. If, for example, lay students of architecture had *thought* about architecture one hundredth as much as they have *read*, they would have made some illuminating discoveries concerning it.

## The New Museum

(Continued from page 117)

Yet in England the art museums are found on examination to be quite remote from a nation's needs, just as I have said that ours are.

In England's efforts toward reconstruction a committee studying the improvement of industrial art found that the country needs art museums of a certain type—useful, native-born, and up-to-local-needs museums. In describing such museums, the committee uses such words like these: "They should be the home of regional surveys covering the . . . economic and social, and intellectual aspects of local life. They should reflect the . . . many-sided activities of the life of the community." That seems to be sound sense. Yet would you find the life of their circumjacent populace—or even a microscopic part of the art-of-design life of that populace—reflected in the art museums, for example, of New York and Cleveland?

In England, again, a group made up of representatives from several of the country's most important industrial and educational organizations found, when asked how the design and craftsmanship of England's products could be improved, that the country needs museums which shall bring artists, designers, craftsmen, bench-workers, manufacturers and distributors into close relations with the present-day products of their fellows, in England and in other countries

and the products of other times. Thereupon the group said of this museum: "We must establish it and develop it."

Thus they plainly showed that their study had disclosed to them an almost entire absence of relation between England's manufactured products and her existing museums. What England found, that its museums do not promote good designs, would be found to be true of our museums.

### The Museum and the Industrial Designer

By FREDERIC ALLEN WHITING  
 Director Cleveland Museum of Art

I BELIEVE that all progressive art museums earnestly wish to make their collections of special value to designers. The spirit of the modern art museum is one of usefulness. The aim of those in charge is to make the collections of service to the largest possible number of people. The form which this service takes is almost as varied as the individuals served, and I doubt if any museum is entirely satisfied with the extent to which it can assist those who appeal for aid. What I would emphasize is this new spirit of service, this new attitude of the museum official toward the objects in his charge, on the one hand, and the public, on the other. It is this new point of view which is of particular sig-





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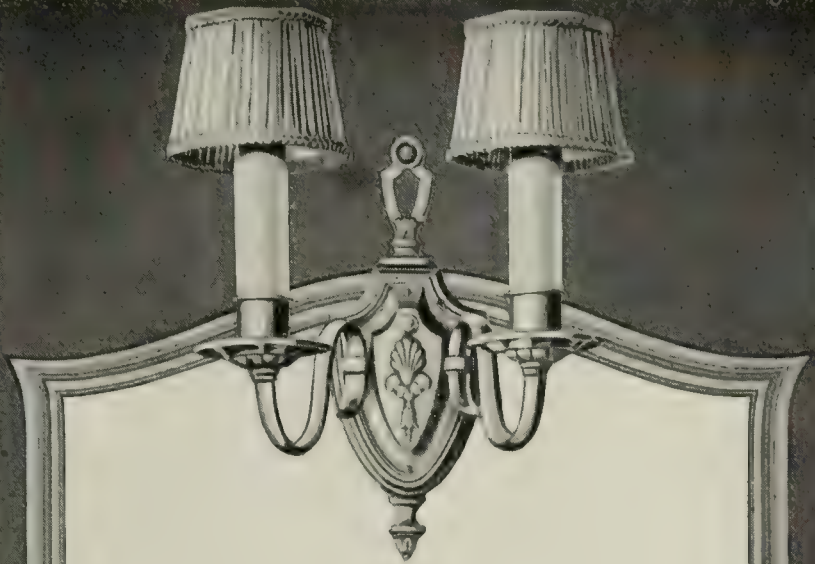
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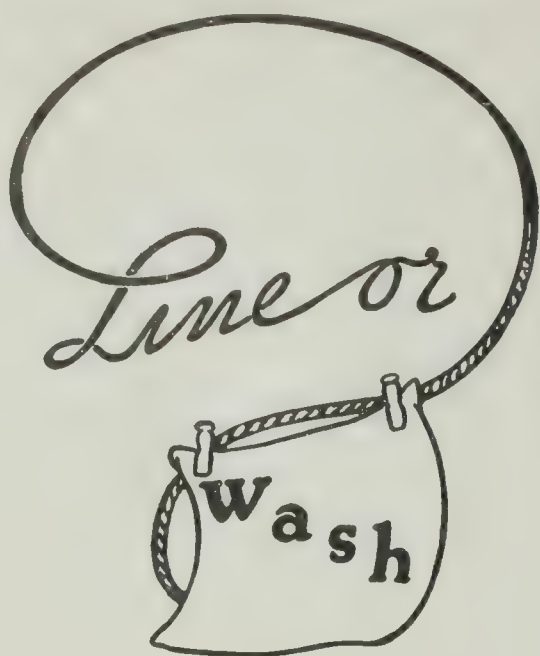
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(Cont. from second page preceding)

nificance to the industrial designer.

The museum with rich collections of decorative arts material can, however, do but little towards making these of service to manufacturers without the co-operation of designers, and this co-operation is not always easy to secure. The designer, like many another, is more or less a creature of habit. It is easier for him to sit in his office surrounded with familiar books and plates than to make the effort to seek new material from unfamiliar sources and to learn how to use it. It is, therefore, not an uncommon experience for a museum with good material, good intentions, but a small and overworked staff, to make several attempts to interest designers to use the available material and, meeting with proportionately little success for the effort expended, turn their efforts to some other field where results are more certain.

This is simply an explanation of one of the difficulties which prevents a wider development of the use of museum material by designers; on the other hand, some museum people have been distinctly discouraged in their efforts by the unfortunate misuse of beautiful materials by designers of poor taste. I once saw an exhibit of modern textiles which was of interest because each example was based on an ancient fabric in the collection of a great museum. This exhibit did more to dampen my ardor for such use of museum examples than anything in my experience, for it is disconcerting to see a particularly lurid bit of modern "Jazz" textile design exhibited or advertised as designed after an example of weaving in the . . . . Museum of Art.

I believe, however, that proper use can be made of museum material by trained designers of taste, but might not some arrangement be made by which the museum should approve each design before it was reproduced? No great harm is done if a designer creates for his own satisfaction a bad interpretation of a noble and beautiful original; but when this debased translation, hardened by the unyielding requirements of quantity production, is turned out mechanically by the thousands of yards, I shudder to think of the remote responsibility which attaches to the museum for having the perpetrator of such a design access to its treasures.

Another difficulty is the lack of response on the part of those interested in the production end of those industries, who should be especially interested. Usually much patience and perseverance are required on the part of the museum director who hopes to awaken any interest on the part of the average business man engaged in any particular line. Today museum officials are laboring under stress of overwork and under-pay. It is thus perhaps natural that efforts to bring encouraging and notable returns for the time expended are pushed.

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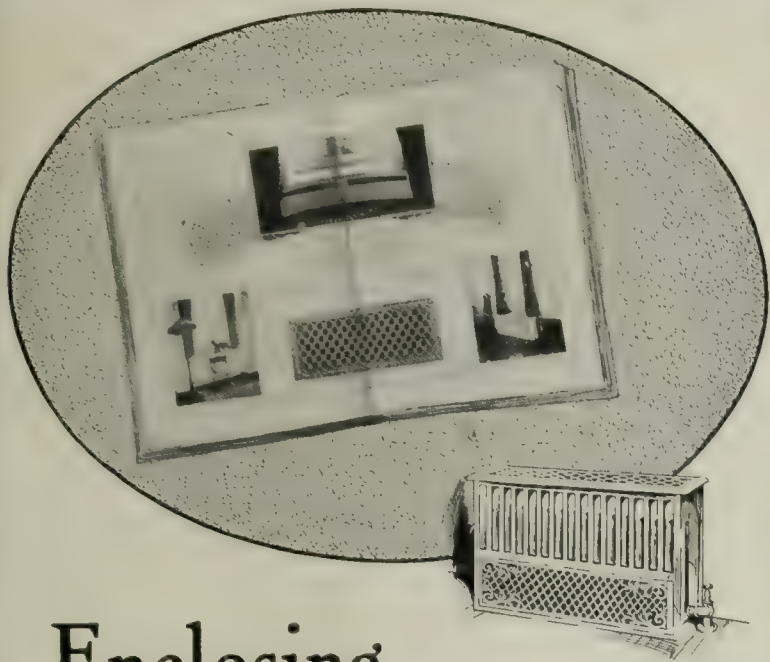
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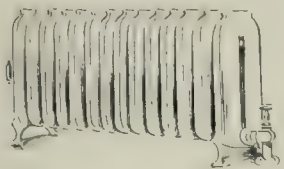
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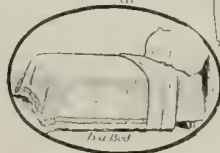
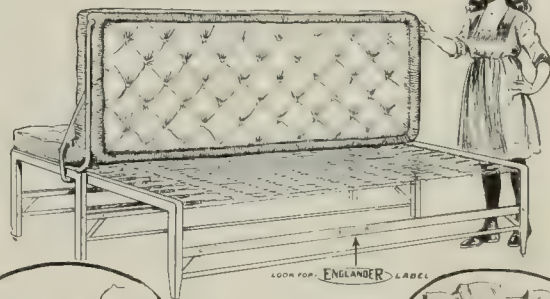
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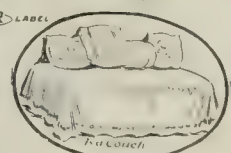
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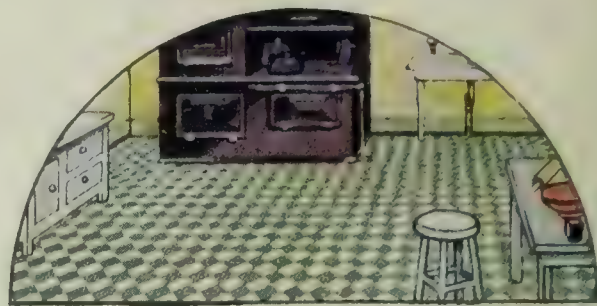
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